MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 10 No. 2 50p

EIGHT BELLES AND ALL'S WELL

more girls than ever before

PORNOGRAPHER TO QUEEN VICTORIA

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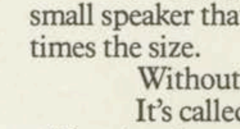

I'm fascinated. Tell me more.

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M5

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FEB. 1975 Vol. 10 No. 2 ABC net paid circulation 462,841

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CRITICS **Books:** *Arthur Pottersman* **Films:** *Gerald Cole* **Discs:** *Peter Hopkin* **Nightlife:** *Kenneth Dowd* 25

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LAST CHANCE FOR '75

Mayfair's 1975 colour calendar

Francesca Hastings (above), would be so disappointed if you missed out on your own personal copy of *Mayfair's* 1975 colour calendar. After all, Francesca's just one of the twelve fabulous girls who appear in our calendar; the very best we've ever assembled. This will be your final opportunity to order Francesca and friends, for although we printed 200,000 calendars, the fact that they are the biggest-selling and most popular girl calendars in Britain has led to unprecedented demand and an ever-diminishing stock. So why be one of the unlucky ones? Don't miss the chance of having your own copy of this great calendar. Simply fill in the coupon below and mail it to us. By return, we'll rush you your calendar in its special crease-proof plain envelope. Don't leave it until tomorrow, do it now, because you'll never forgive yourself if you have to kick your heels until 1976.

The superb *Mayfair* Calendar costs just £1.05, postage included. Not a bad price to pay to have twelve gorgeous girls decorating your walls for a whole year.

Send your orders to Calendar 1975, Mayfair, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me..............copies of the 1975 Mayfair Calendar. I enclose cheque/postal order for

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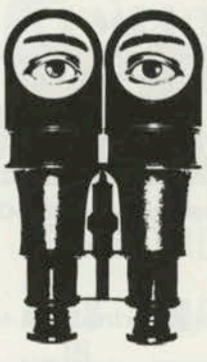
Each calendar comes in its own plain envelope

SCENE



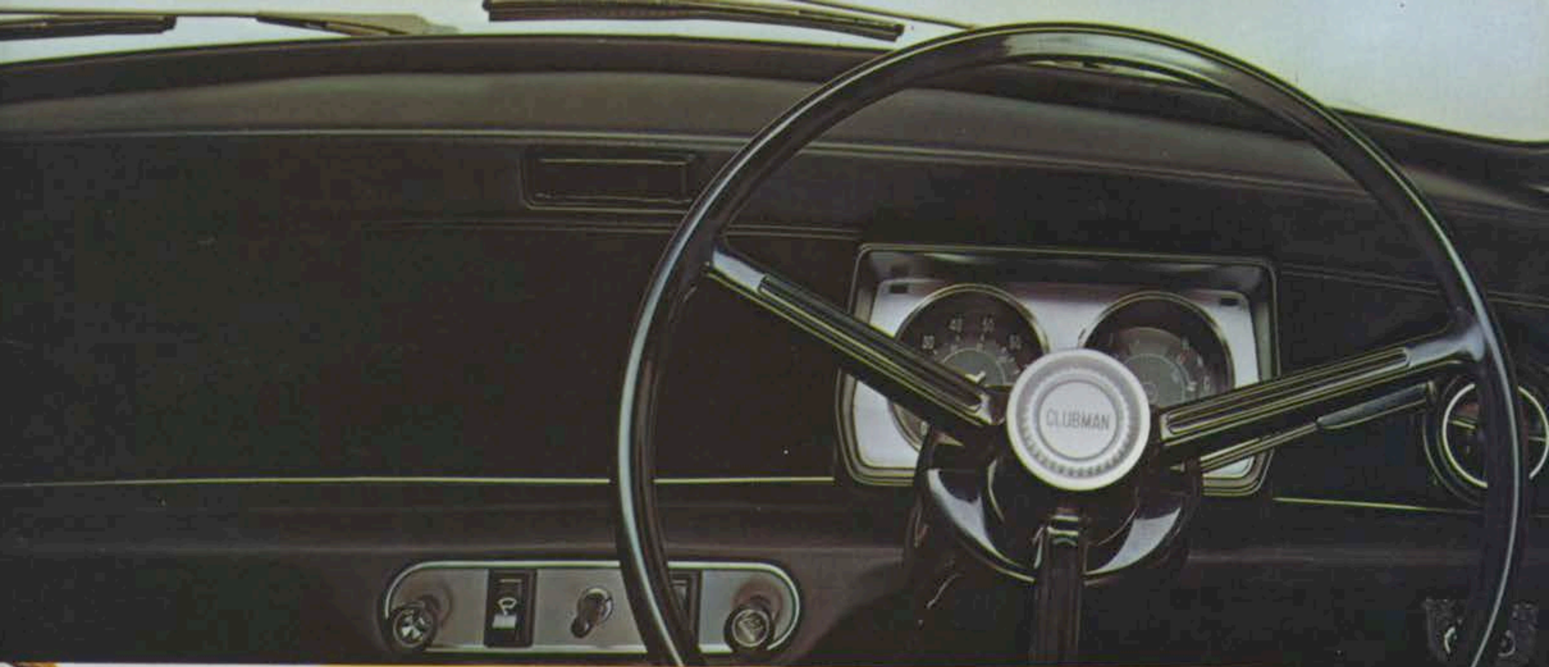
Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

A dull and dreary month is February, so to enliven and cheer those long dark nights, we've put together an issue containing more girls than have ever appeared in *Mayfair* before. The magic total is eight: Vivien, Ann, Julie, Lesley, Angie, Penelope, Susan and Elaine; all for your diversion and delight.

For Editor Kenneth Bound and regular *Mayfair* contributor Brian O'Hanlon, a convivial drink taken in the pleasing surrounds of *The White Swan* in Richmond rounded off a fine afternoon which had been spent watching a Rugby international at Twickenham. As so often happens when the beer and the company are both of the highest order, the talk ranged over a variety of topics until Brian put forward the theory that more jollity, drinking and talking occurs in the half-hour before closing time than at any other stage of the evening. Ken agreed with this view, and from their conversation was born Brian's collection of humorous drinking memories, which appeared in Vol. 9 No. 3 under the title *When The Pubs Are Closed.* Brian's reminiscences also struck a responsive chord in writer P. M. Jones who picked up the 'after hours' format from where Brian left off and put together *Goodnight Gladys,* a racy piece which opens on page 48. On the surface, this was a seemingly simple process of one writer being sparked off by another, but on reading Jones' manuscript for the first time, Kenneth Bound was struck by an astonishing coincidence which linked Jones' story with O'Hanlon's. For out of some sixty thousand pubs in England and Wales, Jones had chosen to centre his story on *The White Swan* in Richmond – the very pub in which the original idea for Brian O'Hanlon's piece was first mooted! There was of course no way in which Jones could have realised this, as the fact was only known to Ken and Brian. Furthermore, there was no hint or mention of *The White Swan* in *When The Pubs Are Closed,* and as Jones lives in Plymouth it rules out the possibility that he had noticed Ken and Brian in *The White Swan* and retained the memory in his subconscious. An amazing coincidence then, for which we can find no explanation.

In 1963, there were roughly 100,000 squash players in the United Kingdom. Today the sport has grown in popularity to such an extent that 1.5 million now play, with more taking the game up each year. Many *Mayfair* readers are undoubtedly squash devotees and as such keen to improve their game; even more perhaps will have at some time or other considered the idea of playing. There are of course, a great number of coaching manuals available, but one which we reckon is better than most is the newly-published **Play Better Squash** by John Beddington, which is a 45p paperback published by Playfair Publications. The book contains much that is of relevance to both the complete novice and the more experienced player, while numerous photographs and diagrams clarify the points made in the text. An added bonus, and an area of the book that really scores with us, is the section carrying profiles of the world's greatest players and a brief history of the development of the game, together with a complete set of rules. **Play Better Squash** will surely help many to do that.

Many hundreds of press releases arrive at *Mayfair's* offices every month. Some are well written and informative, others just plain daft, but none as slipshod as this: *C . . . d Contracts will give Napoleon's cigar ship a new look.* Of course a careless error had made 'shop' into 'ship'. 'It sounds,' remarked a member of our staff dryly, 'like a release from the Cunt of Monte Cristo . . .'



Get more comfort out of the economy.

In our top picture, a driver's eye-view of a new Mini® Clubman.

If you haven't driven one recently, it may come as something of a surprise to see just how civilised Mini-motoring can be. Note particularly the petrol gauge.

Now forget it. The Mini has always been famously thrifty; these days, its modest petrol consumption counts for a lot more than usual. So you won't need to keep even half an eye on it.

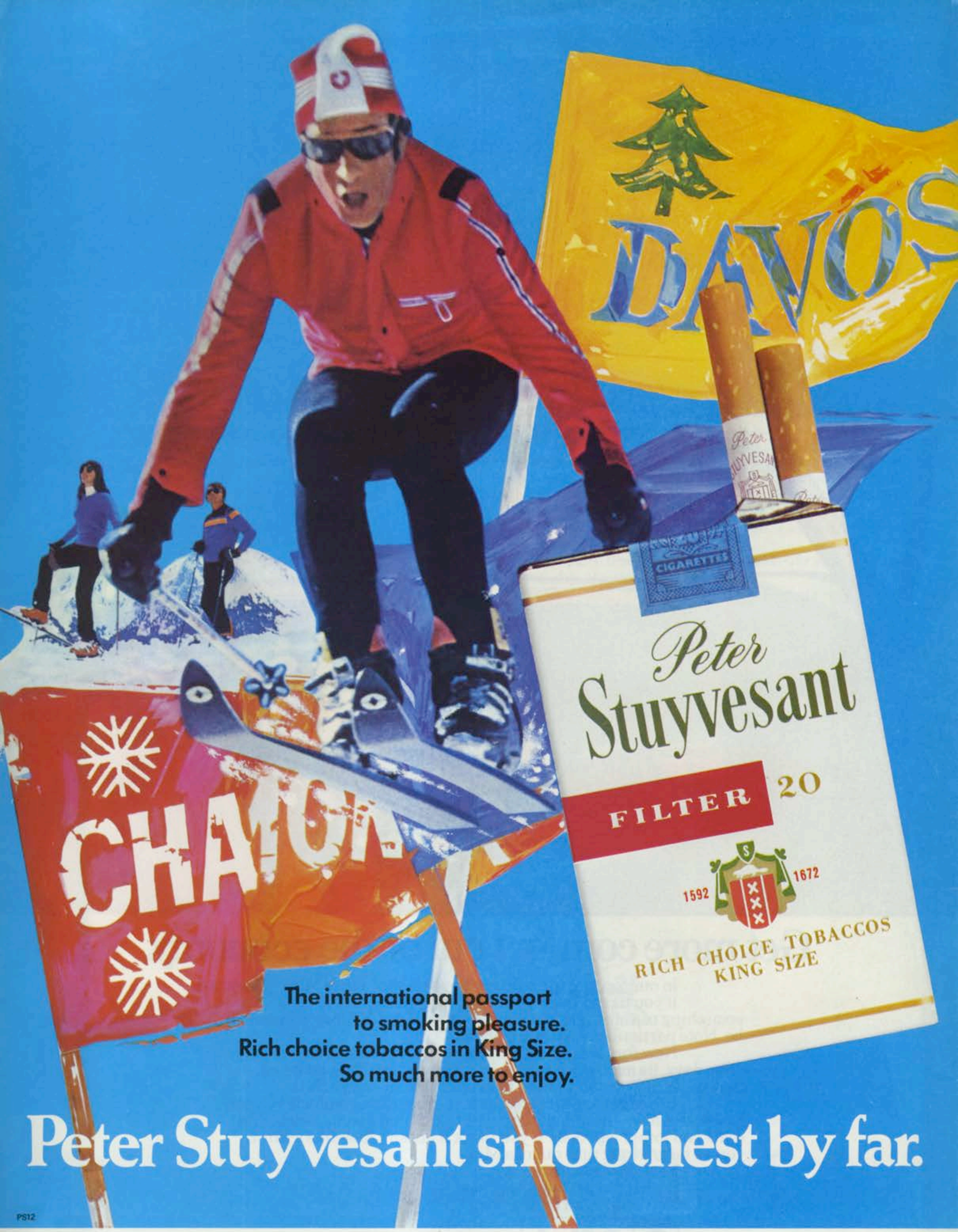
In our bottom picture, the sort of creature comforts you can buy with a Mini these days. Excellent all-round vision, cossetting seats and lots of leg room. If you think it doesn't look like a Mini, you've been a long time out of a Mini.

Economy, comfortably.
It's a lot to get out of any car.
You'll get both from a Mini.

BRITISH LEYLAND **Mini**

Now, more than ever.

® 'Mini' is a Registered Trade Mark of British Leyland.
Mini prices start at £1,098·63. All prices include car tax, VAT and front seat belts. (Number plates and delivery extra.)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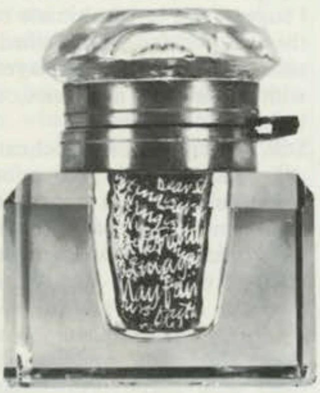
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Can you make anything of the following advertisement I saw recently in a riding paper. 'Miss M.S. and Miss C.G. are available to give instruction at all levels. Breaking and schooling, preparation for all B.H.S. examinations our speciality. Training and preparation also given for all types of competition work. Working pupil courses by arrangement.'
D. Holmes, Yorkshire

Never look a gift horse in the mouth!

Have you any idea of the arguments your magazine has caused between my husband and I? I'll explain. The problem was that every month my husband bought *Mayfair*, and of course I wanted to read it first (*Mayfair* being the thrill of the month!) As I couldn't possibly digest it all at home I brought it to work. It all started with my boss. He was rather depressed and I thought a quick flip through the pages of your lovely magazine might help to alleviate the tensions of the day. However, he passed his 'cure' on to the Sales Director and so on . . . until I received a rather well-thumbed edition two or three days later. When I eventually took the copy home my husband complained bitterly about the second-hand copy. Finally he said that if I wanted to read *Mayfair* I would have to buy one myself. So now we have two copies of each issue, one of course in mint condition and one extremely well read.
All I can say is that *my* 50p's-worth works wonders in the office!
Mrs S.B., Buckingham

Contragulations to Vol 9 No. 11, surely one of the best issues I've seen. I am absolutely knocked out by the fabulous Tiowa Toni. Why don't you show more such oriental models in your magazine?
I have just come back from a trip to the Far East and I must admit the women of those parts are very beautiful, perhaps more so than their average European counterparts. What do your readers say?
Paul D. Wolf, London NW11

There are two points I would like to raise regarding William Boddy's article on Morgans in Vol. 9 No. 9. On page 61, he makes the statement that, 'I prefer the Morgan method of having one up front and two up rear,' yet the Morgan three-wheeler was always built with one wheel to the rear and two to the front. Morgans have always followed this latter format and I can say this from personal experience of these machines over many happy years in the past. As far as I know, the only time they ever put two wheels at the rear was for an experimental racing version when they wanted to have 'more rubber on the road', and to this end, the single rear wheel was twinned by having an extra one mounted outside the chain-drive with an approximate three inch separation. I cannot

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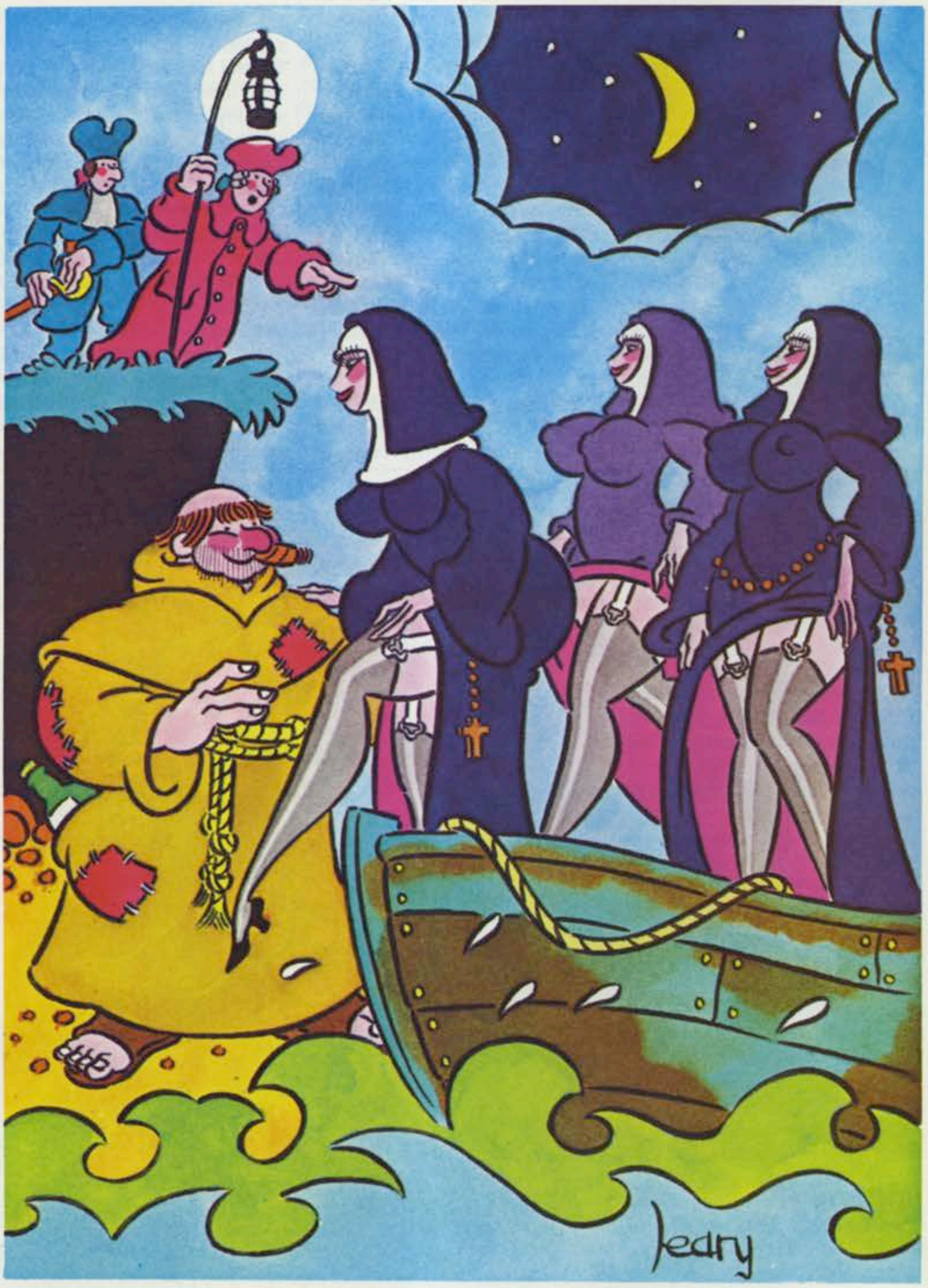


'It's the ruined abbot smuggling again!'

LETTERS

continued from page 7

say how successful this version was, but as it never appeared in production, one assumed that the problem of dismantling the wheel when the chain broke was one of the factors. The other point I would like to raise is with regard to the mention of a 'transverse front door (as on the aptly-named Trojan)', which occurs on page 62. Now as far as my knowledge and experience goes, the Trojan was a four-wheeler with a two-stroke engine which was mounted under the front seats, and two forward speeds by epicyclic bands; first gear having to be held in manually until you were underway then top gear was engaged. The engine never needed decarbonising – all one did every 100,000 miles was to have the silencer cleaned out, after which, the car chugged on happily. Originally it had solid tyres, the track matching exactly the tramlines, and as these tyres were only two inches in diameter, one could easily get stuck and have to go along to a depot to get clear. Starting was by an internal lever which was pulled backwards, and as these vehicles were in pretty general use with the RAF during the twenties, they earned the title of 'Right Arm Developers'. I suppose they were forerunners of the Landrover or even the Jeep as they had a solid rear axle, which broke occasionally, and this was driven by a chain so that one could happily grind across ploughed fields while conventional cars with a differential got stuck.

A wheel at each corner gave a fore-taste of the Mini and the car was capable of a top speed of 35mph. Brooke Bond, the tea people, had an extensive fleet of these vehicles and I believe they still have one or two hidden away, though where the others have gone beats me. I would dearly love to find one and really tune it up.

N.R. Conquest, St. Albans, Herts

William Boddy comments: I am aware that Morgan never made a three-wheeler with a single front wheel, and if Mr. Conquest reads me again, he will see that I endorsed this point. I dealt with what he calls 'twinned' rear wheels in my piece about three-wheelers, but I was not aware that Morgan resorted to this. As regards Trojans, I have had two of my own and would have greatly enjoyed seeing one with solid tyres two inches in diameter!

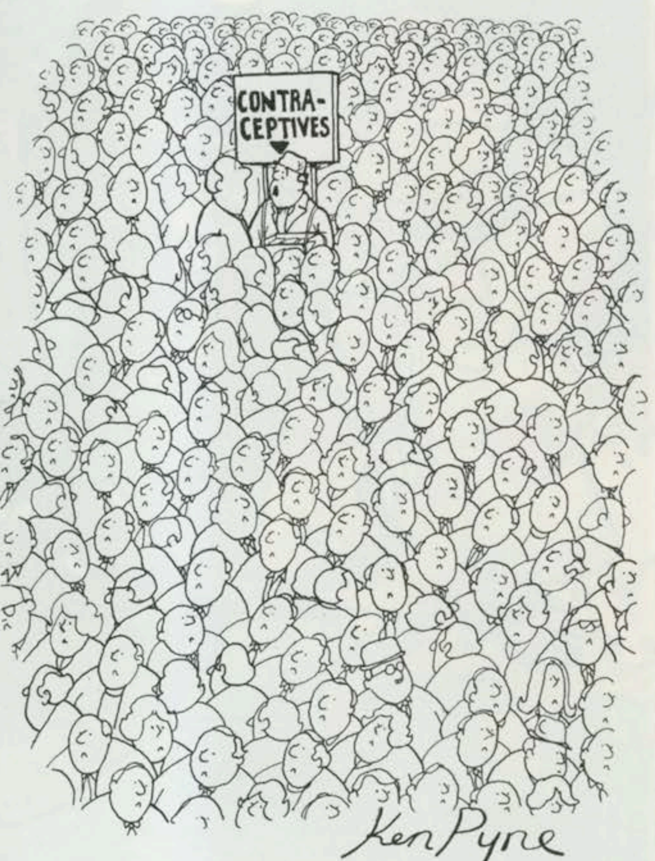
If Mr. Conquest drove his own Trojan for more than 100,000 miles, which he presumably did as he writes about the decarbonising process, he merits a rather special sort of medal, as I got fed up with my own Trojans after about 50 miles. The answer to where have all the Trojans gone since Brooke Bond ceased to use them as delivery vans is to the excellent Trojan Owners Club, whose members are now able to use these cars again without anxiety now that tramlines have been taken up. But don't take the legend of a Trojan's wheels fitting the tramlines too literally, Mr. Conquest, as the car had a track of four feet. Finally, let us not forget the 1962 Trojan which was a British version of the Heinkel bubble car. This did *have three wheels – which is where we came in, isn't it?*

You may recall publishing a letter from me telling you how viewing the splendid rears of your always gorgeous models converted me from a full-frontal man into a bottom fan, the light of the true faith coming in the proverbial flash while ogling the outstanding (a carefully chosen word) rear views of Nina West-Sadler (Vol. 8 No. 9).

My next request will, I am sure, surprise you. I hereby state that I think you should discontinue any further female photography from the rear. This I say in full possession of my somewhat limited faculties, for the following artistic reason: I do not think it possible that even Clive McLean is going to be capable of taking a better bottom shot than that of Bonnie Norman in Vol. 9 No. 8 page 88, top left hand corner. I suggest this is the ultimate in the field, perfection personified, saucy, erotic, yet displayed with an impish innocence, a bottom man's dream.

Still, I am certain Clive McLean will, as a true artist, strive for even greater heights of artistic achievement and if I might offer a suggestion of where to attempt this, how about his favourite model – and mine – his lovely wife Stephanie? An encore from her would surely meet with the overwhelming approval of your readers, or rather her viewers.

L.A.M., Battersea, London SW11



'To be honest, business could be better.'

What a fantastic bunch of birds you selected for *Mayfair* (Vol. 9 No. 12)—your 100th issue. Eve, Tricia, Marilyn and Susan were all marvellous. And imagine my delight when I noticed the magazine was seething with bottom shots. I like girls' bums – the prettiest part of their anatomy. Too often they are ignored by editors who persistently give us tits and pussies (I'm happy to say it's not the case with *Mayfair*). I know the 100th issue cover pictured Marilyn Looms giving us a bottom through thin panties, but how about a cover with a model in suspender belt and black stockings, baring her naked bum to the camera. Oooooh, lovely!

S.B., Oldham.

Mayfair Vol. 9 No. 12 just has to be one of the best editions ever. For a confirmed bottom fancier and white knickers fanatic (such as myself) the pictures of Tricia and Susan were an absolute delight. Those of Tricia Gray must rank as best since Lesley (Vol. 9 No. 8), Jennifer (Vol. 9 No. 2) and my all-time favourite, Celeste (Vol. 8 No. 1).

J.D., Woking

As a young man with a highly developed fetish for below-waist female underwear, I must congratulate you on the truly superb cover of your 100th issue. The rear view shot of Marilyn Looms portrays nylon underwear at its sexiest and makes what I consider to be the most erotic *Mayfair* cover I have ever

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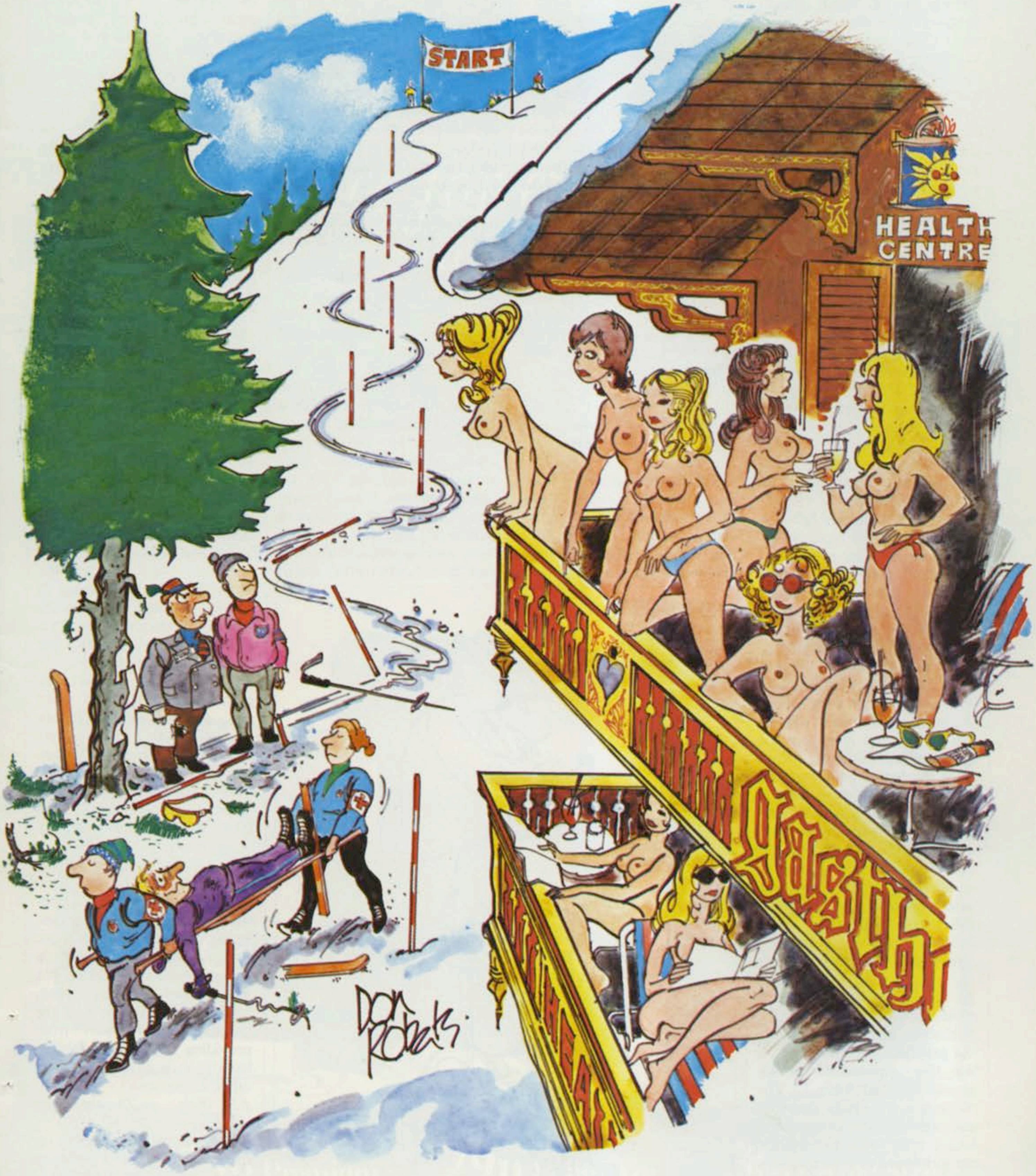

START
HEALTH CENTRE
gasth
DON ROBERTS

'Who the hell sited the slalom course here in the first place?!'

LETTERS

continued from page 8

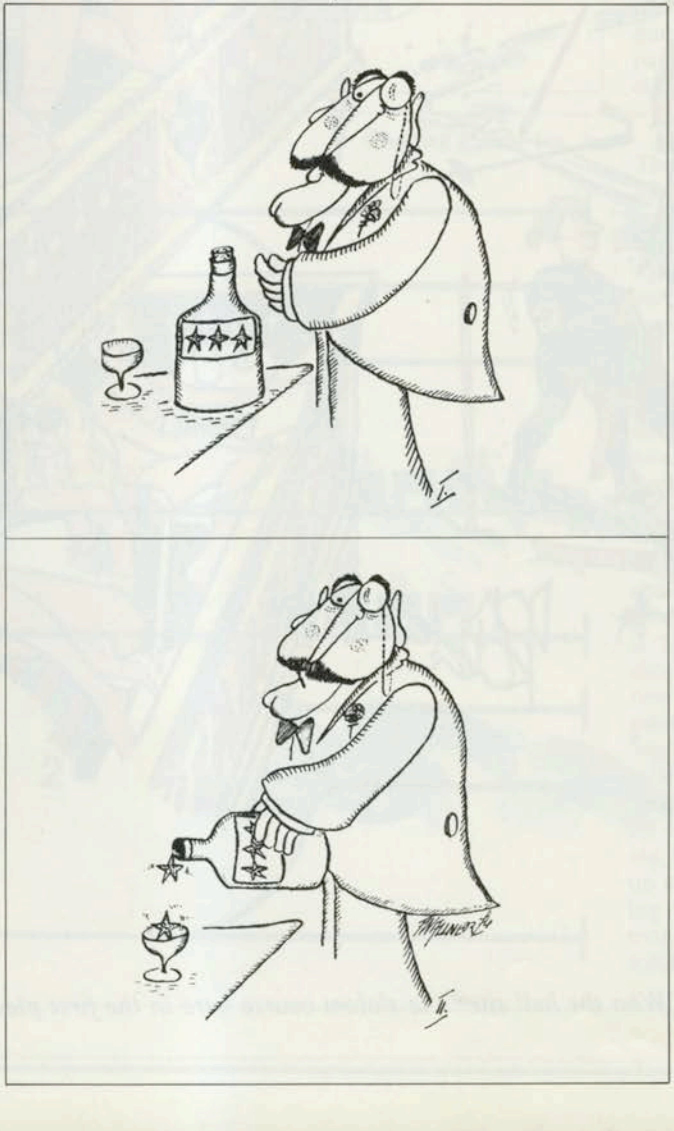
seen. The moment I saw Marilyn's little white panties, I knew that I just had to have this particular issue of *Mayfair*. There is nothing more exciting than a sexy bottom veiled beneath tiny transparent briefs and this is especially the case when the whole scene is framed within suspenders and stockings. Real panty enthusiasts will note with delight several small details regarding Marilyn's panties which make them so sexy – the one inch sides, the matching elasticated waistband and leg openings, the tautness of the nylon over the cleft of the bottom. In other words, the perfection in sexy panties. Fortunate indeed is the man who finds a girl like Marilyn and is confronted with such delicious lingerie. On the occasions I have persuaded my girlfriend to dress in this fashion, I have found it difficult to decide on the best procedure. The first thing to do after satisfying one's visual desire and having felt and caressed all over the underwear is to slowly peel off her panties. Often she will wear her panties under her suspenders as Marilyn has done on your cover. When she does this, I like to slip her panties just over the centre of her buttocks. I then place my hands on either side of her suspendered waist and gently but firmly rub myself up and down her cleft to reach a climax. This surely must be one of the greatest sensations of all. Once again congratulations on your cover photo. It will surely turn out to be a collectors' item.
(Name and address withheld)

As far as I'm concerned, the most erotic feature to be published in *Mayfair* during the year just past was one on the film *Emmanuelle* which appeared in Vol. 9 No. 12. The pictures were really fantastic and proved such a turn-on that I have been trying to persuade my girl-friend to try smoking a cigarette in a similarly unorthodox manner as the nightclub girl in the film. I'm determined to see the film myself, even if it means coming to London to do so, as I very much doubt whether such a sizzling piece of cinema erotica would find its way to my own particular part of the country.
T.D. McG., Fort William, Scotland

Having enormously enjoyed your feature on drag racers in Vol. 9 No. 7, I went into near-transports of delight when you followed this feature with an even better one on custom cars in Vol. 9 No. 11. I was especially glad your writer picked up the point on the close link between rock-music and custom cars as to my mind, the two are indeed very closely linked. My only regret was that you didn't devote more space to this subject. For once I wouldn't have minded giving up a page of your gorgeous birds for a page more of even more gorgeous cars.
J. Wallace, Dover

Maybe we should have run pictures of girls in cars . . .

John Fergus Ryan's short story *Twyla's Young Man*, which appeared in your Christmas issue, must be one of the best ever that this amazingly talented writer has produced. I can't understand why his popularity is not more widespread as in my opinion he writes far more entertainingly than many so-called 'name' authors that I could mention. I also noticed that in your *Scene* column, you mentioned that John was currently working on a novel called *Litmus Grogan*; I hope that you'll give ample warning of its publication so that other devotees like myself can be first in the queue to buy a copy.
Michael Jardine, Manchester



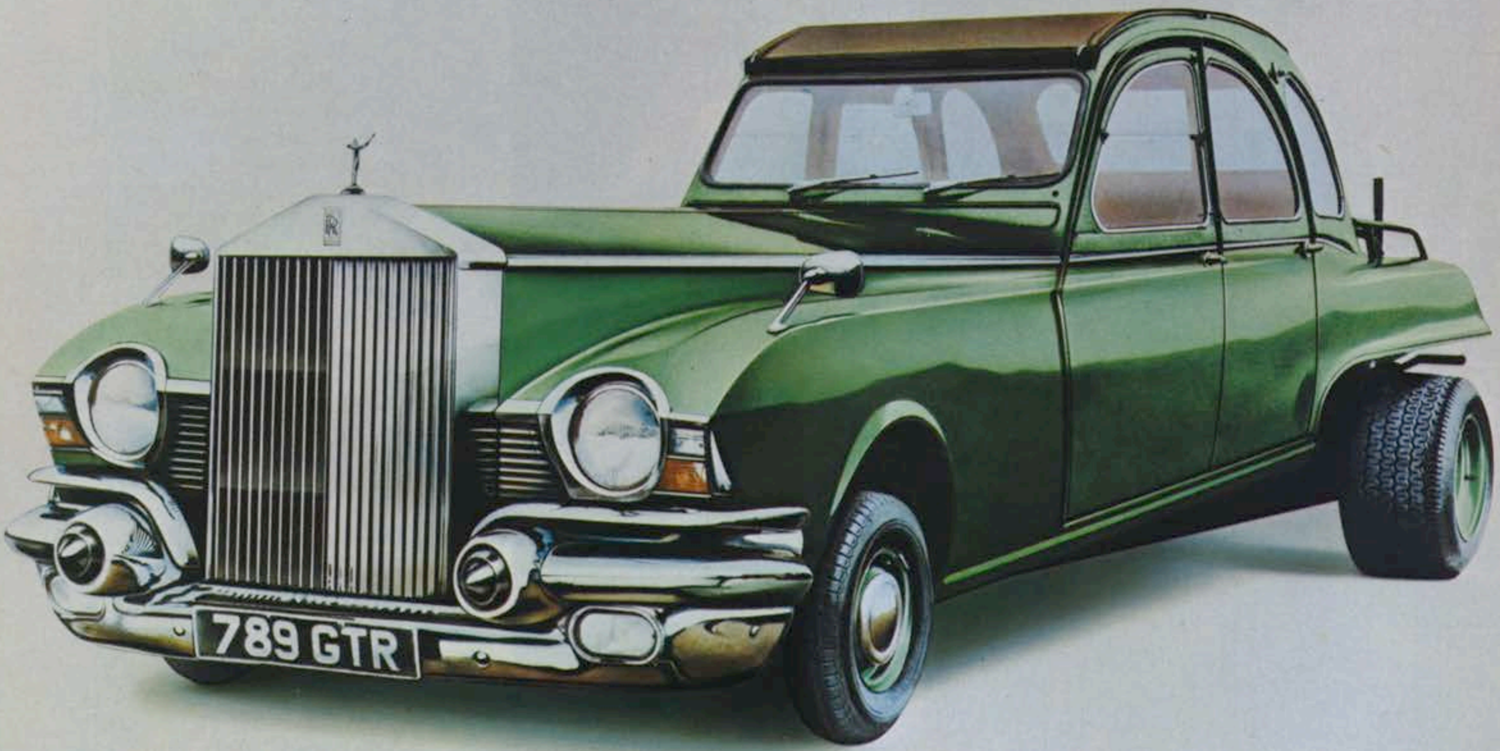
Since I was a youth I've been stimulated by wet clothing and, like other readers, have been fascinated by correspondence on the subject. The letter from C.B., Herts. (Vol. 9 No. 11) reveals emotions which are so similar to mine that I felt I just had to contribute a note. Some years ago I had a girlfriend who had similar passions. One day we were relaxing on an empty beach when we decided to have a paddle in the sea. We were both wearing jeans, shirts, and jackets and didn't worry about the ends of our trousers getting wet. In a few moments we started to splash each other and I, very excited, waded out to waist level and encouraged her to follow me. Soon, we were both soaked and the sight and feel of each other in clinging denims turned us on to a degree which has never been equalled. Later we developed our games and found some clothes more exciting than others, but denim jean outfits surpassed them all. Black leather gear was great, too. We would play in water outside or sometimes get into the bath or shower together. On one occasion after a game by the sea in the early morning we walked the length of the Southend seafront, me in dripping jeans and jacket, and her in equally wet delicious tight jeans and shirt; we let our clothes dry on us as we rode the funfair in the sun. No one seemed to turn a hair. We also experimented with P.V.C. rainwear, and I must agree with C.B. that a black belted mac and boots is in its own way super fun in the water. We always dreamed of finding another enthusiastic couple and having a party by a private swimming pool, but this we never achieved.

But now for the sad part. My girlfriend and I parted years ago, she to emigrate. Since then, although I get considerable pleasure from 'orthodox' sex, for the 'wet' thrills (apart from solitary games which are better than nothing) I have lived far too much in my imagination.

The real thrill is in sharing the experience and the frustration of being without a sympathetic partner can be desperate. The letters in your magazine have confirmed that my girlfriend and I were not unique and it's clear there must be many others with the same problem. Apart from providing us with pictures, have you, or anyone else, any other suggestions?
J.P., Walton on Thames

Writing as another member on the distaff side, I entirely agree with Mrs M.B. of Wakefield in a recent issue. I, too, love to go into water fully dressed to please my husband. Here are two ways to raise us to the full heights of passion. Standing under our shower fully dressed in blouse and

turn to page 106



IT'S A GOOD THING PEOPLE DON'T BUY CARS THE WAY THEY BUY HI-FI.

If the average motorist put together his 'perfect' car, he'd wind up with a joke.

Because one car maker doesn't design his parts to match other makers' parts.

For the same reason, the average music lover isn't equipped to put together hi-fi.

And he gets little help from leaflets and ads so technical as to need a glossary to explain themselves.

So, for those of you without electronic engineering degrees, Sony makes what we call the 88 Family.

It's made up of a constant speed auto/manual stereo turntable. Two faithful speakers. A stereo cassette deck. An AM/FM stereo tuner.

And at the heart of all this, a fully integrated amplifier giving a solid 10 watts per channel output RMS.

The 88 Family is a complete system in itself, but is also compatible with other Sony equipment.

Which means you can add to or modify any parts without throwing out the whole works.

In short, it's foolproof. Because there's no room for mistakes in hi-fi.

After all, a home, a car and hi-fi system are the three biggest purchases in a man's life.

And it's a toss up for second place.

For free do-it-yourself demonstrations and advice about all Sony equipment, visit the Sony Showroom, 134 Regent St. W1R 6DJ.

VIVIEN

Bristol-born Vivien Page has an air of innocent coquettishness, a tomboyish quality that acknowledges men are turned on by her ash blonde sexuality, but which refuses to take itself totally seriously. 'Of course I like sex,' she admits readily, 'and I feel frustrated when I'm not having any, but it's not the be-all and end-all of my life. There are lots of things just as important.' Such as? we asked this 36–23–35 20-year-old. 'My job,' she replied quickly. An assistant in a Bristol estate agency, she divides her time between secretarial work and showing prospective buyers over properties. 'I think it's very rewarding to help people find a new home. We cover the whole range, from flats to a couple of big West Country mansions, to sea-side cottages. You can't possibly get bored.' And don't male clients get a little more generous when confronted by such a stunning blonde? Vivien tosses a platinum swathe aside lightly, and nods.

'Sometimes,' she says, 'a client will try on something when you're alone with him at a property. One man I was showing round a furnished flat to let insisted we test out the bed together. I'd only just started the job and I was scared stiff of doing it wrong, so like a fool I lay down on the bed with him. He practically raped me. I won't let that happen again.' She snorts at the memory. 'It's not as though I made any effort to show I fancied him. If I like someone I usually make sure they know all about it.' And what sort of man would that be? 'Someone kind and sympathetic but who knows what they're doing. Handsome – sure, but it's not too important. I don't want some ego-mad sexual athlete. They bore me.' Vivien, we're sure you'll make a fine buy.

WHERE CHARITY BEGINS

Fiction by Barry Bowes

She expected a visit from her sexy phone caller. He was collecting for the needy

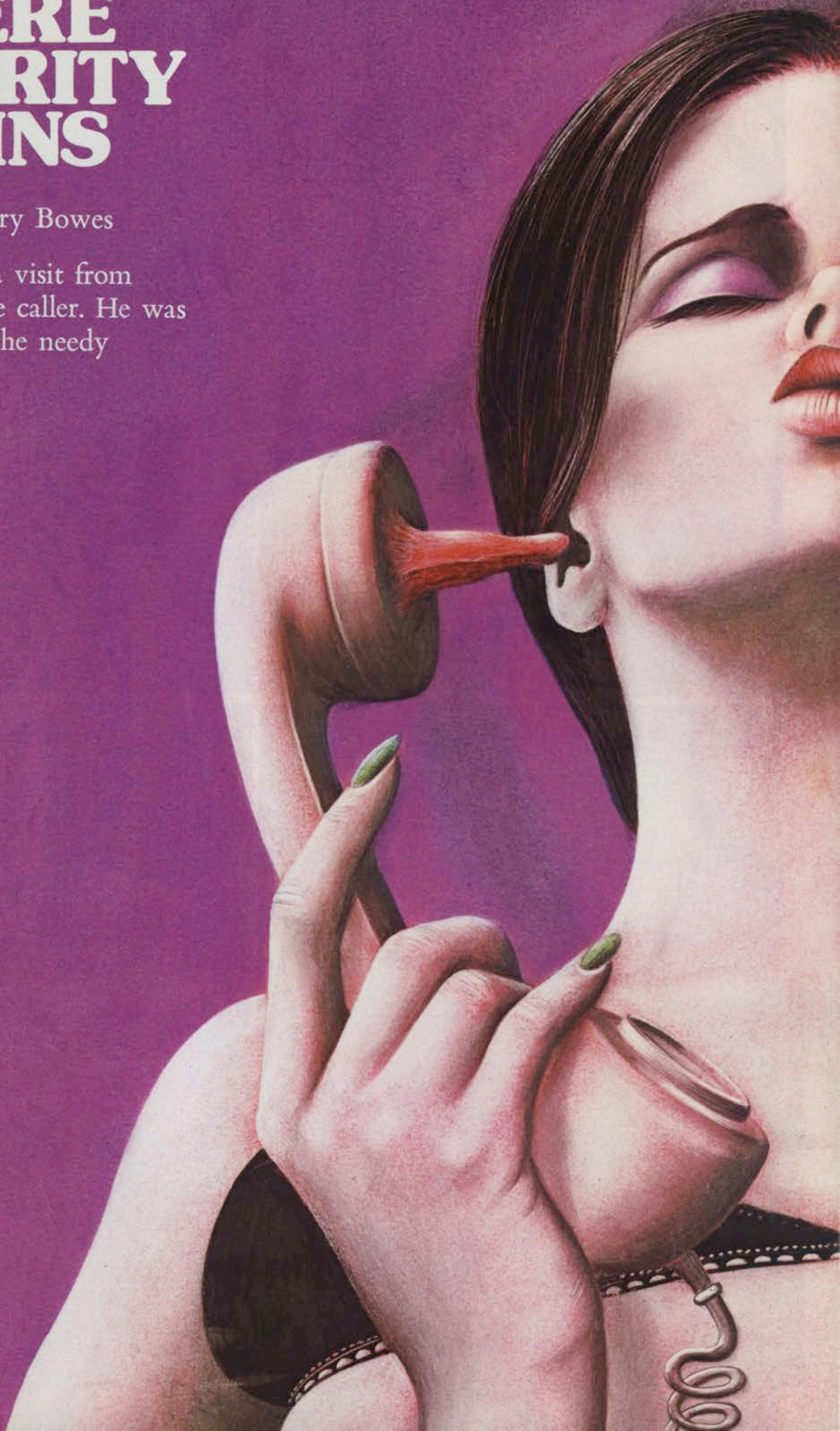
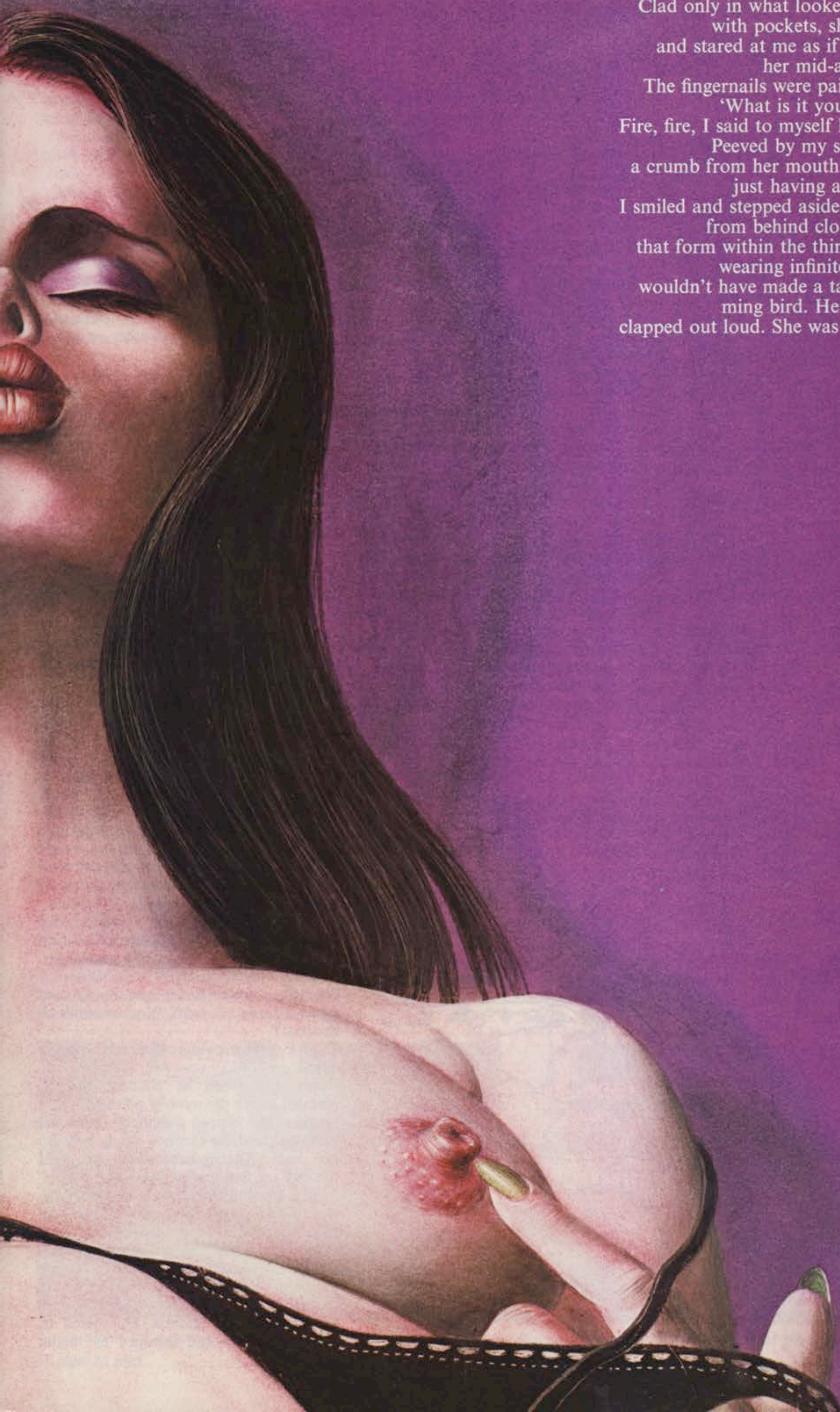


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES



Clad only in what looked like a fireblanket with pockets, she opened the door and stared at me as if I'd selfishly ruined her mid-afternoon fantasies. The fingernails were painted a vivid green. 'What is it you want?' she asked. Fire, fire, I said to myself holding my breath. Peeved by my silence, she fingered a crumb from her mouth and went on: 'I'm just having a pizza in the bath.' I smiled and stepped aside so the sun passing from behind cloud would delineate that form within the thin material. She was wearing infinitesimal briefs which wouldn't have made a tank-top for a humming bird. Her solid flesh almost clapped out loud. She was two inches shorter

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Where charity begins

continued from page 17

than me, just my size; and she had blue eyes, which reflected a pain no pill could cure.

'I'm collecting for charity,' I managed, easing the suitcase forward as evidence.

'Charity?'

'Charity. As in giving. Many people are crying out for things other people hardly notice they have.'

'I see,' she murmured.

Somewhere above us, a pigeon chuckled. The woman inhaled and sighed deeply, creating a vacuum which sucked me up to my ankles. We exchanged insecure grins in vain attempts to disturb the leaden summer air. Her jet hair combined fatally with the pink shift and made me shuffle excuses for what a cruel sun did to the back of an Englishman's neck. The nylon had excited her nipples; they were like thimbles. I was dizzy from pinpointing the raspberry explosions on breasts which held me in thrall, like surges of the sea.

'Prussian helmets,' I suggested. 'Old jumpers. Blazers. Anything will do.'

'My husband didn't go to Eton.'

'They're not snobs on MacKillycuddy Island.'

'MacKilly-bloody-what?'

'That's off the tip of Chile. We're trying to save the people before it's too late.'

She took another deep breath. 'From what? I never heard of it.'

'From themselves, really. They insist on going around without jumpers and Prussian helmets.' I grinned, but could see she was worried, perhaps by my levity. 'I don't want to worry you,' I said briskly.

She thought for a long time; it presented me with an opportunity to mark her knees as passable, and pass her knees heading north for Uruguay. The shift ended one finger flick from that triangular darkness she was working rhythmically as she rocked from heel to toe.

'He went to Bournemouth to bury his aunt.'

'It's a long way,' I noted.

'She had a heart attack at Brighton races. At the last fence. The favourite fell.'

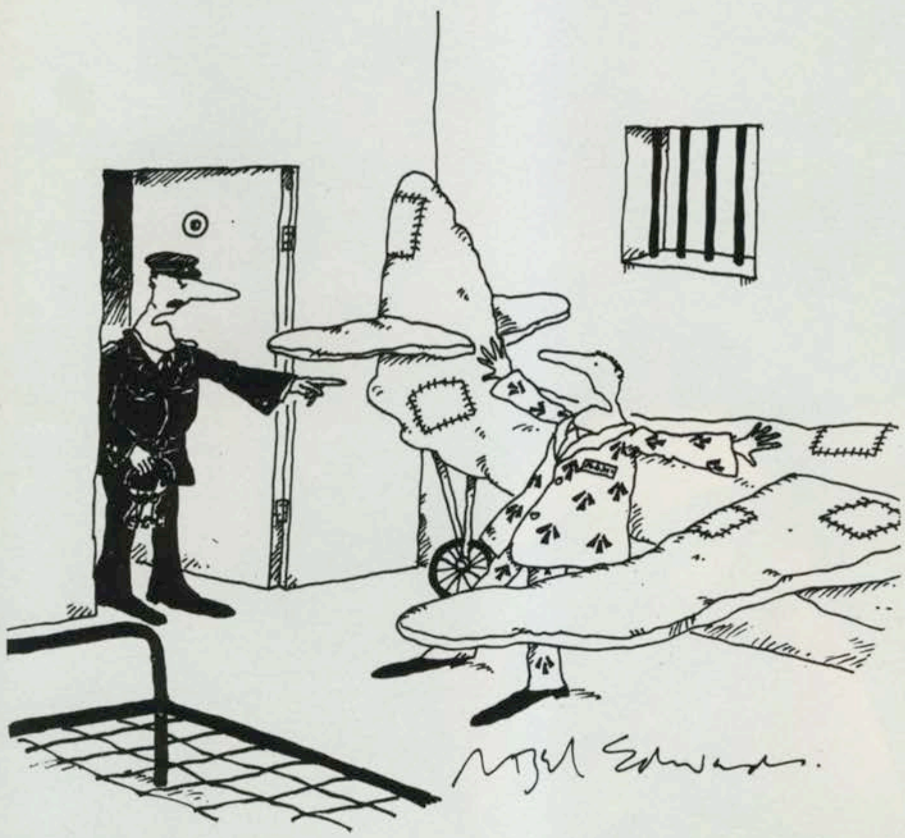
'I can understand that. Being an old racing man.'

It made her giggle. 'Get on. You, old? I'd say twenty-five, if that.'

'You could be right.' Just right. 'I'd say we remember the same radio and TV programmes the kids these days never heard of. But sentiment isn't recommended when you're on this job. People decide everything they have is a memento. Like chipped china dogs. Brassieres they were going to burn.' She plunged both hands into front pockets and stretched the material almost to my breaking point. 'Even nylons with seams.'

The phone rang. At first she ignored it. Eventually, she moved uneasily toward it and lifted the receiver. She listened in silence, her face at first severe, then opening out to allow a firm smile. She motioned me inside the house, to take the receiver. Her features were vaguely ugly in mischief.

The caller was breathing heavily, from too much on-the-spot exercise. There was something strange about the voice, as though he were speaking through a megaphone.


Nigel Edwards.

'So 76421! This is how you thank the governor for letting you watch "Colditz" . . .'

'. . . And I saw you when you left the bedroom curtain open. Through binoculars. I bet you did that on purpose. I saw you remove your . . .' The article was lost in interference on the line. '. . . and green knickers with filigree white lacing . . .'

'Definitely *not* my colour,' I said, being fey to my frayed sleeves.

The line went dead.

'I think he records it,' she said.

'He must have knocked the microphone with something unmentionable.'

'Pardon?'

I hesitated, trying to weigh the hint of annoyance in her voice.

'Interference on the line,' I explained. 'You were unzipping the leather cat suit, I expect.'

She laughed and turned still laughing, to close the front door.

'Honestly, the things they expect an ordinary housewife to be wearing. If I went around in every article mentioned, I'd drown in a sea of sweat.'

'They?' I queried.

Her smile turned down. She criss-crossed arms so as to support either elbow, thereby forcing her breasts up so they resembled two bald men looking over a wall.

'You get others?'

'Used to. Some years ago. There must be a subscription list.'

'A breather's digest,' I suggested. A broad, confident grin succeeded the initial expression of stupidity. 'You don't seem very worried.'

'Why should I be? Poor sod. His mind needs the exercise.' She found cigarettes by the phone. 'You?'

I worked a wet palm against my thigh, while trying to decipher the ambiguity in her voice. 'You smoke?'

I shook my head and swam forward, disordered by her snap elegance and the spread of green fingernails at her strong jawbone. I apologised for my awkward body. 'I'm amazed you take it so lightly,' I said, indicating the phone.

'Oh, I do *pretend* to be shocked.' She smiled and did a slow half-turn away. 'Can I tell you . . .?'

'Tell me what?'

She slid a finger under her top lip and eased it along her teeth. 'You wouldn't be shocked?'

I did a slow screwing movement with my head.

'Sometimes, when he phones,' she explained, taking the receiver off the hook, 'I do this.' She slipped the phone under her dress and held the earpiece tightly between her legs. 'The reverberations go right through me and tingle my bones.'

I hung there like an entranced schoolboy. Once again, I was bothered by her outright manner. There were women who lulled lustful innocents such as I into situations which could involve carving knives. I imagined being helpless in an ambush of sex-starved housewives in various states of undress. Smothered by suburban boobs and thrashed by thighs.

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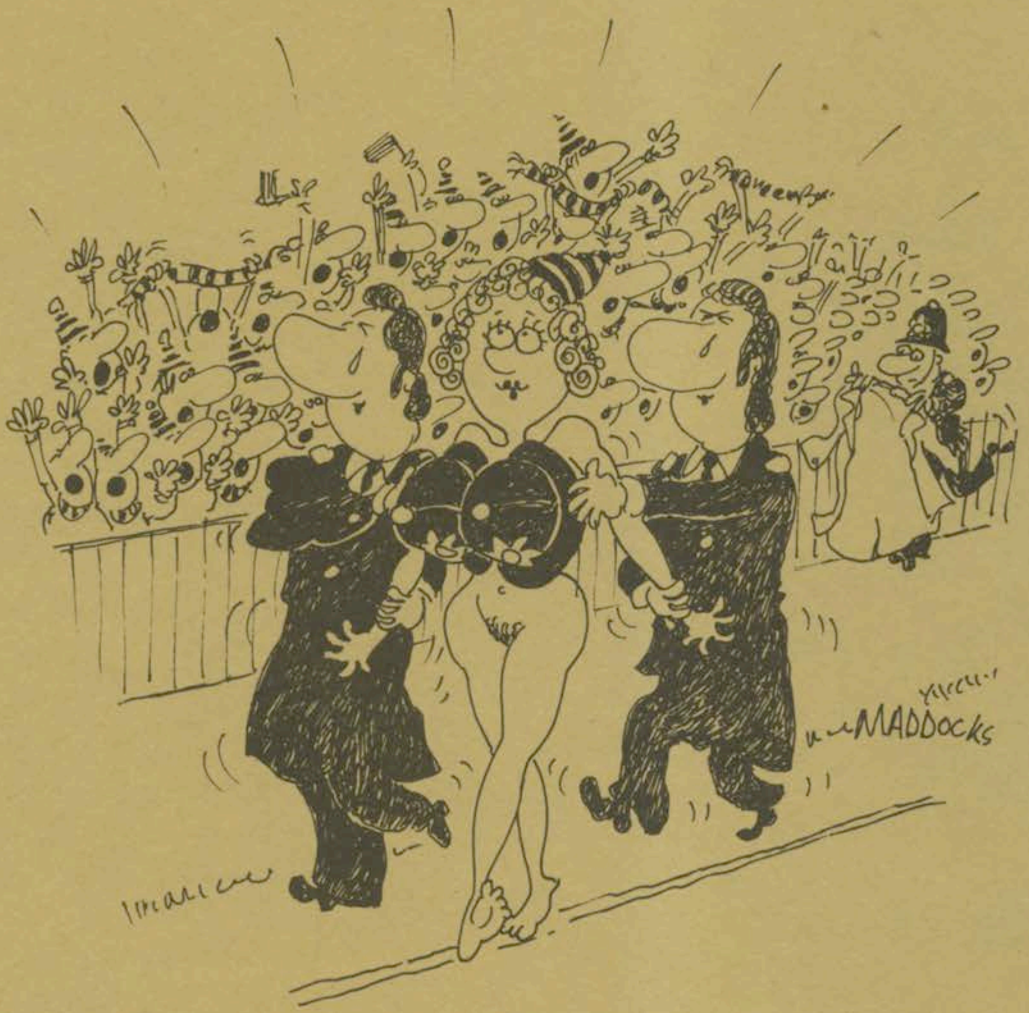
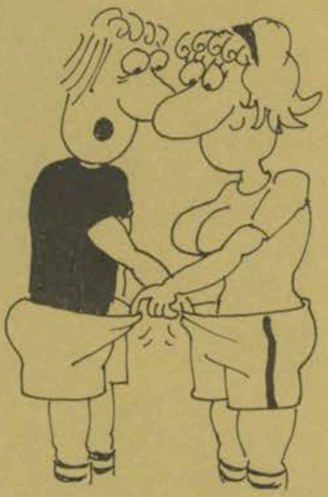
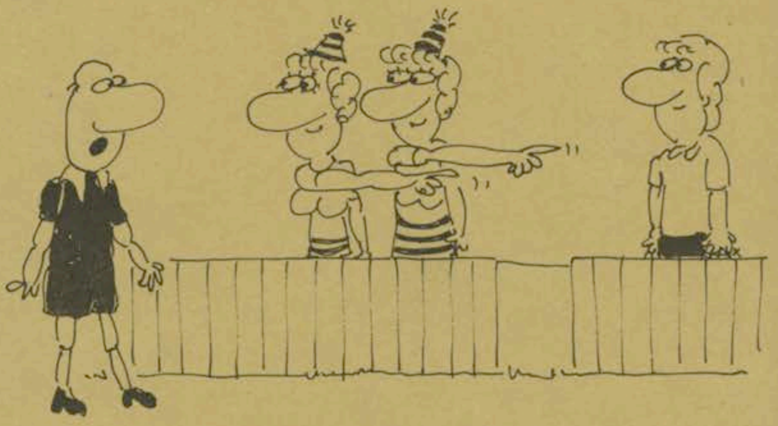


STANDS ON THE TERRACE

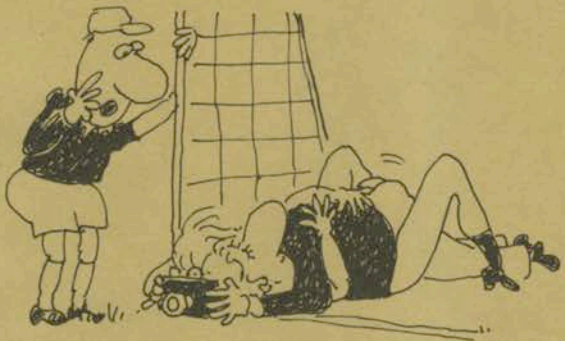
Cartoonist Peter Maddocks suggests how sex on the terraces might well be the answer to soccer violence



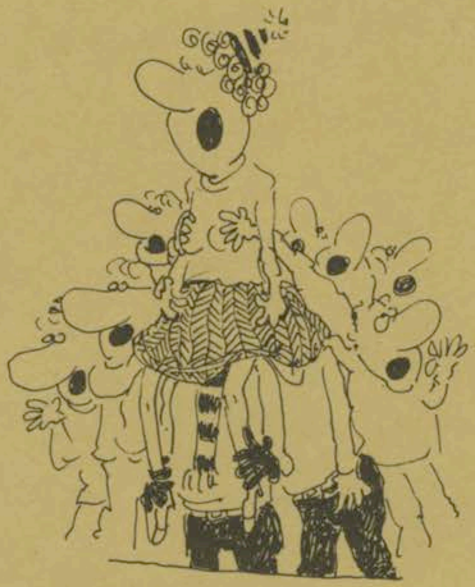
'The coin must have dropped somewhere.'



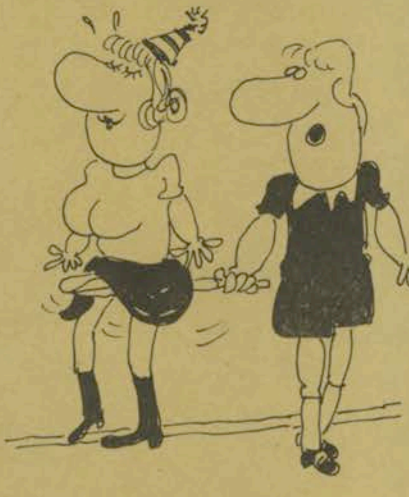
'Right, who's got the match balls?'



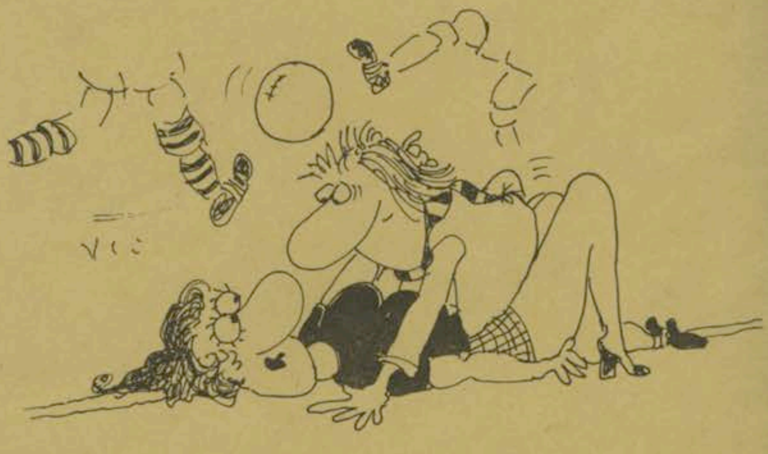
'You press photographers don't miss a shot, do you?'



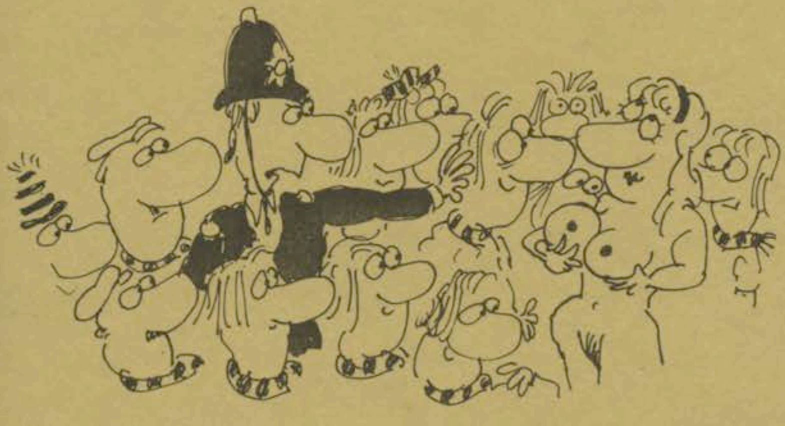
'Get 'em off!'



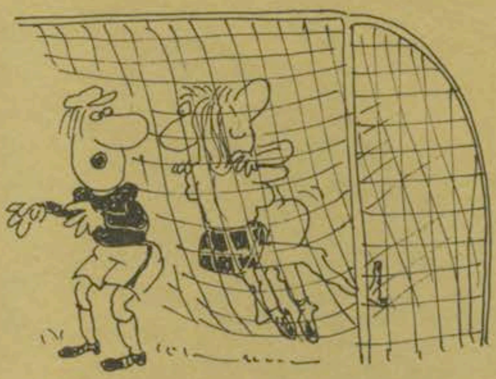
'This is *the touch-line, luv.'*



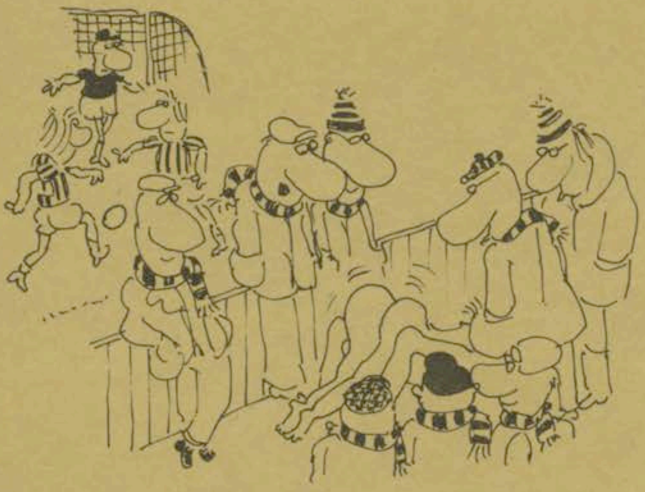
'I've had other boys, but you're my first football hooligan.'



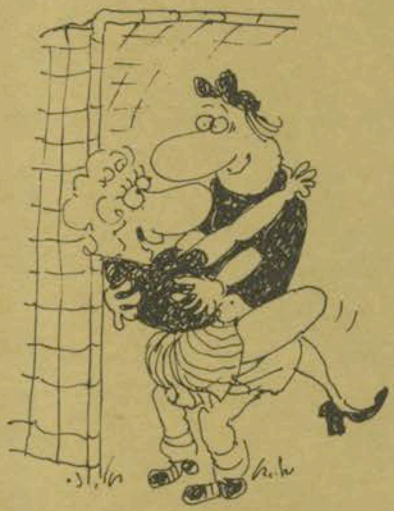
'Alright, alright. Who's causing the disturbance here?'



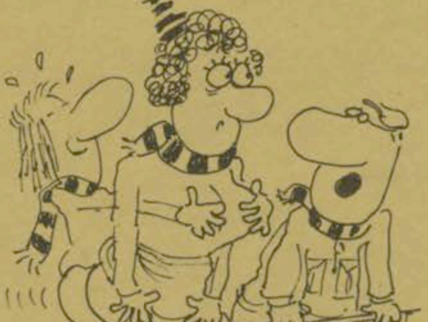
'You two had better move – I think this is a penalty.'



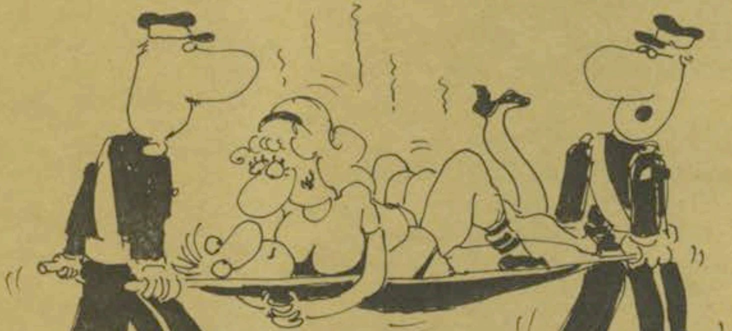
'What about an action replay then?'



'And to think they said you'd have nothing to do in the second half . . .'



'You're lucky – this time last year he'd put the boot in.'



'Bloody hooligans!'

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I have a most attractive wife who is a very good lover. For the past few months, however, I have not really been interested in making love to her. I have not been with other women during this time and feel that the loss of my sex drive could be put down to my constant masturbation. Sometimes I will masturbate as often as four or five times a day. I am in my late twenties and feel as though I have not missed out on anything in my younger days. My wife is beginning to think that I may have another woman, and although this is not so, I cannot bring myself to tell her of my problem. S.O.J., Bucks.

As your wife is beginning to suspect that you are involved with another woman, I am afraid that you will have to face up to the fact that she should be told so as to relieve this particular worry of hers. If you explain to your wife the reasons for your apparent lack of interest, she may be able to help, even if only by masturbating you herself. You could reciprocate by massaging her clitoris. It is also possible that your wife would be willing to fellate you and exercise other feminine wiles to awaken your sexual interest. In any case, I would maintain that masturbating on four or five occasions each day is without a doubt the reason for your lack of interest in your wife.

Although I have no problem in getting aroused for intercourse, I find that as soon as I am in, I am ready to ejaculate. It is very hard to hold back, and must be frustrating for my partner. In addition, after having had intercourse, I am unable to perform again before 48 *hours have elapsed. I am* 45 *years old.* P.H.S., BFPO.

The more relaxed you are for intercourse the less the strain and the easier it is to be 'detached'. With the woman in the superior position, it is easy to communicate the fact that early ejaculation is approaching, so she can lift herself from the penis and by squeezing the coronal ridge between the thumb and first two fingers can literally stop ejaculation. I would also not worry unduly about 'recovery time'. Sexual maturity starts at around 16, but as one becomes older, the steroid replacement takes longer, thus necessitating more frequent intervals between intercourse. If one worries unduly about this, it can become an obsession which can render the sex act far more difficult. Such factors as diet and alcohol intake can also affect performance and a heavy drinker can find his sexual performance suffers.

I am 20 *years old and am concerned about my seeming inability to grow sideboards. My facial hair is fairly normal, but I have a clear patch of some one-and-a-quarter inches at the top of my sideboards where no hair appears to grow. In addition, my penis when relaxed measures only 3½ inches and when erect is 5 inches. Is there any particular reason for its relatively small size when relaxed?* J.E., London WC1.

You must remember that with some people, a really luxuriant side-board growth is the end result of many years of normal shaving. The growth of facial hair is stimulated by shaving, so in order to achieve growth on your 'clear patch', continually shave the area so as to excite the roots of the hair. On the question of penis length when relaxed and erect, it has been found that the difference between the relaxed and the erect organ is greater with a smaller relaxed penis than with one which is comparatively large when flaccid. A small relaxed penis seems to more than double its length when erect, whereas the larger ones do not increase by anywhere near the same amount. The size of your penis as described is absolutely normal and adequate.

About nine months ago, my wife underwent a hysterectomy. We still enjoy our sex life very much, but I have noticed lately that during sex, my wife's vagina becomes very dry, which of course causes discomfort to us both. Are there any creams or oils which would alleviate this problem? R.D., Surrey.

It is not uncommon for the vagina to appear to 'dry up' after a hysterectomy and in many cases, anything up to a year can elapse before the original rate of lubrication is approached again. In some cases, only a very minor degree of lubrication is achieved. It may be that rather more than the usual amount of foreplay is required before there is a satisfactory degree of lubrication and this may take as long as ten minutes to effect. This extensive foreplay can, unless gently applied, cause irritation or soreness, so you must guard against being too hasty or heavy-handed. As regards creams and jellies, white Vaseline and KY Jelly are easily obtainable.

My girlfriend was a virgin when I first met her and very inexperienced sexually. I can say without undue boasting that I taught her almost everything she knows in bed. Recently she's become very interested in vibrators and is obviously mad keen to try one. I'm no prude but the thought of sharing our bed with an artificial rival doesn't exactly turn me on. Should I say so, or just learn to live with my bruised male ego? H.S., Bristol.

If you feel you have a permanent relationship then by all means talk it over and make your views plain. But be honest about your 'undue boasting'. If you really taught your girlfriend all she knows and she now wants to move on then it is frankly unfair to restrain her just to cushion your ego. Gratitude is fine, but you must have had your share of pleasure as 'teacher'.

Dr Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Once upon a time, in the most officially permissive society the world has ever known (and it still flourishes today, for aught I know) if a young lad of some 12 years was said to have been 'eating figs' – then five will get you ten that his grandmother, or it may be his great-aunt, or even (if his brother is unusually complaisant) his sister-in-law has, for want of a better word, *had* him.

The Santals are a tribal society from the once remote villages of eastern India, Sex is as matter-of-fact a part of youthful training and experience to them as O level mathematics are to us – a kind of 'Oh!' level, I suppose you'd call it. And now that former Indian Civil Servant turned scholar, Dr W. G. Archer, has explicated their customs in **The Hill of Flutes** (Allen & Unwin, £5.95) it is time to, as they say in the Sunday papers, reveal all.

The fumbling, if not the actual kissing, starts with the Santals around the age of five. Then boys and girls play their jolly games, like other little boys and girls, except that the wrestling invariably brings them together in lots of caresses and embraces. Half a dozen years later, they're playing houses and not stopping outside the bedroom door, either! 'Sometimes a boy and girl play together. The boy goes on all fours. The girl rides on him. Suddenly he turns on his back and holds her. A girl pulls her away. He seizes her legs. If the girl likes it, the boy does it.'

I rather like the Santal version of hide-and-seek, too. In this game, one boy covers his eyes while all the boys and girls rush off to hide. Then he too runs off – with a girl – while all the others are, presumably, waiting to be discovered! All this going-on is strictly casual – nobody is expected to marry, quite the reverse, in fact – and particularly discreet. There are plenty of village court cases cited by Dr Archer of couples fined for being caught fornicating, even one very dramatic instance where a girl dared seven boys to have her. They dragged her to the woods, and though she repulsed the first five, the last two ate their figs, all right. Result: all eight were fined – the girl for the public challenge, the boys for accepting it!

Sometimes the tribal court cases are really quite comical. For example: you're not supposed to copulate with a member of your own clan. One young chap who had been caught doing just that told the court: 'One night the girl took my penis and made it stand. I went and lay above her. After that I went to her each night . . . I used to go to sleep and the girl would come to my house and poke me with a pole . . . She would pull me out and make me have her in the field . . . She came to my house and forced me to have her.'

If the tribal court thinks you've been having the wrong bit away, then they put you through a particularly lewd 'purification' ceremony. As far as I can make out, this begins with the whole village chanting 'Fuck them, fuck them'. Then there's a lively symbolic dance involving a branch and leaves sewn together to represent genitals.

The tales of the Santals are splendidly sensual, and they often tell them in public: 'There was a girl . . . we used to graze the buffaloes together from the time that we were children. Then the girl grew bigger and whenever I saw her smooth uncovered thighs like a ripe mango, my sex reared like a plantain stem. One day we were with the cattle and while we were sitting, her thighs became uncovered and I saw up to their end. I could check myself no longer and I pushed her down with my hand. The girl was a virgin and I had to hurt her. Her sex was very tight and I was full of joy. After that we grazed cattle together and I took her every day.'

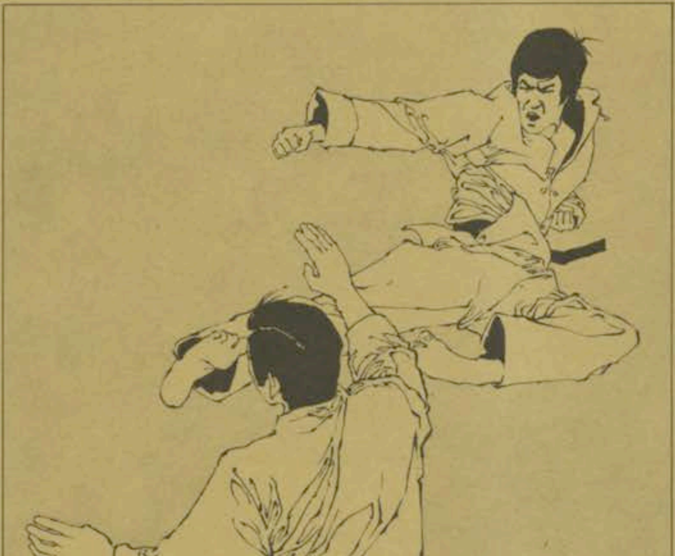
Not surprisingly, their 'pop songs', too, are as unlike the milk-and-water sentimentality we are used to as chalk and cheese:

'My breasts are mangoes, and my body is a young cucumber.
Not this year, but next year you may toss it up and down.'

And

'The first time she sobbed and sobbed.
But in three days she smiled and smiled.'

Sure, I know, it doesn't rhyme. But they do seem to mean it, rather! Practice makes perfect. The basic techniques are familiar enough: 'The boy takes the girl. He holds her in his arms. He kisses her lips, her cheeks, her breasts. Their tongues meet. He devours her with kisses. When the boy stops, the girl begins. Equally important are the hands. As they lie together, the boy catches her haunches. He holds her breasts. His hands fondle her buttocks. He strokes her breasts. He caresses her sex. He touches her clitoris. Then the girl fondles his body. They lie and their hands go everywhere.'



A characteristic kung-fu flying kick from 'The Beginner's Guide to Kung-Fu' by Felix Dennis and Paul Simmons, and published by Wildwood House at £1·95. An introduction to the martial arts, the book includes an account of the history and philosophy behind this form of defence, from the Emperor Chou to the film star Bruce Lee.

Plenty of official positions, too (it comes as no surprise to learn that Dr Archer was the first British scholar to edit the unexpurgated Kama Sutra).

Favourite is the lying and sitting technique in which the girl lies on the ground and the boy squats before her and lifts her thighs. Then there's 'loving like pythons', which entail lying on their sides for entry. Sometimes the boy sits and the girl squats on his lap, her legs clasping his waist – there's even a song about that:

'Since there was no room on the floor
You had me on a rice bale.
It was so cold you sat me on your knees.
And from your lap you glued me to you.'

If it's a very muddy field and they can't lie down, then there's an official standing routine. If they're private enough, the girl will stand and touch her toes while the boy goes to her from behind! 'When at last the organs meet the best lover is one who can prolong his action without too much violence' – and, yes, there's a song about that, too!

'Boy, put your hands on my chest
And your legs in my thighs.
And like a quail that flicks its tail.
Slowly and gently sway your waist.'

An adolescence like this makes for happy marriages. Official Santal custom dictates that up to 40 years of age a man should have it twice or thrice a night, and after 40 never less than once. 'Not everyone has the same power. A weak man goes to his wife every night at bedtime and again just before he gets up. When a boy and girl are first married, they have each other five times a night and twice in the day. After that they go four times in the night and a fifth time when they have drunk rice beer.'

Not surprisingly their folk myths match this spirit – they really do have one that tells how women used to keep their vaginas under their armpits, and a boy's penis was so long he had to keep it coiled like a rope about his waist!

FILMS

Gerald Cole

New York businessman Paul Kersey has a unique method of dealing with muggers – he shoots them dead. So successful are his anti-mugging techniques that he becomes known internationally as 'the New York vigilante.' The city police, outwardly horrified, start a large scale campaign to stop him. Inwardly they breathe silent thanks – muggings have dropped by fifty per cent and the streets have never been so quiet.

Death Wish (X), the latest thriller from British director Michael Winner, picks an all too topical theme – violence in our cities – and uses it to tell a taut, involving story that raises many more problems than it offers solutions.

Charles Bronson is the unlikely hero: a liberal-minded engineer who was a conscientious objector in the Korean War. While he debates the problems of law and order at work, three youths break into his apartment, beating his wife to death and assaulting his daughter-in-law so violently that she has a permanent mental breakdown.

The stunned Kersey retreats to a company project in the Mid West where a local colleague (William Redfield) assures him that no mugger would dare try his luck in Tucson. 'That's gun country – just try any of that business and he'd get his arse blowed off!' Suitably encouraged, and with the gift of a silver .38 revolver, Kersey returns to New York. He begins to prowl the streets at night, waiting for the muggers.

Sharp direction and a fast moving script overcome the unevenness of style. One moment the three hoodlums are acting like Monty Python freaks. The next – in a scene as crudely shot as the action it depicts – they are ripping the clothes off Kersey's daughter-in-law (Katherine Tolan), forcing her to perform fellatio and then daubing her naked body with spray paint. Its brutality makes the rape scene in *Clockwork Orange* positively genteel. Granite-faced Mr Bronson, too, looks somewhat out of place as the soft-spoken liberal. But the moment he finds a gun in his hand (luckily he was taught marksmanship by his father, a hunter, killed in a shooting accident) he becomes totally watchable. Which gives the lie to the whole film. Kersey's patent anti-mugging method consists largely of importing frontier ethics to the big city. Give a businessman a gun and he'll Walk Tall. At the end Kersey says to the police chief who suspects him, 'You mean you want me to get out of town by sundown?' And the chief just smiles. No one actually bothers to ask why muggers take up such a risky and violent profession. All very dubious morally then but in terms of excitement and-shocking-entertainment one of the most interesting films around at the moment.

Robert Altman, director of **California Split** (X), is the man who made that goonish and hard-hitting war comedy _M*A*S*H_. There he took the rise out of stiff-upper-lip thud-and-blunder war stories. Now he looks at gambling. *California Split* – the title is a term from poker – follows the brief and unlikely relationship between two gambling fanatics. Charlie Waters (Elliot Gould) is a maniac semi-professional. Bill Denny (George Segal) is a serious-minded magazine writer. Meeting at a casino poker game they accidentally give the impression of working as a team. A brawl develops and they exit friends. The plot ambles through the streets of Los Angeles, onto a squalid race-track and in a final burst out to the gambling city of Reno where Bill nets a cool 82,000 dollars in a high price poker game. The dialogue is _M*A*S*H_-style – a selection of half-heard throwaway lines that often appear improvised – but the satirical bite of the earlier film is missing. Elliot Gould clearly enjoys himself as the whacky Charlie and lights up the screen whenever he appears. George Segal, as the gloomy writer, looks and acts vaguely out of place. When Gould disappears for a couple of reels the pace of the film flags disastrously. As freewheeling, take-it-or-leave-it entertainment it's worth a visit – if only for Mr Gould's performance of his 'one-armed piccolo player' gag: a feat which involves supporting that instrument without benefit of mouth or limbs. Work it out.

Miss Chesty Morgan (73–32–36) introduces a unique method of murder to the crime film by smothering a hoodlum between her enormous breasts in 'Deadly Weapons' (X). She plays the part of Crystal Davies, whose boyfriend is killed by Syndicate henchmen. Tracking the murderers down across America she poses as a striptease artiste and lures them to a well-cushioned end with her vast measurements.

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Part of London's appeal as a place of entertainment is its ability to renew itself year by year. In 12 short months old establishments can take on new and exciting policies, facelifts can transform the appearance of a familiar spot and bold new places spring into being. All the more reason then for looking back over this last year to pick out those clubs, pubs and restaurants that have been particularly memorable to me – either for value for money, bird appeal or plain quality.

Since I am at present engaged on the formidable task of putting together a list of the pubs with the prettiest barmaids in London, and will be working diligently at this job for the next few weeks, I cannot resist bringing to your attention immediately the **Dover Castle Pub** in Weymouth Mews, just behind Harley Street, W1. My God, those girls! Apart from the nurses that get into the bar, and the Dresden china in the showcases, beauty is evident in the forms of the four girls of different nationalities who work behind the bar. Their nationalities escape me, but the sight is right, and you are provided with an excellent reason to seek out the Dover Castle if you are in the Oxford Circus area.

A new private membership club in Kensington is always a subject of interest, especially when it is run by a photographer and situated opposite the Gloucester Hotel, which is by coincidence the base for the Pan Am air-hostesses when they are in London. (We are giving away a lot of personal information in this issue!)

Alex Sterling has opened **Sterling's** with all these advantages, plus three large beautifully-panelled rooms, coffee-bar, and restaurant. His club is difficult to join. Alex has always worked on the premise of only allowing on the premises people whom he personally cares for, but if you fit into that category and are able to enhance a club which relies upon conversation, good food and honest wine, then it is worth finding somebody who can introduce you to Alex Sterling, and Sterling's. Membership will cost you £10 per year.

Your romantic dinner-a-deux has to be catered for regularly in the coming year's entertainment, and here are two new recommendations. **Tony Cancello** runs his restaurant in Ebury Street, SW1, behind a modest facade but there is a most attractive bar on the groundfloor and a fascinating arched room downstairs. The Italian and French menu specialises in interesting hors-d'oeuvres and pastas, augmented by a salad trolley, a cheese trolley, and a sweet trolley, and main courses costing between £1.30 and £1.70 include Tony's speciality, 'Steak Diane.'

Rather more robust in character but nevertheless delightfully attractive is the new restaurant which has been placed into **Le Kilt Discotheque,** at 60 Greek Street, Soho. With no bottle of wine costing more than £2.55, and a meal for under £2, one can put this restaurant in the most economically-priced bracket. Yet the atmosphere of candlelight reflecting on polished brassware, and French staff running a French discotheque, creates a warmth which readily reaches the heart. A great little find this, if you are not quite sure how your relationship is going to work out, since in the event of an abrupt "No" you still have the choice of all the French girl students who flock to the discotheque each night.

If, however, you have been really successful then I have found a good place for a champagne breakfast. What a clever idea of **Walton's,** that fine restaurant in Walton Street, SW3, to produce their English Breakfast each Saturday morning before you go to Harrods. Served from 11.15 am until 1.30 pm, the choice of porridge and kippers, or compôte de fruits and kedgeree or best lamb's kidneys and other dishes with your croissants and brioches, together with chilled champagne or Buck's Fizz, for somewhere around £2.50 a head is a wonderful way to end a romantic evening. There is a delicate tea from China or a strong blend of Arabica coffee to keep you going, and of course Walton's superb decor – modern, luxurious, and smooth. Expensive, but right for the occasion.

'Your command of foreign languages never ceases to amaze me, Harold!'

In the same price bracket, but with the added exclusivity of a club membership, Mario and Franco have announced the re-opening of their Belgravia premises, **Le Club,** in Halkin Arcade, SW1. Dinner-dance and delightful bar are combined, in delicate rooms of such sophisticated decor that any interior decorator would be hard-pressed to make improvements. Carefully chosen mood-music is presented by a carefully-chosen girl from Juliana's – a business known for their ability to run with discretion the discotheque in the garden marquee for your private party.

You may be one of those people who like to sit down in the early part of the evening in a really comfortable bar, with a piano tinkling and a paved garden visible through the French windows in the background. In Charles Street, Mayfair, **The Chesterfield Hotel** offers exactly these facilities within a stone's throw of Berkeley Square. Should you prefer to look out of the French windows on to your own private swimming-pool, then the new **Chelsea Hotel,** in Sloane Street, opposite the Carlton Tower, has recently opened with a luxurious first-floor bar of deep-buttoned leather alcoves and a circular steel staircase which leads up to the restaurant overlooking their swimming-pool.

The jazz scene in London has been very effectively presented by **Ronnie Scott's Club,** at 47 Frith Street W1 (01-439 0747) over the past few weeks, with Oscar Peterson followed by Carmen McRae, followed by Dizzy Gillespie, followed by George Melly (follow that!). And I note that Peter Herbolzheimer's Rhythm and Brass are arriving in the new year. But whether we will be able to stand that sort of sound from a big band in Ronnie's limited premises is yet to be faced.

And finally, for those who find that money does not grow on trees and are therefore prepared to travel a little beyond the West End of London, a journey out to St John's Wood to **W. C. Fields Restaurant Delicatessen** will prove economical and enjoyable. You should really drink the jugful of Carlsberg Lager at 70p and enjoy the hot saltbeef plate at 95p, with a sideplate of potato *Latkes* with apple sauce. But there are any number of interesting and original meat dishes, such as hot tongue, hot pastrami, and hot corned beef, and it is possible to take a combination plate of all these together with hot saltbeef for £1.20. It is quite difficult to spend money at W. C. Fields.

A journey a little farther out of town, to **Colin's Wine Bar** at 135 Kew Road, Richmond, will prove sensible if you wish to drink really good wines at an average price of £1.30 a bottle. There are some quite remarkably low prices on the list and since it is a free-trade house the range is excellent too. But the strongest point about Colin's Wine Bar is that the owner has been a regular reader of *Mayfair* for the past three years, and knows what you will appreciate – so if you go to Colin Spotswood's Wine Bar, let yourself be known to him: judging by the number of attractive female readers I saw there he must have exactly what you require in stock.

LET US POINT OUT...

Penny Irving (above), centregirl of Vol. 7 No. 12 is the nude centre piece of Mayfair's five issue bargain deal. For just £1.55 we'll send you Vol. 7 Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 12.

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Between 1830 and 1840 the romantic composer Robert Schumann wrote many fine piano solos, an impressive piano concerto and the marvellous song cycles of 1840. His first venture into symphonic territory was the 'Spring Symphony', inspired by some lines of a poem by Adolf Böttger: 'Spring awakens in the valley.' This work, **Symphony No. 1 in B Flat major Op. 38** with **Symphony No. 4 in D minor** has been recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 169).

The strongest impression this music leaves is that of charm, lyricism and a feeling for natural beauty. The composer's own words are an aid to interpretation: 'I should like the first trumpet figure to sound as though it were coming from on high, a call to awaken. What follows might suggest how green shoots begin to appear everywhere. Perhaps a butterfly flutters past, and in the allegro everything which belongs to spring gradually comes together. However these are fantasies which came to me after the work was complete . . .'

The symphony in D minor which was also composed in 1841 was not received with the same enthusiasm that was given to the 'Spring Symphony', and as a result Schumann withdrew it and re-introduced it in 1853 as his fourth symphony. Here diverse ideas are built upon and themes are connected within movements: Schumann achieves a balance between emotional depth and formal unity.

Jazz enthusiasts will welcome the Oscar Peterson double album now available, entitled **The History of an Artist** (Pablo Super Double 2625 702). The 17 tracks on these four sides were recorded between 1972 and 1974 with the aid of some excellent jazz musicians: Ray Brown, Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis, Irving Ashby, George Mraz, Louis Hayes, Bobby Durham and Sam Jones. On this album Peterson retraces the steps of his career in a kind of improvised autobiography.

There are many changes of personnel along the way; sometimes just piano and bass; then piano, guitar and bass and piano, bass and drums; and finally solo piano. Peterson has tremendous musical integrity. His playing is always tasteful and inspired and makes complicated melodic and rythmic transitions with skill, intelligence and imagination.

In recent years Oscar's playing has reached a new stage of virtuosity and he now feels an ever increasing need to play unaccompanied. Musicians playing together must agree on a harmonic vocabulary, but the solo pianist is free to experiment spontaneously with different inversions or even different chords.

Peterson is one of the few jazz masters to reach this exalted state – superb music, crammed with exciting sounds.

Badjelly the Witch (A Musical Tale) and Other Goodies (Polydor Select 2460 235) is the title of Spike Milligan's recorded version of his *Badjelly* book. The music is composed and arranged by Ed Welch who says 'the most difficult job was silencing the cackles of the orchestra – some of them remain committed to tape for posterity.' There is a bubble of unabashed humour throughout the album. The story centres around two children, Tim and Rose, trying to find their lost cow when strange things begin to happen. They meet Binklebonk, a tree goblin who warns them of trouser robbers; a tin lion who says 'Roar-roar, squeak-squeak!' in the rain; Mudwiggle, an exceedingly strong worm; a policeman who has been turned into an apple tree; Dulboot, the giant; Jim, the Giant Eagle who is almost as strong as God, and of course Badjelly the Witch.

It is a delightful piece of nonsense which comes as a breath of fresh air to a world which can be all too serious and stuffy. Kid's stuff, of course, but I'm sure many adults will thoroughly enjoy it.

Humour of a very different kind on **The Cheech and Chong Wedding Album** (Ode 77025). On the first track a couple make love in front of a TV set broadcasting a wrestling match, the commentary matching the lovers' grunts and groans exactly. Cynical and occasionally sick rather than hilarious.

Ann

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Summer in St Tropez. Sultry and expensive, but with cool girls and soft breezes to make life a little easier. It was here we found Ann Oster. Swedish, sensual and just eighteen. A girl for your wilder fantasies.

'I think very much I'm a yacht groupie,' declares Ann. 'I have many lovely times on yachts. We go out to sea, men and girls, and we are funny. Is that the right English? No, I know what you say, we have fun.' She giggles delightedly. 'My teacher back home in Gothenburg was always telling me to think carefully before I said anything in case I got it upside-out. Inside-down?' She pouts. 'Now you're laughing at me. Anyway, I bet you don't speak Swedish so good. I know German too, but it is worse than my English. Once when I was in Munich for the *Oktoberfest,* I went to a restaurant and ordered my food in German. They brought me a bottle of *Schnapps* and 20 frankfurters, but I think I ordered just a cup of coffee and a sandwich. It's also not so good with boys if you get things mixed up. For six months early last year, I worked as an *au pair* in London. At night I go to clubs and discotheques with other Swedish girls I meet. As soon as boys find out that you're Swedish, they all want to put their hands in your trousers, because they

think you'll come with them to bed. They try to rape you when you're dancing and squeeze your booms. Boobs? I think I like booms better. Boobs sounds like a mistake, and mine are no mistake. So booms. They sound enormous in centimetres – 92. That's 37 inches and the rest is 24-36. I'm 5 feet 6 inches high; even higher when I wear those shoes with the platforms on their arse. Bottom? Platforms on their bottom. See, my English is already getting better. Now we speak about sex again and my booms. These English boys I have met are all so quick, they buy you a drink and five minutes later they want to go to bed with you. They think I'm easy, but really I'm difficult. To go to bed and

make love is nice but it takes time. First you meet a boy and talk and have a drink, then maybe you kiss, then he puts his hand on your booms and squeeze, which makes me feel like I think I'll go to bed with him pretty quick and so I do. But not please, hello Ann have a drink let me take off your knickers. Only if he has a yacht maybe I let him do that. Otherwise, he must seduction me. I tell you something funny. One of my brother's friends is English, so when I left Gothenburg, he told me something to say to boys I don't like who want to touch me. One night I go to a club with a friend and this boy comes over and says a very rude thing to me. I remember what I was told, and so I take a big breath and say, 'Why don't you put your head between your legs and kiss your arse goodbye.' When I say this, the boy goes red and all the people laugh, so I guess maybe I said the right words to him. Yes? Anyway, I come back to London soon, because most of the people are very friendly and kind. If there were yachts in London it would be the nicest place in the world.'

Where charity begins

continued from page 18

'I wish I had your number,' I managed to say. She replaced the receiver, slipped me a delicious glance, then stretched to reach a shelf over the phone. 'Cheeky charity collector,' she said, reprimanding me. 'Tell me if you can see it.'

'See what?' I asked.

'A lighter.' I saw only a road atlas, a diary, paperback novels and a pencil torch. 'Honestly, would *you* put it up there? Ken would. Inconsiderate, he is. He's *monstrous.* He forgets how small I am, Mister . . .?'

'Carpenter,' I replied, jolted by this sudden demand.

She giggled; it bunched her pudgy face into a momentary ugliness. 'Do rest your case, Mr Carpenter. You'll need all your strength. In weather like this.'

'I should wait on the doorstep.'

'What! And have the neighbours see I haven't got Regency wallpaper?'

'Well, if you insist.' I stepped back from the door and regained my balance, but soon lost it again when the woman insisted on searching for the lighter once again. She made one magnificent final effort, in the course of which I couldn't help but see the full flush of her bottom parachuting from a pair of midnight-blue bikini briefs.

'I suppose I should ask to see your credentials,' she said, easing herself down and pretending to adjust the back of her dress. The manoeuvre involved further revelations. 'The card which says our nice young Mr Carpenter is authorised to collect Prussian helmets and crutchless panties.'

While I touched myself up in likely places, and one unlikely place, she absconded to the kitchen and returned breathing smoke.

'You found a light,' I said, a little disappointed.

'Did you find your warrant?'

'Not yet.'

'How big is it?' she asked, letting her gaze drop below my waistline. 'I mean, you're not wearing much, are you?'

'Just trousers and a sweater. The warrant must be in my other suit. If I even had one suit.'

'You should collect for yourself, maybe.' She pointed to the case. 'What's in it?'

A fake-fur jacket and a leather skirt. Two clocks. A book on Madagascar parakeets.

'I've only just started.' I snaked a fingertip along my wet brow and played for sympathy. 'This heat puts everyone's generosity to the test.'

She smiled, blessed herself with a tiny cross on the persperation above her collar bone. 'I'll see what I've got. Wait in the kitchen.' She went up the stairs, slowly, pausing once to bend and ease her slippers off. In the crossfire of sunlight from upstairs, I saw what she had. I knew she knew I was looking.

For five minutes I did what I could to avoid feeling something was wrong. I picked up the phone and heard only the dialling tone. I ventured to the kitchen. The Victorian-style tiles set my teeth on edge. The phone started ringing as I was easing the catch of a wall cupboard, looking for a tape recorder.

She hurried downstairs and was very short with whoever had phoned. When she came into the kitchen, I had a glass of water in hand. 'Hope you don't mind.' She didn't.

She scanned the kitchen, her eyes resting for a second on the carving knife in its stone holster. 'Want some cold beer?' She opened the fridge. 'Sometimes I take everything off and just kneel here.'

'Don't mind me.'

'Now, now, Mr Carpenter.' The reprimand stultified my grin. 'The charity, remember. What was that island?'

'MacKillycuddy.' I drank the water. Seen through the glass, she was fat and far away. It eased the pulse in my head. 'Found the warrant,' I said. 'I forgot this pocket.'

She watched my hand slide inside the skin-tight trousers, to extract proof and at the same time create space between waistband and skimpy sweater. I held the card at such a level as would allow her to reaffirm the pubes without making it too obvious. I hoped she couldn't detect the fixative.

'Is it really Henry?' she wanted to know. I stiffened, unused to assuming a defence of my name. 'How *do* you get it in there!'

I hooked a thumb under the waistband. 'Good job I'm not the Devil.' It perplexed her. 'They do say –'

'Not here in Esher,' she interrupted. 'The rates are too high.'

We shared genuine laughter. My efforts to

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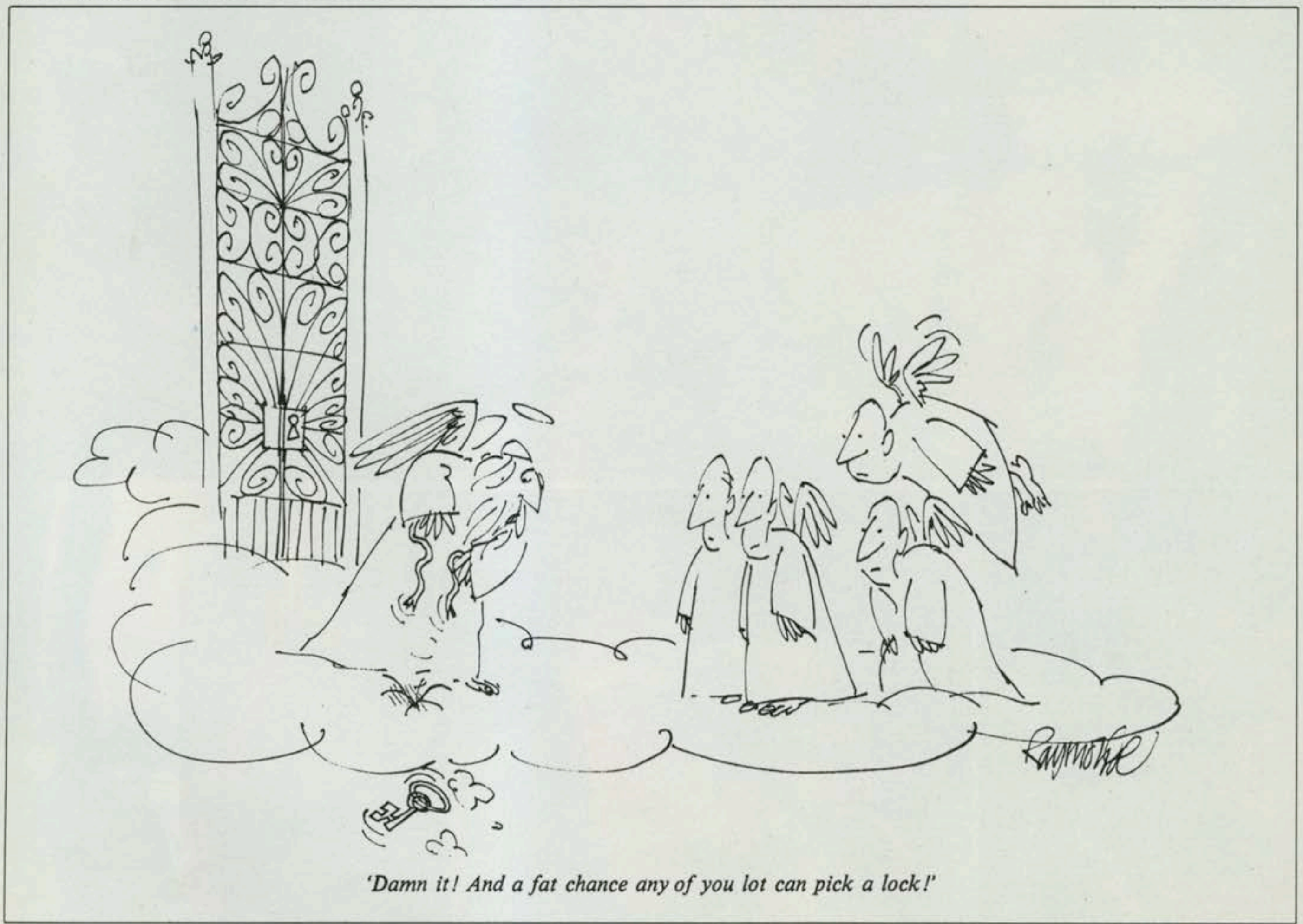

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Where charity begins

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replace the identity card were too much for the trouser button. It split for vinyl pastures new.

'Oh, hell. I fixed that this morning.' And I had. By loosening the thread. 'These hands weren't made for sewing.'

'They look delicate enough for anything.' Just as suddenly as she'd touched my hands, she let them go. Embarrassed, she turned away to look for the button. I stared at the rivulets of dirt in my shaking palms; it was as though I were sieving for gold. I had to make do with silver, as sunlight flashed on the blade of the carving knife she'd removed from its holster.

'Are you ill?' she asked.

'I feel purple. All over.'

'You'd best run some cold water over it. Your face.'

I was catching for breath. 'It's the kitchen. So many shining surfaces. Not enough air.'

'I could open something.' With this she flicked a wall switch and a fan started up. It was on the floor, near the fridge. She stood over, with legs spread wide apart. 'It's so handy. Ken calls it my fanny fan.' Grinning like the Cheshire cat, I splashed water over everything bar my face. I had to press hard against the sink to keep from bursting out in sympathy with her stuttered moans of gratitude for the cool air.

'I think the button went under that cupboard,' she suggested, as she went on all fours, probing with the knife.

I told her it didn't matter, while coveting the lucious shadow flesh inside that pink chrysalis. She persisted with positions of extra-marital dimension. For one instant I pictured a portioned carcase, as seen in cookery books. Her scrag end was marked with sweat.

'Let me try,' I said. 'I'm more the grovelling type.'

She kept hold of the knife. I groped around in dust and grease and what felt like rat droppings. Hours of home practice had perfected wriggling manoeuvres enough to work the plumb line of my trousers to within one inch of a gross indecency. Lying on one side, with one arm under the cupboard, I ran my free hand north toward Uruguay, swathing through perspiration.

'Mr Carpenter! I don't think it went –'

'Got something!' I gasped. I was using my hand as a saw to buzz the apex of her triangle. 'An old threepenny bit and a currant.'

Her smile was warmth to stun the dire usefulness of the utensils. 'I should have cleaned that out,' she remarked, as if I weren't lying below her, working the briefs to her knees. 'Would you understand, if I told you?'

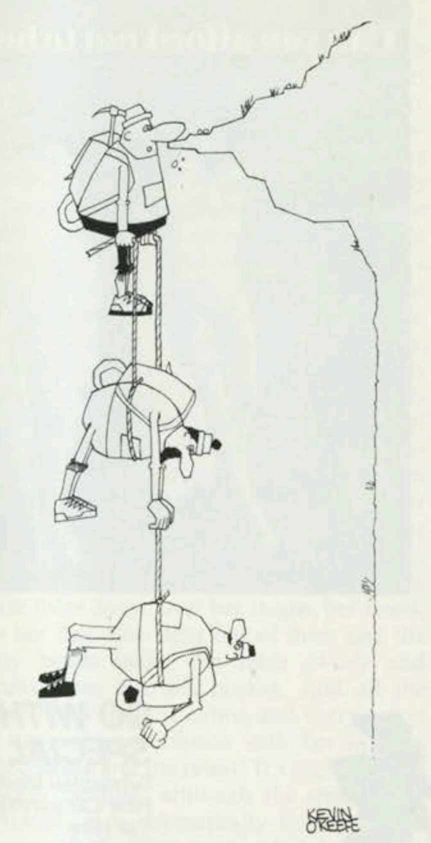
'I'm as understanding as a baby.'

It was cruel, really. I'd practised that babe-innocent expression on bank managers.

'I never thought . . .'

'Yes?'

'It doesn't matter.' She caught her dress by the hem and lifted it over her head in one superb movement, chatting on as she did. 'Could you believe I cover every other inch of this ceramic paradise, but I always leave that undone?'



'Remember, Gentlemen, it's at times like this that the human animal can begin to realise his potential.'

'Each to his own small perversity. Even in Esher.'

Her body was no longer pale. She was glowing, pink, opalescent with sun on sweat. She did a ballet step to free herself from the briefs, now at her ankles, and then with a twist and a kick worthy of Fonteyn she sent the garment across the kitchen. It landed in a mixing bowl.

'It's my one depravity,' she whispered.

I stood up, supposedly unaware my pants were slurred a long way over my hips.

'I wouldn't say that. Eating pizza in the bath is fairly depraved.'

'I always eat while I'm soaking.'

'I disturbed you?'

'No. I was expecting the phone.'

'Expecting?' I towelled my face, for time to think, then wiped my hands, to allow the thought second place behind visions of her in green knickers with white lacing. 'Is your heavy-breathing friend a regular caller?'

'I was expecting my husband to call. When the funeral was over.' She took the towel and did where I'd missed the back of my neck. Then she hitched my sweater and pressed her body against my back. I felt the nipples bullet into my back, where sweat was running in torrents. I raised both arms in surrender. 'The phone freak calls at different times,' she went on. 'Sometimes weeks go by. But always when my husband's out.' She pulled the sweater over my head and tossed it aside. I turned, cupped her old threepenny bit, began to massage her currant.

Suddenly I felt afraid for her. That was ridiculous, I told myself. 'Maybe he knows where you live. Aren't you worried?'

'He can't know.'

'The directory?'

'We're ex-directory. Ken works for the GPO. He's an engineer.' She paused to slip my zip, roll the waistband, and pull my pants off inside-out. 'We reckon this bloke . . . whoever he is . . . must have misdialled.' She appeared to be waiting for a reaction. 'Besides . . .'

'Your husband knows about it?'

'Yes.' she masturbated her wedding ring. 'Of course,' she added, on the defence.

'Sounds like you didn't want him to.'

She shrugged. Her breasts bobbled. She caressed herself from shoulder to inside thigh. The water glistened on her hairs. With trousers still binding my ankles. I lay back on the floor. She stood over me and did the splits, turning suddenly to face me as she impaled herself.

'We've only got ten minutes,' she gasped.

She'd had rodeo experience. Seconds after taking me, she tipped backwards, almost uprooting me. We lay for some time on the cool tiles. Suddenly, she snapped to attention. I managed a feeble salute. 'Again?'

'You'd better pull your pants up.'

She dressed and made a hurried exit, went upstairs for no longer than it took to gather a large cardboard box and find me ready to go. She gestured to forestall my escape. 'There must be something here I can give you,' she said, almost shouting. I wondered why. As always, I obeyed a woman who bullied me with just a touch of exasperation.

'I should go. To tell the truth –'

'To tell *you* the truth, Mr . . . Carpenter?' I thought again about a hidden tape recorder. 'My husband found out only last week. I swore it had only happened twice. Really, it was the fifth time in a few months. Or was it six?' I had no answer. 'He decided it must be someone he works with. Someone on another shift. Who knows when he'll be at work. You noticed the strangeness of the voice?'

'Weird, yes.'

'A slight distortion. To disguise the voice. Because Ken would recognise him.'

'He likes to give a professional performance.'

'It sends shivers all through me. From here to here.' She drew a line from throat to crotch. 'I suppose it's the thought of all that lust at a safe distance. I think of him spinning like a pinwheel.'

'You feed off his frustration.'

'No,' she insisted, suddenly hurt. 'It's called symbiosis. *Our* very own miniature war on want.'

'Ours?'

Her longing gaze unsteadied me. 'Yes,' she confirmed. 'It has to end at this. There's a policeman upstairs.'

'A Constable in the attic?'

Her laughter was soon superseded by the better part of valour. Her confiding whisper brought me to within arm's length. 'Ken isn't in Bournemouth at all.' She was apparently listening for sounds from upstairs. 'He drove away from the house this morning, yes. Making it look right. Then he went to the exchange. They've traced the call.'

'Then you won't be bothered again.'

'Whatever it was I'd said, it made her frown with something more than disappointment.

'Who was it?'

'You fool!' Her face was fitted out for desperation, but laced with anger. 'Why did you come here? In a way, I hoped you would. But . . . they know it's possible to put a call through automatically. To trigger the recording and cut it off. You *had* to go one stage further. Being here when your own call was coming through. They set a trap.'

I wanted to interrupt her, but I'd become enchanted with the whole situation.

She continued: 'They've gone to your home. Then they'll come here.' Her open mouth groped for an emergency transfusion of hope. 'One good thing: he didn't recognise your voice earlier. You shouldn't have said anything. I wanted to tip you off.'

'Can't I –'

'Don't waste time. If you go now . . .' She pointed to the garden. 'It'll be worse if you're found here.'

'But the policeman upstairs?'

'He still thinks you're a charity collector. And he hasn't seen your face.'

'I hope he's got *his* warrant card.'

This elicited a grin. 'He does have a funny voice.'

I considered the new reality of her plain face and ordinary body, as though someone had punctured her. She was pinned against the door, like a dying butterfly.

'Must I go through the garden?' I asked.

'Immediately!' But first she took my arm and led me to the cardboard box, then opened my suitcase and transferred clothing to it. 'Recognise these?'

'Green panties.'

'You always mentioned green ones. Sorry about the black piping. It's all they had. A memento.' She handed me a vibrator. 'Best no one finds *that* here.' She took firm hold of my wrists. 'I'm sorry. It has to end. Anyway, it wouldn't be the same now.'

'It might be even better. If you thought I were risking so much. For a second offence.'

'You'll lose your job. And there could be trouble about posing as a charity collector.'

We heard sounds of the Law thumping downstairs. The expression skidding across her face was mime for an inner squeal of anguish. She dropped to her knees and splurged a kiss across my upper groin.

'You should have gone,' she whispered. 'It's too late now.'

With a superb panache I had seldom matched, except in front of a mirror, I detached the false pubic hair from her mouth. 'It's only just begun.'

Her desperate kiss had defeated the fixative.

All she could do was stagger into a chair and wait for the door to be opened.

'They've got him.' It was enough to make me suitably startled by the fuzz entering in check jacket and ginger moustache. She was slow to dare lift her pale face and pass me the bewildered look I prayed wouldn't develop into frenzied demands for explanation.

'Must be off,' I said. 'I've been too much of an inconvenience already.'

Then she led me into the hall and closed the kitchen door behind us. 'You really aren't . . .' was all she could manage.

'Let's hope he doesn't look in the mixer,' I said. I made note of the phone number, just in case they didn't bother to change it. 'Next time, I won't come so early. I'm usually in this area late Thursday afternoon. All right?'

She nodded. 'He leaves at two.'

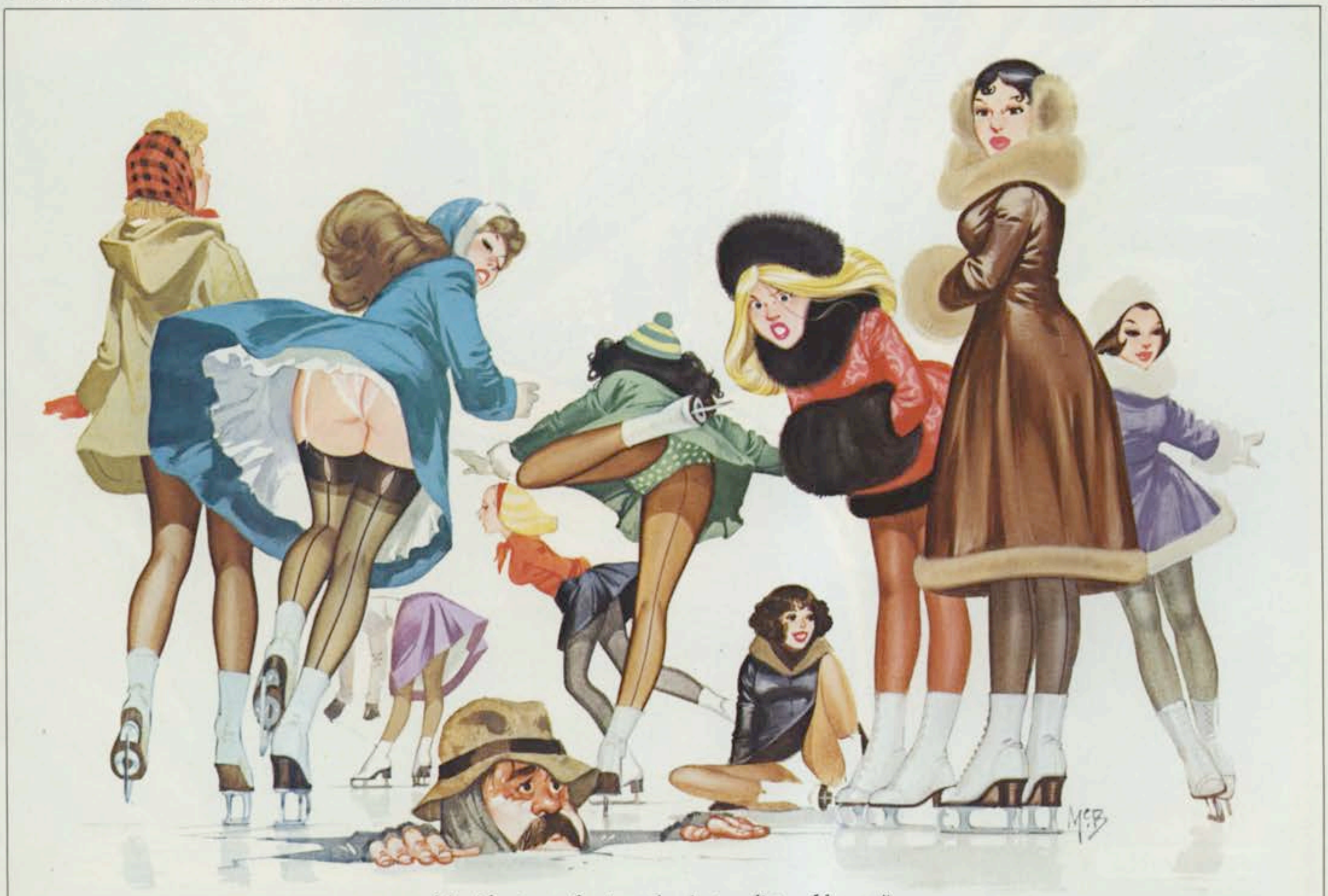
'Anything at all will be gratefully received.'

'I'm sure I could have something ready for you.'

So many people have so many varied needs.'

She opened the door. I sealed the bargain with a deft flick under the shift, which now clung to every inch of her quivering body. A quick withdrawal, I thought, would put the wanting into waiting.

Braced for further charitable actions, I continued along the same street, missing out a dozen houses until I came to one with a young woman washing windows. She was wearing tight trousers, a skinny sweater, which half-mooned and revealed a flat, berry-brown stomach. As I glanced away, I noticed her manoeuvre the trousers downwards an inch or two. There was no car parked outside the house. I opened the gate and walked up the pathway.



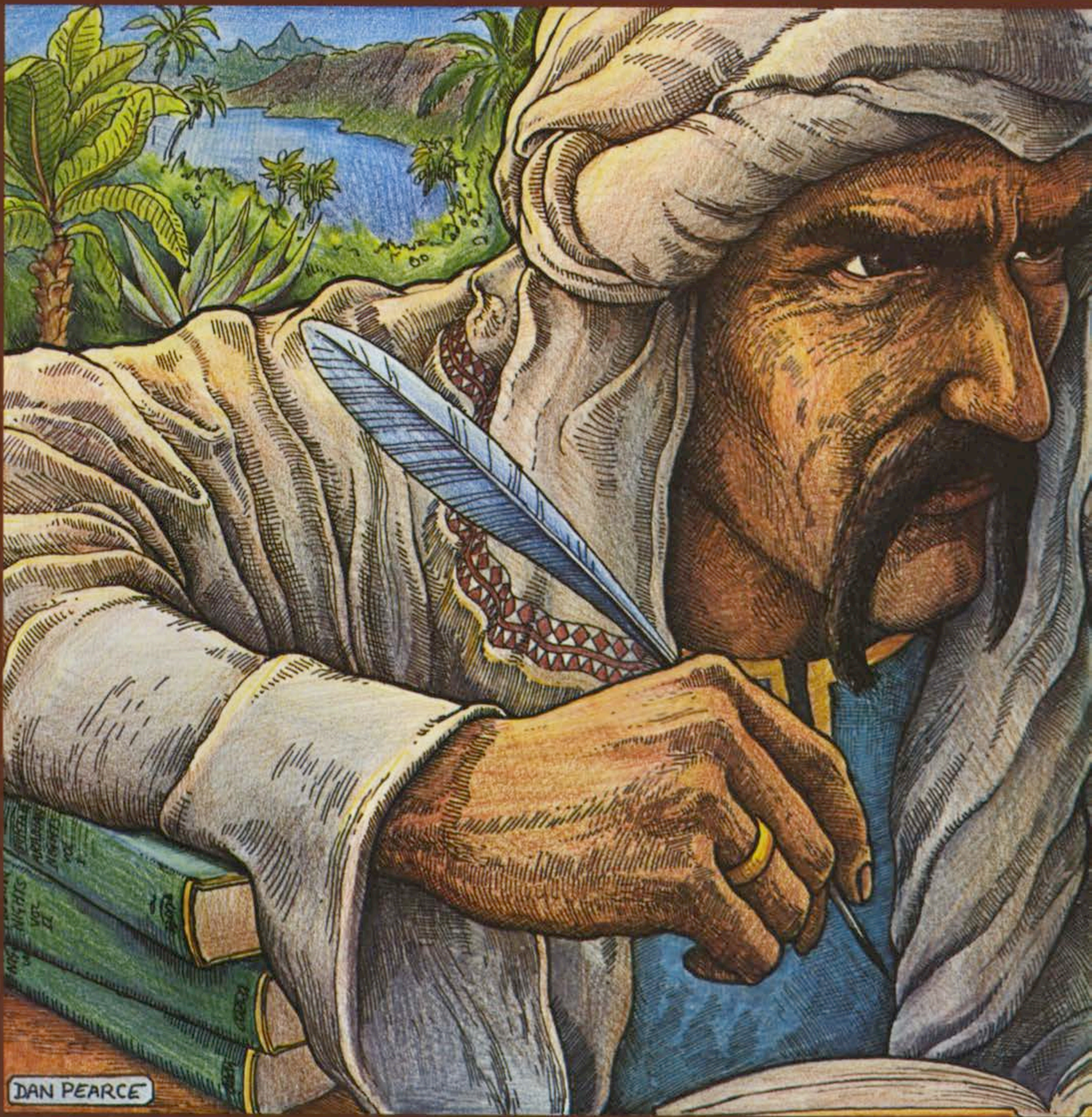
'Accident, my foot, you're just a dirty old man!'

SIR RICHARD BURTON

EROTIC EXPLORER

By Gerald Rawling

Discoverer of Lake Tanganyika, first European to enter Mecca, translator of the Perfumed Garden, sensualist Richard Burton outraged Victorian society



Somewhere about 450 miles west of Zanzibar there is a spot where the vast sweep of savannah grass is suddenly broken by a steep, stony hill, sparsely dotted with scrub and thorn trees. On February 13, 1858 an untidy and extremely ill-assorted collection of human beings emerged from the grassland and commenced a laborious ascent.

They were in poor shape. Of the two white men who were supposed to be in command, one had to be carried in a hammock because he had temporarily lost the use of his legs and the other, racked with fever and practically blind with ophthalmia, sat slumped painfully over the back of his donkey. Half way up the hill, the donkey collapsed and died. The party struggled on to the top and then stopped for a rest. It was while they were recuperating after their exhausting climb that one of the white men – the one who could still see – suddenly noticed a streak of light far below to the west. He asked one of the bearers what it was. 'I am of the opinion,' the man replied, conscious of the importance of what he was saying, 'that that is *the* water.' And he was right. The object of the expedition, it appeared, had been achieved; they had discovered Lake Tanganyika, the longest and one of the largest fresh water lakes in the world.

For Richard Burton, the leader of the expedition, it was a moment of 'admiration, wonder and delight.' He gazed ecstatically at the vast expanse of water, convinced that he and he alone had solved one of the great geographical problems of all time – the mystery of the source of the Nile. Later he could write: 'Forgetting toils, dangers and

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FIRST TIME ON CASSETTE

The Perfumed Garden

One of the most erotic and explicit manuals of sexual expertise ever to come from the East has been dramatised on tape cassettes, cartridges and records for a great new offer to *Mayfair* readers

Readers' reports confirm this recording as *Mayfair*'s greatest smash hit. From letters pouring into our office, we seem to have uncovered the biggest turn on of all time. Men playing it to their girlfriends tell astonishing stories of thawing 'frigidity' and the effect on relative strangers was often shattering. Listening to it undoubtedly brought a fantastic response from women. It turned them on like crazy. Freely adapted from Sheik Nefwazi's 16th century manuscript this unique recording captures the flavour and frankness of one of the world's most famous manuals of sexual expertise. It is a work of total acceptability. No broad-minded girl could possibly be offended by it – yet its handy cassette form ensures that the more explicit passages can – if necessary – be overstepped with ease.

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This exclusive stereo recording comes in three forms: on two long-playing discs in a special presentation double sleeve; on a single tape cassette – ideal for portable recorders for the man on the move; or in two cartridge tapes, an undoubted asset for the active bachelor's motor car. Each has a total running time of 1 hour 20 minutes. And it's all yours for just £5.35 for LP, cartridges or tape cassette, post included.

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SIR RICHARD BURTON–EROTIC EXPLORER

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doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured; and all the party seemed to join with me in joy.' But there was one person in the party who could not join in the 'joy' since his ophthalmic inflammation was so severe that he could only see a misty glare of light. It was perhaps typical of Burton that he should forget his second in command in the moment of his jubilation. The sad truth is that although Burton was on the verge of a magnificent feat of discovery he was to let the chance slip away; his much despised assistant, John Hanning Speke, was to become a far greater figure than he in the history of the exploration of Africa and his own career had reached its zenith. From now on it would be a downhill run all the way – from the eastern horn above Lake Tanganyika to the little Catholic cemetery in Mortlake where his remains now rest under an unlikely marble edifice in the shape of a Bedouin tent.

The Victorian era is far from lacking in colourful personalities but you would have to go a long way before you found one more exotic than Sir Richard Francis Burton, KCMG, army officer, explorer, traveller, poet, linguist, anthropologist, archeologist, author, diplomat, philosopher at large, rogue male and Pornographer Royal to the English speaking peoples. His contribution in the field of exploration is a large one and it rates him extensive paragraphs in any encyclopaedia. His enormous literary output is now largely forgotten, but it only takes one great work to ensure a permanent entry in the Oxford Dictionary of English Literature – and he gets one for his superb translation of the *Arabian Nights*, now one of the classical works of erotology. But if you had to think of one word that sums up Sir Richard Burton, it would not be explorer or writer – it would be adventurer; and as an adventurer – the word holding then no hint of the opprobrium it conjures up today – he is one of the Victorian greats.

Richard Francis Burton was born in a country house in Herefordshire on March 19, 1821. Some of the eccentricity and nonconformity he was to later show may have been inherited from his father, a career Army officer who threw away his entire career by refusing to give evidence in the House of Lords against Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV, when that lady faced the peers on charges of adultery. Colonel Burton thereby earned the distinction of being sacked personally by the Duke of Wellington.

Fortunately the family was not destitute – Colonel Burton was on half pay and his wife had a comfortable income – and the family went to live abroad. Richard was a high-spirited and rebellious youth and together, he and his like-minded younger brother Edward, made life a perpetual torment for the succession of tutors and governors who were supposed to instil in them some rudiments of education. Domestic crises were frequent; and since Burton senior's solution to every problem of this sort was to move on somewhere else, the family was kept constantly shuttling about the larger towns of Western Europe. At last the boys were packed off to University – Richard to Oxford and Edward to Cambridge. Neither lasted there long.

'Then he laid himself down and his verge was standing up like a column. Hamdonna threw herself upon Bahloul, took his member between her hands and began to look at it. She was astonished at its size, strength and firmness, and cried: "Here we have the ruin of all women and the cause of many troubles." Then Bahloul inserted his member into the vagina of the Sultan's daughter, and she, settling down on his engine, allowed it to penetrate entirely into her furnace till nothing more could be seen of it, not the slightest trace, and she said: "How lascivious has God made woman, and how indefatigable after her pleasures . . ." '
From The Perfumed Garden.

* * *

'When a meritorious man finds himself near to women, his member grows, gets strong, vigorous and hard; he is not quick to discharge. Such a man is liked and appreciated by women; this is because the woman loves the man only for the sake of coition . . .'
From The Perfumed Garden.

* * *

He kissed her vulva and bit her till her desire was roused to its full pitch. Her sighs became quicker, and grasping his member with her hand she made it disappear in her vagina.
From The Perfumed Garden.

Richard Burton in the disguise he wore to penetrate Mecca. He was the first white man to enter the city.

Edward was the first to be sent down – for refusing point blank to turn out of bed and attend chapel at eight in the morning. It took Richard a little longer but he, too, soon achieved a permanent rustication. Popular with the undergraduates, he antagonised everyone else from the Dean downwards and he made a hobby of baiting the College hierarchy at every opportunity. The end was inevitable; it came when he and some other students flouted college authority by attending a steeplechase which had been announced as strictly off limits for all undergraduates. Next morning when the culprits were summoned before the dons, Richard dared to argue with their decision and made a long speech about mutual trust. He was promptly sent down for good. When he arrived unexpectedly at the house of some aunts in London, he brazenly told them that he had been given a special vacation for taking 'a double First with the very highest honours.'

However flippantly Burton accepted his dismissal from Oxford, he realised that life was beginning in earnest; and the family, at a loss to know how to deal with their unmanageable offspring, put up £500 to buy him an Army commission in the East India Company. On June 18, 1842 Ensign Richard Francis Burton sailed for India.

India had been Burton's own idea; already fluent in French, Italian and the Provencal patois of Bearnais, he had from an early age shown a consuming interest in Oriental languages and had started work on Arabic and Hindustani long before he left London. The aptitude for languages was to prove by far his greatest talent and in his later years he would be able to boast that he could speak thirty-five different tongues fluently.

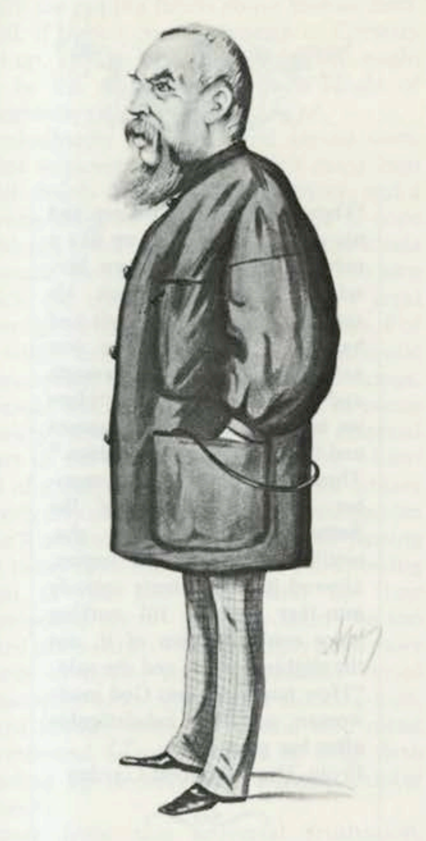
He arrived in Bombay, 'a complete disenchanter' as he described it, and plunged into the life of a subaltern in the 18th Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry. At once he found himself in a class by himself. His refusal to drink beer, then the staple alcoholic drink for the British military in India, astounded his fellow officers – but not more than his appetite for mastering local languages and his ability to disguise himself and merge into the native background. Before long he was so proficient that he ran three shops in the locality with the help of assistants and frequently passed his Commanding Officer in the street while dressed as a Hindu trader.

Not long after his arrival, the Regiment was sent to Karachi to assist Sir Charles Napier in the consolidation of his recent conquest, Sind. By the time Burton got there, the fighting was all over and the period is chiefly memorable for the report he submitted to Sir Charles on the incidence of pederasty in Karachi, an occasion which was to do him irreparable harm with the East India Company.

Not long afterwards, while on sick leave in Goa, he failed to add lustre to his reputation with the Directors by trying to abduct an extremely attractive nun from the local Portuguese convent, the Caza da Misericordia. The nun in question, 'a very pretty white girl, with large blue eyes, a modest smile and a darling of a figure,' was quite happy to be carried off, but on the eventful night, with the guards drugged and the doors left unlocked by a heavily bribed Goanese servant, Burton took a wrong turning in the confusing maze of the cloisters and, on emerging from the thick walls of the convent, found that he had abducted a hideously ugly sub-prioress. It all sounds like something from a Kingsley Amis novel, but the Directors were not amused. For a time he seemed likely to be dismissed from the service, but he had had a bout of cholera, his health was not good and in the end he was sent home on half pay and extended sick leave. But it was while he was in England that he first had the notion of penetrating the holy places of Al Islam in disguise and he put the idea before the Royal Geographical Society. The Society showed interest and, largely through their good offices he was given a year's leave to study Arabic 'in lands where the language is best learned.' He prudently had himself circumcised for the occasion.

A pilgrimage, or *haj*, to Mecca, the prophet's birthplace and Medina, the site of his tomb, was an extremely hazardous undertaking at the time for anyone, even a Moslem. For a Christian – or any other unbeliever – it was not only hazardous but downright dangerous since the devout Moslems would have unhesitatingly killed any infidel suspected of defiling their holy places. But Burton carried off the escapade with magnificent panache. In native dress, posing as a half-Afghan, half Indian doctor from Rangoon – a disguise which necessitated fluent knowledge of Persian, Hindustani, Pushtu and Arabic – he travelled from Alexandria to Cairo and Suez and thence down the Red Sea to Yenbo, moving then by caravan first to Medina and then to Mecca, performing in each place all the ceremonies and rituals of the true believer and penetrating in the process all the holiest shrines of Islam. So perfect was his disguise, that he never seemed in the slightest danger of discovery, although there was a story current at the time – perhaps put about by Burton himself – that he was once discovered by an Arab urinating in the standing position instead of using the normal squatting posture and had to kill the man to keep his mouth shut. It was a good story but in later years Burton himself discounted it as apocryphal.

Instead of returning to England and getting out at once his inevitable book on the subject, Burton frittered away a golden opportunity to become an overnight celebrity and took a ship back to Bombay, still wearing his Arab dress. Then, still consumed with the idea of dangerous but largely pointless adventures, he obtained permission to visit Somalia and, once more in disguise, led an expedition into yet another forbidden city, the walled fortress of Harar, now in Ethiopia. As usual he found time to devote himself to anthropological (by which he almost invariably meant sexual) matters and made copious notes on the Somali practice of excising the clitoris – he called it female circumcision and recorded, doubtless from personal experience, that 'while it diminishes the heat of passion it increases licentiousness, and breeds a debauchery of mind far worse than bodily unchastity.'


Caricatured in the magazine 'Vanity Fair', Burton first came to fame in his search for the source of the Nile.

It was while on this expedition that Burton first came into contact with the man who was to play such an important role in later events. His name was John Hanning Speke and he, too, was an East India Company officer, with the 46th Bengal Native Infantry. Speke did not go with Burton to Harar but he was with him at Berbera after the expedition, accompanied by two other young officers, when their camp was unexpectedly attacked by Somali warriors. In the ensuing debacle, Burton, Speke and another Indian officer, Herne, escaped with relatively minor spear wounds, but the fourth man, William Stroyan, a naval officer seconded to the expedition was killed with a spear through the chest and afterwards beaten to a pulp with war clubs. The incident was unpleasant enough in itself, but Speke felt his courage impugned by a peremptory command of Burton's during the action and he nursed from then on a secret resentment against his superior. The antagonism between the two men was not palliated by Burton's criticism of Speke in his account of the raid nor by Burton's calm annexation of his colleague's zoological and botanical notes when filing his report. Speke, however, could dissemble well as will be seen; and it seems likely that he maintained an outward friendliness with Burton because he wanted to be associated with further exploratory ventures in Africa.

It was perhaps while picking up the pieces of the Somali expedition, that Burton and Speke first discussed the idea of a journey into Central Africa to discover the source of the Nile. It was an attractive proposition to these two young men – the prospect of solving one of the great geographical mysteries of all time, on a par with discovering the fabled North West Passage or the Great River of the West.

The Crimean War, in which both men served, delayed their plans, but in 1857, armed with the sanction of the Royal Geographical Society, a grant of £1000 from the Government and two years paid leave from the East India Company, Burton and Speke arrived at Zanzibar and started on their great adventure.

Burton was still the leader, but organisational ability was not numbered among the considerable list of his talents and he wasted six months messing about in the coastal area before hurriedly recruiting porters and gun bearers and moving off into the interior.

Their original plan had been to head direct for the recently discovered Mount Kilimanjaro and, from Burton's viewpoint, it was a great pity they did not do so. Had they travelled in that direction they could scarcely have avoided stumbling across Lake Victoria, but the savage Masai tribe were on the warpath and the explorers decided to use a well-trodden slavers' trail farther to the south. The decision was to have far-reaching consequences.

From the start, the expedition was dogged by misfortune; the porters were either cowardly or mutinous, both the English officers came down with severe cases of fever, and relations between the two of them worsened daily. Nevertheless, they kept going despite frightful hardships and on December 14, 1857, nearly six months out from Zanzibar, they finally reached the Sea of Ujiji – Lake Tanganyika. This enormous body of water, Burton convinced himself, could only be the source of the Nile; but his efforts to explore the lake were fruitless – no boats large enough could be obtained locally and when, his own legs temporarily useless, he sent Speke across the water in a canoe to try to hire a dhow, his companion returned empty-handed, this time nearly deaf as well as nearly blind, having tried to dislodge a black beetle from his ear drum with a pen knife: he killed the insect but injured the tympanum and was in great pain and discomfort for weeks. Burton was unsympathetic – more than that, he was furious. 'He had done literally nothing,' he wrote. There seemed nothing to do but return to Zanzibar and they began the long trek back. On the way they stopped to recuperate at Kazeh and Speke, somewhat further

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JULIE

London's 'Little Venice' area is one of the more pleasant areas remaining in our Capital. Calm waterways, quiet streets, 'And lots of trees for *Omar* and *Khayam*, my two Afghan hounds,' laughs 24-year-old Julie Livingstone. 'Sometimes I wish there just were not quite so many!' Julie lives in a small top-floor flat just off Maida Vale, five floors up and no lift. 'It keeps me fit and helps to cool the ardour of my more passionate boyfriends. They'll arrive in the lobby full of lustful thoughts, but by the time they get to the top of the stairs they're gasping for oxygen and a cold beer.' She frowns in mock anger. 'It does get a bit frustrating at times though, especially if I'm feeling lustful too. I have to wait until he has his breath back before I can leap on him. Do you think that's a terribly forward admission to make? It's funny that some men think it's "not quite right" for a girl to admit that she sometimes feels randy. Fair's fair, after all. Men think they have the exclusive rights to go to a pub and chat to their mates about their latest conquests. Well,

take it from me that us girls like a natter on the same subject too. I remember once a boyfriend overhearing me talking to a girl on the phone and being terribly stunned because he didn't realise we had such evil little minds! If men only knew how often they were discussed, the streets would be littered with shattered egos. Some time ago, I worked in a boutique in the King's Road called *Kweens*. I don't know what it is about the King's Road atmosphere, but it attracts lustful young men like a magnet. I'd be standing in the boutique looking prim and demure, hem-hem, getting chatted up from all sides. 35–24–36, 5 feet 5 inches and the centre of attention. With me, flattery will get you anywhere! Actually, that's not strictly true, because there's nothing worse than being given a line you've heard a million times before. But if a man comes up with something original and sounds sincere, I go all gooey and melting. I like men with deep voices and dark eyes. Hairy chests turn me on too.' A dreamy look comes into Julie's eyes as her dogs happily yawn.

Randiness runs riot after the tenth pint, but that's when mistakes can happen

GOODNIGHT GLADYS

Nostalgia by P. M. Jones

It was Brian O'Hanlon's feature in *Mayfair* Vol. 9, No. 3 that triggered memories of the terrible Abbot incident. O'Hanlon, of course, captured in one single article the bliss, the agonies, the foolishness of being drunk and impetuous at closing-time; we live with him those gawky, stumbling moments when driving while drunk seems not merely feasible but hugely desirable. We remember our own motoring moments when those racing gear-changes never went so well, mostly, and when the Morris surely touched 70 on the Guildford road (it certainly drunk petrol as fast as you'd been drinking beer).

And we can sympathise with any man who cannot lift a matchbox in Fleet Street, and cry, even, when fined for the inability the following day. Our minds skip backwards, as did O'Hanlon's, touching gently painful, embarrassing things . . .

When I am considering my ninth pint a luscious randiness envelops me: it's as predictable as closing time. As I place my elbows on the beer-washed bar to order the very last beer my mind is on warmer, softer matters: Through beer-swilled eyes I search the bar for women, and, on failing as usual, I throw myself happily into my past triumphs. Those girls whose flesh had been mine for the night, whose legs had curled and bent about my waist and whose haughty façade had splintered and fallen under the onslaught of the mighty Jones engine. While I sip at that tenth beer I see their faces, I see the fine film of perspiration on their brows and their nostrils flared, the guttural cries, the slight, delicious pains . . . I sip that beer and ogle every woman in sight, conjuring from a fading brain the tastes of the girls I have loved: the taste of salt, the soapy taste, and lately the taste of talcum and deodorant . . . I smile beerily to myself. Oh, I'm the one you see in the corner, the one on the stool with the burning eyes and the crossed, flexing legs. I'm the one with the fine profile, right side, and the line in rambling chat that turns eight girls in ten into indifferent, sexless, tight-lipped harridans. I'm the one who lusts after your lady-friend; the one who's any girls, after the pubs have shut.

Abbot and myself wandered down to the river at eleven that evening, standing by The Swan, near Richmond Bridge, watching the oily Thames run past.

Years ago, at closing time, we might have

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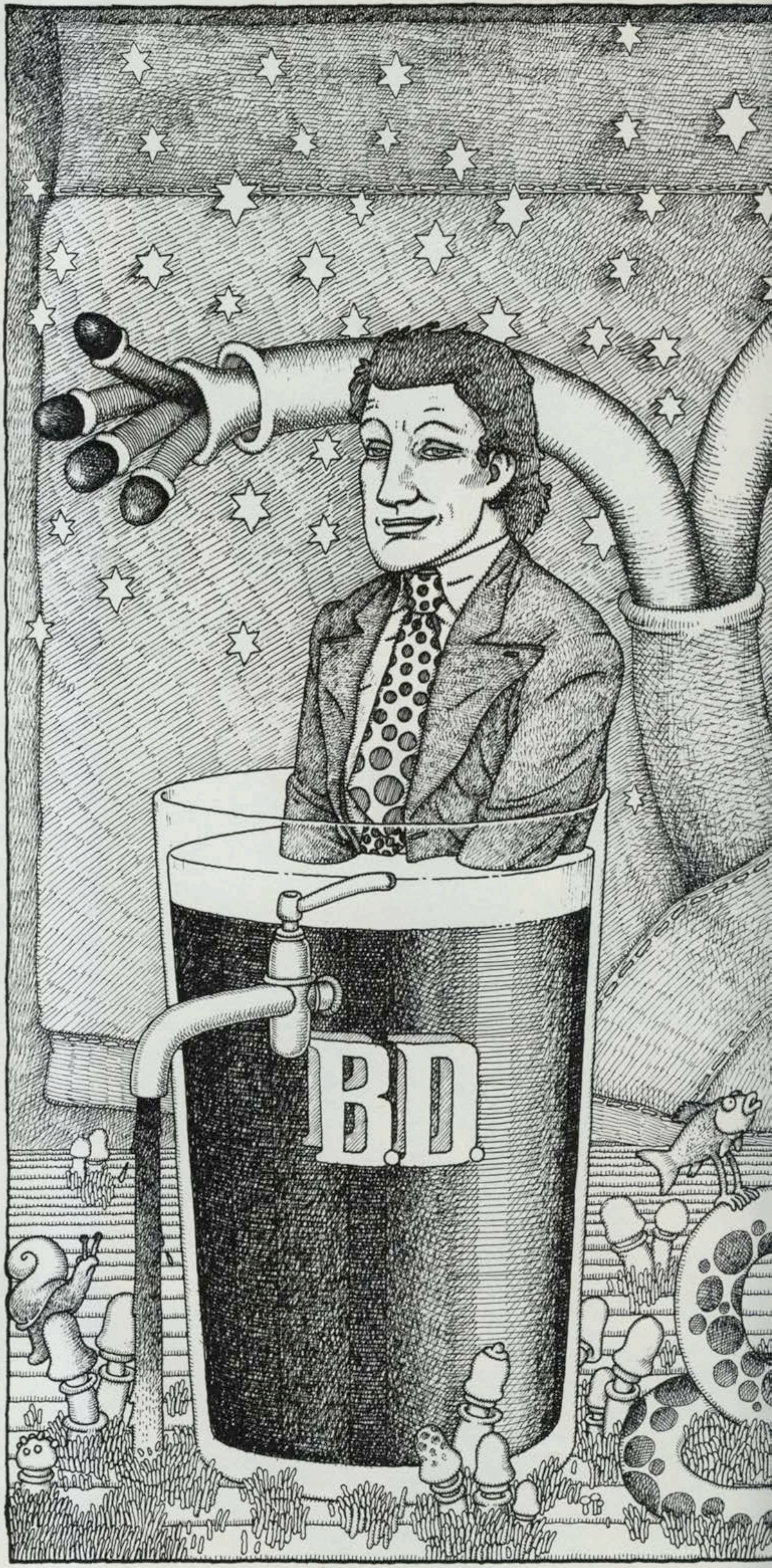
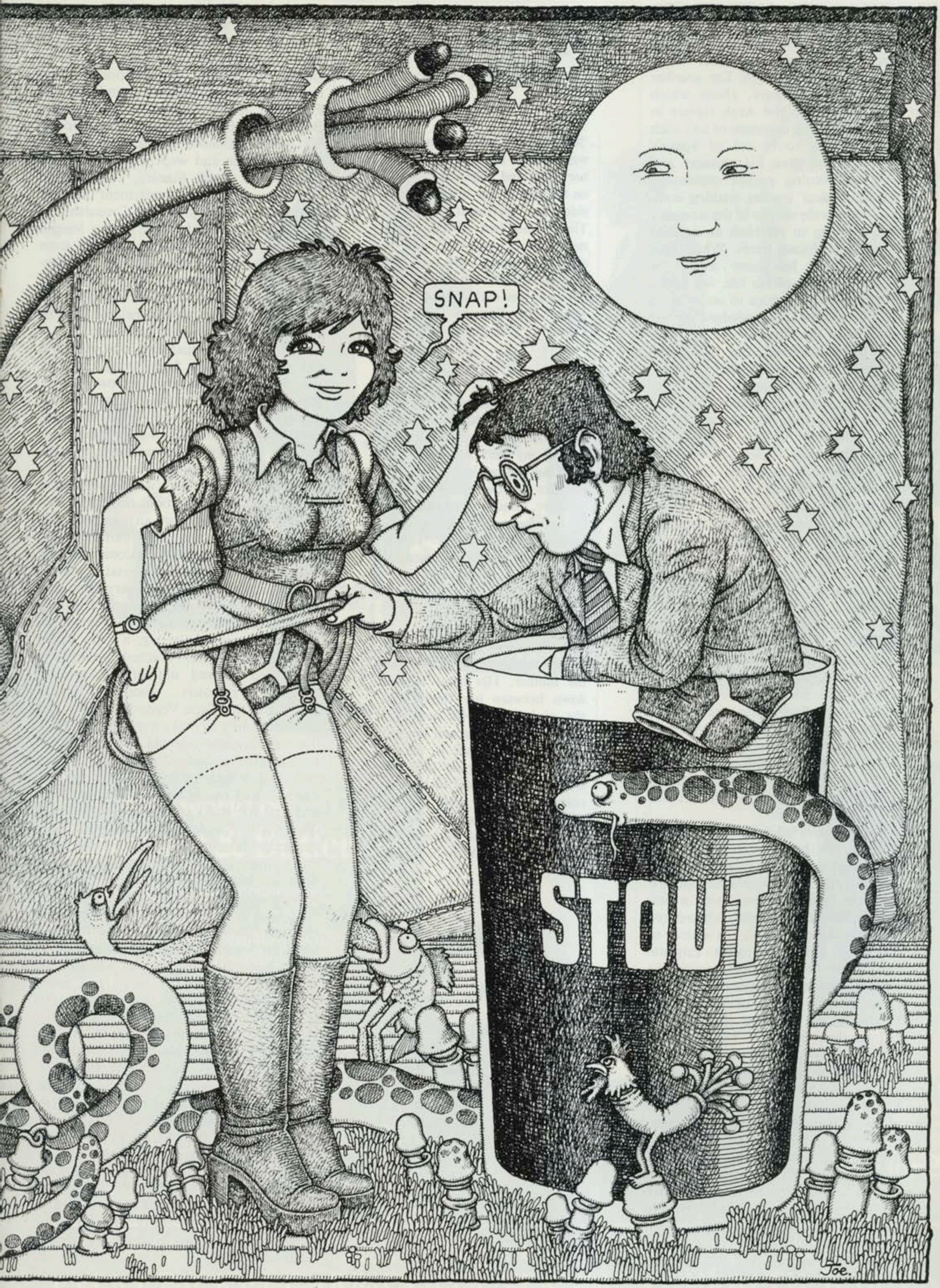
ILLUSTRATION BY JO WRIGHT




SNAP!
STOUT
Joe.

SIR RICHARD BURTON—EROTIC EXPLORER

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advanced in convalescence than Burton, suggested that he make a three week journey northwards to look for another lake, the Sea of Ukewere, about which they had heard from the Arab slavers in Ujiji. Doubtful of the existence of any such lake and thankful to be rid of Speke's company, Burton gave his consent and spent the intervening period continuing his 'anthropological' studies, making comparative notes on the shapes of the women's breasts and trying to establish an average length for the African penis. While thus happily occupied, he threw away the greatest opportunity of his life, for Speke became the first white man to set eyes on Lake Victoria, now acknowledged as the major source of the Nile.

Haggard and emaciated, the two white men staggered back to Zanzibar, by this time barely on speaking terms. When they reached Aden, Speke grabbed the first homeward-bound ship, but Burton in his customary dilatory fashion, decided to stay on a bit longer – pleading that his health was not fully recovered, but more probably wishing to avoid the unpleasantness of travelling home with his former companion. As a decision it was the most disastrous of all. Returning home 13 days ahead of Burton, Speke went straight to the Royal Geographical Society with the bold announcement that he had discovered the source of the Nile and, overnight, became a celebrity; this despite the fact that he had promised Burton that their approach to the Society should be made together. Burton was completely eclipsed; he received the Society's coveted Gold Medal, but it was Speke who was the hero of the hour and it was Speke who was despatched by the Society on a second expedition to the Lake regions of Central Africa. Disgusted and disillusioned, Burton found his lenitive in a lengthy spell of sick leave in North America.

While Burton cavorted across the prairies in a stage-coach, heavily armed with six-shooter and bowie knife in case of marauding Indians (who never appeared), his ex-partner went back to Africa with a new companion, James Grant, and endeavoured to clinch his theories about the source of the Nile. When Burton returned to England he found that his commission with the East India Company had been terminated – hardly surprisingly in view of the relatively small amount of his time that he had devoted to their service – but it was a further heavy blow and he was reduced to applying for a post in the Consular Service. He had hoped for Damascus but had to be content with the tiny island of Fernando Po just off the coast of Nigeria. There may have been less important billets, but there cannot have been many of them. He had recently got married to Isabel Arundell, a well-connected young woman, related to the Duke of Norfolk. Hardly surprisingly, the Arundell family disapproved strongly of the match, but Isabel was to prove a loyal and devoted wife for the remainder of his life. And the remainder of his life – some 29 years – was to be spent in the Consular Service.

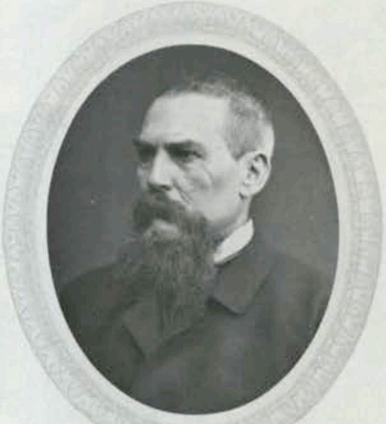
'My prickle stood at point, as it were a huge key. She hent it in her hand and began rubbing it on the lips of her little slit outside her petticoat trousers. Thereat hot lust stirred within me . . till, before I knew what I did, my pizzle split up her trousers and entered her slit and did away her maidenhead.'
From The Tale of the First Eunuch, The Book of 1001 Nights.

* * *

'Seeing her then in such transports, trembling like a bird, the throat of which is being cut, I pushed my dart into her. But thinking she might not be able to take in the whole of my member, I had entered cautiously, but she moved her buttocks furiously, saying to me, "This is not enough for my contentment . . ." '
From The Perfumed Garden.

* * *

'That hour was such as maketh a man to forget his father and his mother. His hand slipped down between her thighs and she girded him with her legs, applied the priming and kindled the match and set it to the touch-hole and gave fire and breached the citadel in its four corners. And she cried the cry that needs must be cried . . .'
From the Tale of Ma'aruf the Cobbler and his Wife Fatimah, 1001 Nights.



Sir Richard Burton achieved literary and financial success in middle age with his translations of Arab erotica.

After all the excitement and adventure of his early years, life must have been pretty galling for Burton in unimportant and undistinguished consular posts in Fernando Po, West Africa (1861–63), and Santos, Brazil (1864–69). In 1869, largely through his wife's influence – she haunted the Foreign Office and wept copiously in the presence of Lord Stanley, the Foreign Secretary, to obtain preferment for her husband – he was given the Consulship at Damascus, a post he had always longed for. But, tragically, he was removed soon afterwards because his superior, the Ambassador in Constantinople, considered him an unsuitable choice for the post. He finished his career with a belated knighthood and the consulship of Trieste.

Relegation to comparative obscurity did not prevent Burton from living the rich, full life as he saw it in his own terms. Rarely to be found in his various consular offices, he was always off on some expedition to climb a mountain, search for gorillas, or study the sexual mores of some new ethnological group. He continued to bombard his publishers with a succession of unreadable books about his travels and experiences, writing on any subject that fired his imagination from pamphlets on bayonet drill, through falconry in the Valley of the Indus to a dissertation on the battlefields of Paraguay. Every now and then he added a new language to his incredible stock and he even planned to write a History of Farting, a work which unfortunately never reached publication stage. He showed unfailing interest in anything remotely connected with sex and in the Cape Verde Islands he had an opportunity to make a minute examination of an eight-year-old hermaphrodite, noting, after a detailed description of the inch and a quarter long penis, that the vagina was situated below the male organ and that the child urinated from both sets of genitalia, 'but less from the masculine.' He ended his report – which was sent to the Anthropological Society of London – with the bald statement that, 'No signs of testicles could be seen or felt.'

Occasionally there were reminders from the past. In 1864, Speke, lately returned from his triumphant second expedition to Lake Victoria, was due to address the British Association in Bath and word leaked back to Burton, who was on one of his rare visits to England, that his old enemy had threatened to kick him if he appeared on the platform. 'Well that settles it,' roared Burton. 'He shall kick me.' The confrontation duly took place, both protagonists sitting on the platform, coldly eyeing each other and waiting for the debate on Africa which was scheduled for the following day. It never took place: going out for a stroll with a gun before the discussion, Speke accidentally killed himself while climbing a wall. Not a man to forgive past wrongs easily, Burton wrote afterwards, 'Nothing is known of Speke's death. I saw him at 1.30 pm, and at 4 pm

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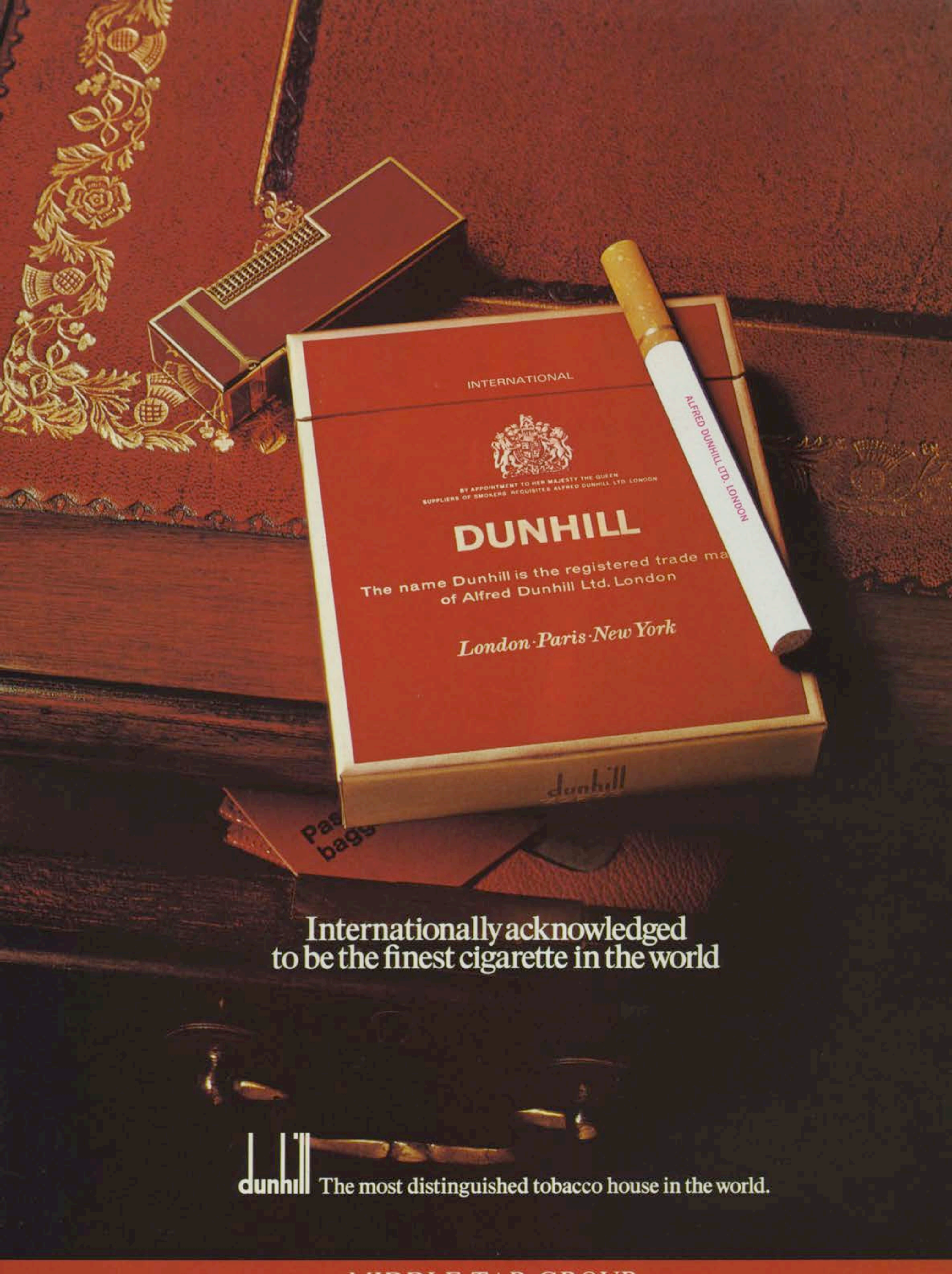
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LESLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Slightly late and slightly breathless, 19 year-old Lesley Jarvis hurries into Sheffield's Grosvenor House hotel in Charter Square, maxi-coat flapping around her ankles and 38B breasts bouncing beneath a loosely buttoned pink shirt. Hasty apologies delivered over a sweet Martini and a king-size menthol cigarette, then all smiles as peace is made. Fingers toy unconsciously with a loose strand of honey-blonde hair. Nervous? 'Of course. The thought of two million men looking at me in *Mayfair* is a pretty stunning one. Are you going to write nice things about me?' A long eye-lash closes slowly over an eye the colour of a sunlit sea. Suggestively. 'You

should do, you know, because I'm a nice person. True. Even my ex-boyfriends say that they've never been given the elbow in a kinder way.' She laughs 'I think I'm too tender-hearted actually. I cry a lot. I saw *Love Story* four times and cried buckets. It was lovely. I always try to consider the other person's feelings. I've been dropped a couple of times by boys and it's no fun at all. So when I want to stop going out with a boy, I try to be kind and sympathetic.' A second Martini arrives, ice chinking against frosty glass. Mock alarm passes over Lesley's face. 'Heavens! Are you trying to get me tiddly? I don't have to be plied with drink before I say yes, you know. . .' She breaks off to light another cigarette, laughing as an attempted smoke-ring comes out egg-shaped and wafts towards the ceiling. Another attempt, soft lips forming a perfect O, just a glimpse

of pink tongue. Lesley smiles, forgets smoke-rings and blows a kiss to the ceiling instead. One more drink? Lesley declines, sorrowfully. 'I'm afraid I just can't take that much to drink. It's an awful bore sometimes, especially at parties. I'll sit and nurse a glass of wine for hours. And because of this, people seem to think I'm not having a good time.' A grin. 'But I do, I do!' She gets up to go, 5 feet, 7 inches, 38B–24–36. Another button on the pink shirt has popped open showing smooth, pale skin. A smile and a goodbye kiss. Then off.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

On a journey through the Highlands a lorry driver narrowly avoided an accident when a huge, kilted figure suddenly appeared in the road in front of his truck. When the vehicle had skidded to a halt the highlander rushed up and dragged the driver out of his cab.
'What do you want?' the driver trembled.
'I want you to masturbate,' ordered the Scotsman.
Terrified of what the giant Scot would do if this bizarre request was not complied with, the driver obeyed.
But no sooner had he finished when the highlander demanded that he do it again. The driver protested – to no avail. He had no choice but to comply – this time with great difficulty. Still the giant Scot was not satisfied.
'Do it a third time,' he ordered.
'I can't, I can't,' pleaded the agonised driver.
'If you don't,' threatened the Scot, 'I'll cut you up with my dirk.'
Gathering all his resources, the driver managed to masturbate once more.
'And now. . . ' began the highlander.
'Oh no!' quaked the driver. 'What next?'
'And now,' the Scotsman continued, 'I wonder if you would be kind enough to give my wife a lift to Aberdeen?'

After a trial lasting many weeks, the prisoner was found guilty of burglary and assault causing grievous bodily harm. The judge heard the jury's verdict then proceeded to pass sentence.
'This is one of the most wicked and callous crimes I have had the misfortune to come across. You will be imprisoned for six years, three with hard labour. Now do you have anything to say to the court?'
'Bugger all,' muttered the prisoner, looking away.
Puzzled, the judge leaned over the bench and whispered to the clerk of the court, 'What did the prisoner say, Mr. Smythe?'
'Bugger all, m'lud,' the clerk replied.
'Are you sure?' the judge asked. 'I could swear I saw his lips move.'

At the paratroop training school, the instructor was giving final instructions to a band of recruits about to make their first jump.
'When the red light goes on,' he intoned, 'clip your automatic opening devices onto the line inside the aircraft and stand at the ready. When you see the green light, you jump from the aircraft. Your parachute should open automatically after ten seconds, but if for any reason it should fail, immediately pull the rip-cord on your emergency 'chute.'.
'But Sarge,' protested a voice from the back, 'suppose the emergency 'chute doesn't open?'
'Easy,' replied the instructor, 'you just flap your arms and yell 'Geronimo'.'
Later that day, the recruits went aloft to make their jump. All went smoothly and the instructor had just closed the hatch and settled down for a quiet smoke when he heard knocking coming from outside. Thinking that he was imagining it, he ignored the sound. However the knocking grew both in volume and intensity until the instructor could ignore it no longer. He leaped up, flung open the hatch and was astonished to see one of his recruits suspended in mid-air wildly flapping his arms.
'Quick Sarge,' yelled the recruit, 'what was the name of that bleeding Indian?'

Did you hear about the Sicilian peasant who wanted to take his new car to its first service? He got very frustrated when he couldn't get it through the church door . . .

An aspiring variety turn walked into an agent's office looking for work.
'All right,' said the agent. 'What do you do?'
Without replying the artiste raised his arms, flew round the office, out the window, across the street and back in through the window, flapping to a halt on the agent's desk. 'So you do bird impressions,' yawned the agent. 'Anything else?'

A passionate kiss is like a spider web. It leads to the undoing of the fly.

The bleary-eyed husband tip-toed through his front door at three o'clock in the morning, to be greeted by his fuming wife.
'Philanderer!' she screamed. 'How did you get lipstick all over your shirt?'
Puzzled, the husband looked down. 'I can't understand it,' he said. 'I had my shirt off at the time.'

A farmer got married to an extremely buxom and attractive young wench and a week or two after the wedding, he met an old friend in the street.

'How's married life then?' enquired the friend jovially.

'Not too bad, I suppose,' replied the farmer a shade gloomily, 'but I just can't seem to keep my hands off my wife.'

His friend gave him a knowing wink and remarked, 'Not to worry old, chap, that's life.'

A few more weeks passed before the pair met again.

'How are you finding married life now?' came the question.

'Much better,' answered the farmer cheerily, 'I've sacked all my hands and bought a combine harvester.'

An Italian gentleman went into a tailor's shop with his six year-old son, who was an ordinary child except for his exceptionally large head. The Italian said to the tailor, 'I wanta da jacket for leetle Luigi with da bigga head.'

Slap, slap! He hit the boy round the face.

The tailor looked on in amazement, and went to find a jacket. When the boy had been fitted the father said, 'I wanta da trousers for leetle Luigi with da bigga head.'

Slap, slap! He hit him round the head again. The tailor stared, then went off and got the trousers. Then the father said, 'I wanta da shirt and da matching tie for little Luigi with da bigga head.'

And *slap, slap,* he hit the boy round the face again. The tailor couldn't believe his eyes, but hurried off to get the shirt and tie.

The Italian gentleman paid the bill and was just leaving when the tailor apologized for being inquisitive and asked why he kept slapping the small boy round the face.

'I tella you,' the father said. 'When I marry ma Maria she have the tightest leetle fanny in all Italy – and then along come leetle Luigi with da bigga head!' *Slap, slap!*

A few friends had gathered for a housewarming and during the evening one of the girls excused herself to go to the powder room.

The room had only been decorated the day before and the paint on the toilet seat was not quite dry. Within a few minutes the unfortunate girl found herself stuck. Her cries brought a couple of friends who, unable to do anything to free her, summoned the host. After several minutes uncontrollable laughter, the host managed to remove the seat, but not from the girl. There was nothing else for it but to summon the doctor.

'Did you ever see the like of this before?' the girl blushingly asked.

'Many times,' replied the doctor, 'but I think this is the first time I've seen one framed.'

'How's the wife?' a man asked his friend in the pub. 'Not too good. She hasn't been feeling herself lately,' the friend replied. 'But it was a filthy habit anyway.'

There was a young lady named Hall
Who went to a birth-control ball.
She was loaded with pessaries
And other accessories,
But no one approached her at all.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes with other Mayfair readers. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There will be a free subscription for those whose jokes are selected. In case of duplication of jokes, the Editor's decision on awards will be final.

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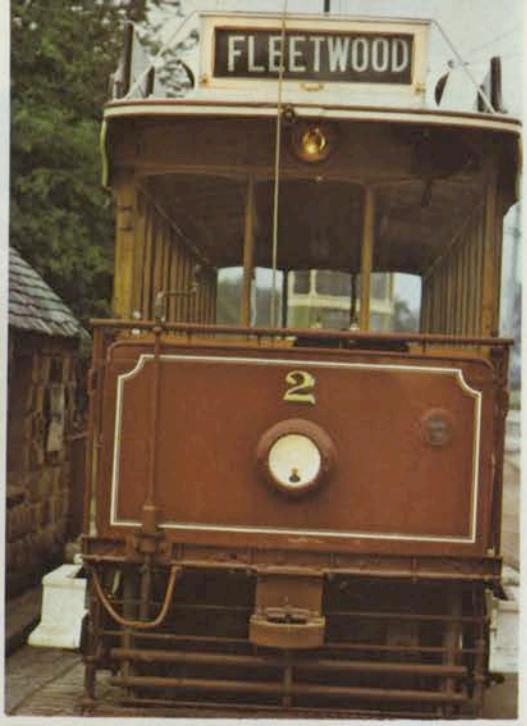
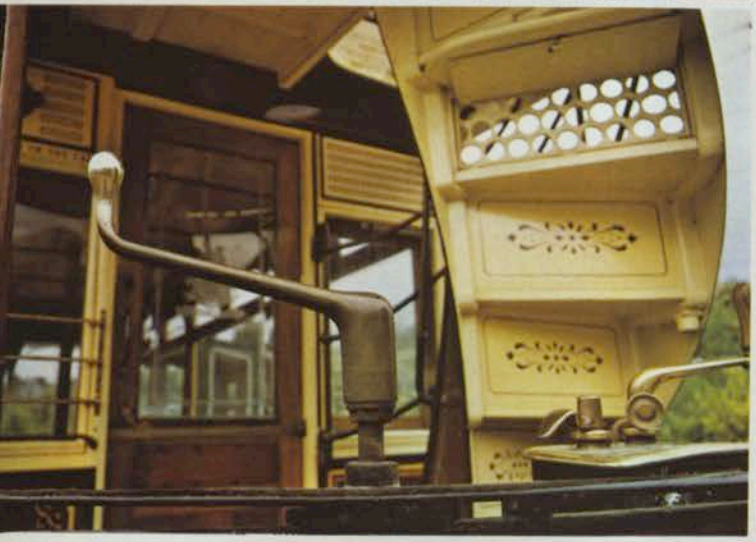


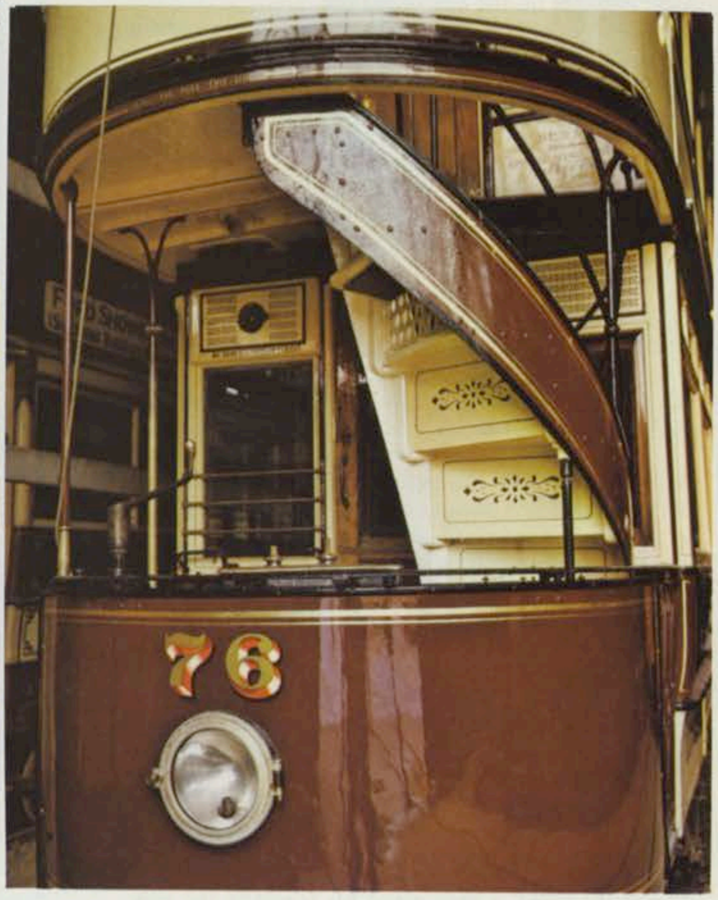
Ousted from the bustling city streets, trams still run at the Crich Tramway Museum. Photos by Michael Hardy

GRAND TRAMS

Gaslamps casting soft shadows on cobblestone streets; a crisp clip-clopping of horse's hooves; and in the distance, the sound of an approaching tram carried on an evening breeze. A rhythmic metallic clanking as it sways from side-to-side, while overhead electric wires fizz, snap and pop. An evocative sound, bringing back dim memories of slatted wooden seats, open stairs to the top-deck and the squeal of metal wheels on metal lines.

Although the day of the public transport tram is over, nostalgia still survives at the Crich Tramway Museum, near Matlock in Derbyshire. Here trams





Main picture, opposite page, shows a Glasgow Corporation tram. Note the white upper-deck panels; the four Glasgow tramways were identifiable by colour-coded upper-deck panels. Top two pictures, this page, show: left, a colourful, embossed coat-of-arms was carried on many Corporation trams. Right, The distinctive chocolate-brown livery of the Blackpool and Fleetwood trams. This particular model was built in 1898 and could seat 56 people. Middle two pictures show: left, the relatively simple tram controls. Note too the open steps leading to the upper deck. Right, built in 1904, this tram from the streets of Leicester was sold for use as a chicken-coop before coming to Crich. Left, slatted wood seats and varnished interior. Spartan yet comfy.

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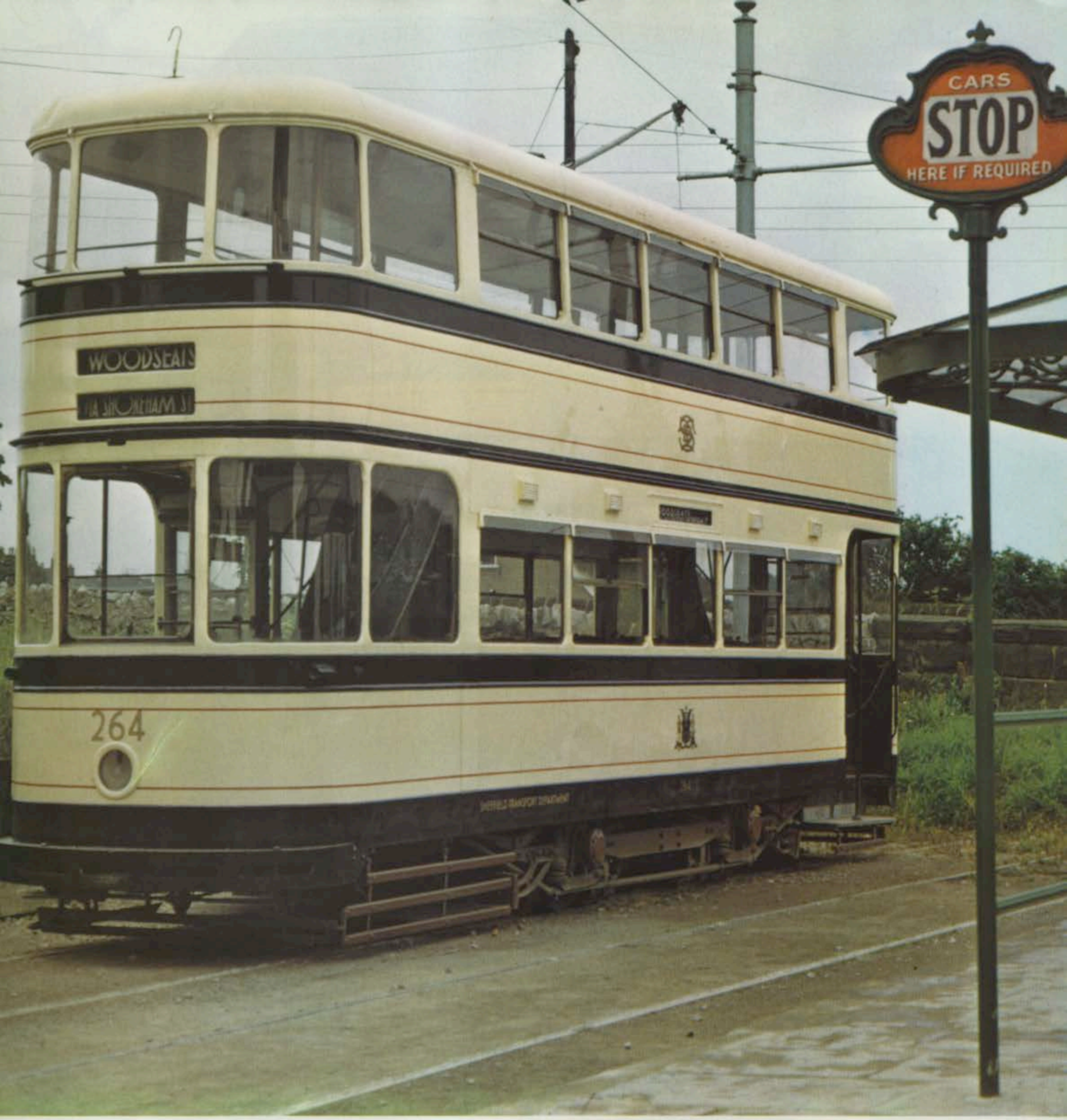
12S
22
GLASGOW CORPORATION



Main picture above shows reconstruction of an early tram stop. The Sheffield tram at the stop was in service from 1937 until 1960. Built at Sheffield's Queen's Road works, it could seat 61 passengers on two decks. Support pictures show, anti-clockwise from near-right: tram interior featuring swing-back seats for positioning depending on the tram's direction. Affectionately known as a 'Cunarder,' this 1948-built Glasgow tram represented the ultimate in the design of the British double-deck bogie wheel tram. Ornate fence-work sets off trams in Electric Avenue. From pre-war New York comes this tram, shipped to Vienna in 1949. Perfect springing on this Glasgow Corporation tram – a credit to the General Manager. Seventy-five years old and still going strong; Plying the streets of Glasgow from 1900 to 1960, this tram was honourably retired to its home at the Crich Museum.

still run, from the tiny horse-drawn Sheffield 15, built in 1874, to the double-decker leviathans of the Glasgow Corporation which ran for nigh-on sixty years from the reign of Queen Victoria. The tramcar was introduced to Britain from the United States in 1860 and quickly proved a great advance on the contemporary horse-bus as the rails on which the tramcar ran gave a smoother ride than the ordinary road surface of the day. In the late 1870's, steam-hauled trams were introduced, to be followed within the decade by cable propulsion, and in the 1890's by electric traction. It was at this time that the tramcar really came into its own. The double-decker open-top tram and the later open-balcony tram, taking current from an overhead wire by means of a trolley-pole, soon became a familiar sight throughout towns and cities. During the 1920's, some 14,000 tramcars were in operation, noisy but pollution-free. Only the greater mobility of petrol vehicles heralded the eventual demise of the tramway system.

Gone now from our streets are those overhead wires, supplying electricity to trams at between 500 and 600 volts DC, to be collected by the trolley-pole. The standard gauge tracks measuring 4 feet 8½ inches have been torn up and the trams themselves mostly consigned to the scrap-yard. Only at the Crich Museum do examples of horse, steam and electric trams still run exactly as they did all those years ago, in street settings right out of the Edwardian era.

At present, the Museum houses some 37 trams. At Crich, the exhibits are not dead and lifeless: for here, the trams from yesteryear still live.

MOUNT FLORIDA
PAISLEY ROAD TOLL
812

ELECTRIC AVENUE

TRANSPORT
4225

SIR RICHARD BURTON—EROTIC EXPLORER

continued from page 50

he was dead. The charitable say that he shot himself, the uncharitable that I shot him.' He went on to mount a vicious posthumous attack on Speke and his theories on the source of the Nile, maintaining fiercely that his own Lake Tanganyika gave rise to the great river. It was not until a year before his own death that Livingstone and Stanley finally settled the question, establishing beyond further doubt that Burton was wrong and Speke, however much inspired guesswork might have been involved, was right.

But it was, perhaps, in the field of literature that Burton made his greatest contribution. His travel books, bulging with appendices and peppered with learned but boring footnotes, never made much impact on the public, but in 1883 he formed the Kama Shastra Society, an extremely select body consisting simply of himself and his friend, J. J. Arbuthnot, and the object of this 'society' was to publish translations of oriental literature of an erotic nature. Prominent among these were the *Kama Sutra* published in 1883 and *The Perfumed Garden* published in 1886; but the society's greatest work and the one on which Burton's reputation as a writer/translator rests was the collection of medieval Arabic folk tales loosely known as *The Arabian Nights* but more correctly described as *The Thousand Nights and a Night*. The translation was a boldly unexpurgated rendering of the original Arabic and when the first volumes came off the press, even Burton himself was unsure about their reception. He was prepared for trouble: 'I don't care a button about being prosecuted,' he said with apprehensive defiance. 'I will walk into court with my Bible and my Shakespeare and my Rabelais under my arm, and prove to them that, before they condemn me, they must cut half of *them* out, and not allow them to be circulated to the public.'

He need not have worried. The work was received rapturously by the critics and, even more important, was a thundering financial success; the completed translation realised £11,000 profit, totalling more than the rest of his literary output combined. Burton was delighted, believing that it was the pornographical aspects of *The Nights* that had sold it rather than his skill in translation and interpretation of the work. 'Now that I know the tastes of England,' he said sardonically to his wife, 'we need never be without money.'

But, alas, he had only two years left to him. He spent them in Trieste working hard on translations of erotic Latin poetry and bringing out a revised edition of *The Perfumed Garden*. On October 19, 1890, at the age of 69 he completed the last page of *The Perfumed Garden* and early the following morning he died; the revised edition was never published – after his death, Isabel Burton burned all the manuscripts in his collection of which she did not approve – and thereby earned herself an undying reputation as the creator of the 'ruthless holocaust that followed his lamented death.'

For Richard Francis Burton there remained the injections with embalming fluid and the long voyage home from Trieste to his final resting place in Mortlake under the marble tent which Isabel had had constructed in Forest of Dean stone and Carrara marble at a cost of £688. He lies there yet, largely forgotten by the English public he served so well.

The fiercely romantic, cigar-smoking novelist, Marie Louise de la Ramée, better known under her pen name of Ouida, knew the Burtons well – Isabel rather better than Richard – and wrote after his death that he was 'Apparently, by all inheritance . . . a common-place Englishman of the middle classes; actually he was a man who looked like Othello and lived like the Three Mousquetaires.'

She went on to mourn the fact that the British Government had never made better use of his talents and considered it deplorable that he had been immured so long in forgotten bywaters of the Consular Service. 'The beheading of Walter Raleigh was, I think, a kinder treatment than the imprisonment of Burton in Trieste,' she wrote.

Perhaps she was right, but if Burton had been given a higher, a more demanding post, then he might never have found the opportunity to translate *The Arabian Nights*. We can at least be grateful to the Victorian diplomats for giving Richard Burton time to do that.

'Dr. Livingstone, I presume you realise that you forgot to sign this blasted sick note for me before you skipped off to Darkest Africa . . . ?'

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ANGIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

Angie Barry peers at you sternly over horn-rim glasses and informs you that the immortal phrase 'Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses' could not be more inaccurate. 'The person who said that obviously never worked where I have,' she observes. 'Honestly, sometimes I've been surrounded by raving sex maniacs. Talk about bottom pinchers and boob tweakers. If there was ever an Olympic touching up competition, some men I know would get the gold, silver and bronze medals!' 22-year-old Angie is now the secretary to the sales director of a large manufacturing concern just south of the Thames in London. Born in Brecon, South Wales, she moved to London when 17. 'I really couldn't stand it in Brecon,' maintains Angie, 'it must be the most incredibly boring place in the world. London's much nicer and

of course you have a wider choice of men.' She grins. 'You won't believe this but when I was temping once, I found the modesty panel in front of my desk had been taken off. I thought I'd pay my boss back in kind, so I hoisted up my skirt practically round my waist and sat with my legs wide open. It was very funny because my boss went pink and spilt tea all down his front. It can't be that often that a 37–23–36, 5 feet 6 inch lady acts naughty in front of her boss, can it? I was a bit disappointed in his reaction, to tell you the truth, because he was quite fanciable. If he'd been brave enough to proposition me I might have said OK. I fantasise about having love made to me over a desk, with papers flying everywhere. Who knows, maybe some day soon my luck might just change and fantasies will become a reality!

The rasp of black nylon over white thighs, welt marks on soft feminine flesh and the elastic twang of a taut suspender belt. Fond memories of man's most widespread fetish by D. M. Thomas

Dream of Warm-Filled Hose

On one memorable (and, alas, unrepeatable) occasion, up North, I had the choice of seeing – and making love to – an overwhelmingly beautiful woman in Manchester or a 'merely' goodlooking woman in Leeds. I was on a lecture tour, and was due to catch a train from Manchester back to London in two days time. My few days with blonde sunbronzed tight-jeaned Karen had been the highlight of the tour – the year – almost the decade (I was halfway through my thirties then, three years ago). She was a whole art gallery just to gaze at even; but she was also intelligent, and screwed superbly. I'd have unquestionably fallen in love with her, if there'd been any point in doing so. Despite all this, I cut those last two days in Manchester to train back to Leeds, pleading to Karen an extra unexpected lecture engagement.

And all because of a suspender belt, (or, as the Americans have it, garter belt). I simply adore suspender belts – or garter belts. Karen was very much a woman's lib bra-less nudie-beauty, only really at home when she was naked. Linda, the 'merely' goodlooking brunette whom I'd met and bedded earlier in Leeds, was more femininely interested in clothes and had shown some enthusiasm when I had mentioned my taste for stockings and garter belts. The only trouble was, she didn't have any, only pantihose (i.e. tights) like everyone else, and didn't know where to get them. She'd promised to try and buy some, if I'd stop over in Leeds on my way back, for two more lascivious nights. Not having met Karen at that stage, I was keen on the idea, and told her I'd ring her from Manchester.

Ring her I did, late one night just after Karen had zipped her jeans up over her light-brown abundant pussy-hair, tugged a sweater down over her long wheat-golden hair and glistening luxury-size breasts, and kissed me goodnight. It's no go, I told Linda, I have this extra engagement in Manchester that I can't afford to turn down. She sounded very crestfallen, or breastfallen, and I pretended to be as well. Then she said, 'I *have* got a suspender belt and stockings.' My excited mind did an electronic calculation: fabulous Karen, nude, or attractive Linda, suspendered. And Linda won. Already convinced, I let her talk me into putting lust before loot: I'd be there tomorrow night, I said, and go book the hotel.

Such is the rather amoral power of a fetish – whether for a primitive tribesman worshipping a tree or stone, or an Englishman worshipping suspenders – or knickers, or leather, or hair-curlers, or any of the other extraordinary

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ILLUSTRATION BY PETER CAMPBELL

Dream of Warm-Filled Hose

continued from page 74

things that our sexual imaginations take root in.

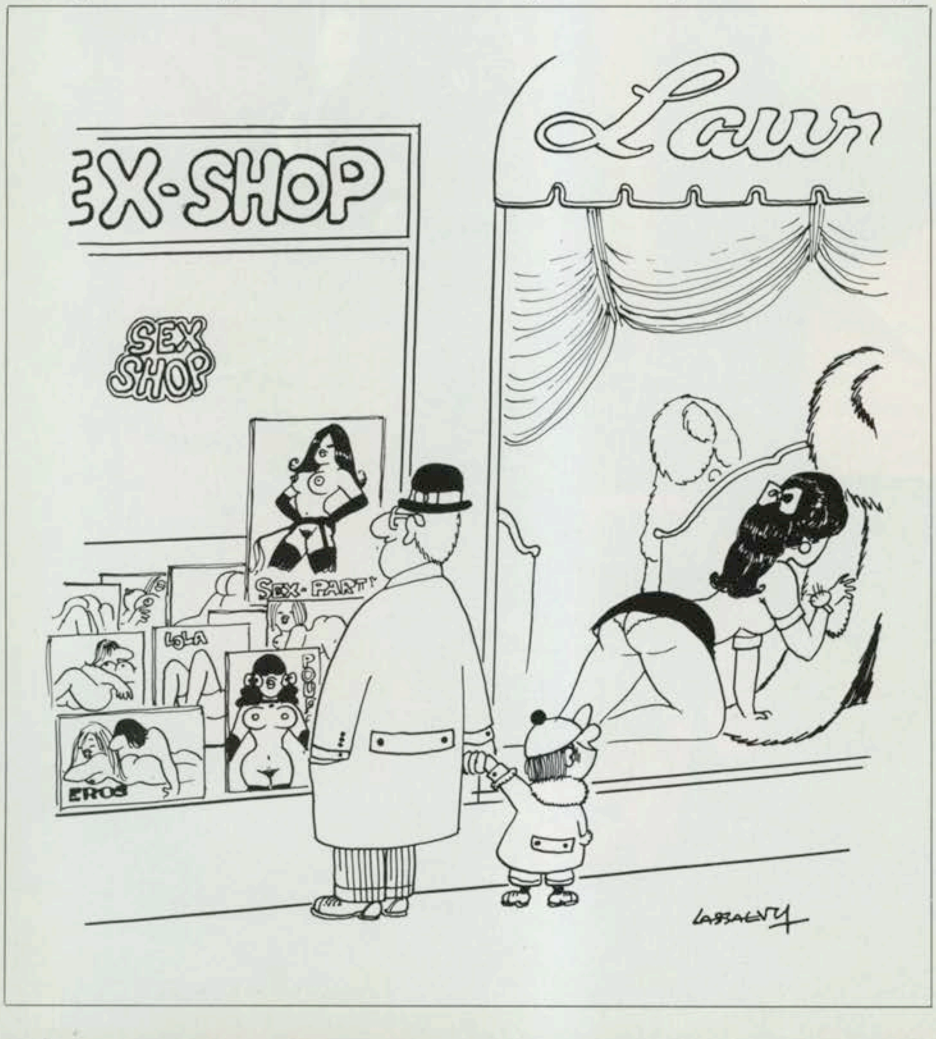
The rest of this episode is sad farce. I reached Leeds, met Linda at the hotel, saw with excited anticipation the shapely black nylon-swathed legs, rucked up her skirt at the first opportunity . . . I'd have cried if I hadn't felt like laughing. Talk about do-it-yourself and Heath Robinson! She really had tried.

She'd tried the shops, with no luck. She'd tried her women friends, pleading a fancy-dress party she wanted a cancan outfit for. No luck – they'd thrown their suspender belts into the dustbin years ago. The best that one came up with was an old maternity corset. Brainwave! She'd cut the suspenders off that and fastened them in some ungainly way to a narrow strip of elastic which she hook-and-eyed to make the belt part. Then she'd scissored the legs of some black tights. Well, one might have forgiven the absence of genuine stocking-top, and even the makeshift belt. But she'd also *forgotten* how to wear suspenders, and had fastened them to the belt the wrong way round so that the suspender buttons were facing her thighs!

I told her I was very grateful to her for all her efforts at sexy undies, but really we'd be just as well off if she discarded them. So we made love, nude, and I kept thinking all the time of Karen pining back in Manchester, and thinking too that it served me right for putting fabric above human flesh. Still, if there's ever a Museum of Corsetry set up, Linda's brave suspender belt ought to be the main item in the Twilight of Suspenders section.

Undoubtedly the rapid and almost complete turnover to tights has left many men with deeply frustrated sexual drives; and a strong sense of humour is needed to cope with the bitter little dramas, like the Linda episode, we encounter in our efforts to turn back the clock. It's been woman's great revenge on her traditional enemy, man. For a whole century she's built up an erotic assumption that underclothes – stockings, corsets, suspender belts, knickers in exotic variety, and petticoats – are an essential part of her feminine allure. Then, *wham!* all of a sudden, when she's got male fantasy firmly centred on such garments, she decides she'll abolish them. The misery of passing so many fantastic dolly-birds yet knowing that if you got your hand up their diminutive skirts – which wouldn't be too hard either, often – you'd simply meet more yards of nylon, not the infinitely varied experience of thicker, darker stocking-tops, hard button, tense elastic and cold metal overflowed by soft moulds of thigh flesh leading up to silky vagina-moist knicker gusset!

Apart from this universal frustration, there's the fact that even the girlfriends you persuade to wear stockings often don't know how to wear them sexily: and that means naturally. They may not suffer from complete amnesia, like Linda, but they'll wear them either as though they're embarrassed by them or like kinky fancy-dress clothes. So, for example, they'll wear stockings under a short miniskirt – which is *unnaturally* revealing, forgetting that most voyeuristic pleasure comes from occasional views of garments normally kept hidden. And as if to compensate for this overt display, they'll choose stockings that are neutral flesh-tone all the way up, with scarcely any welt-contrast, so that they can almost pretend they're wearing tights even with their thighs on show.



To complete the charade they'll often wear loose elastic-waisted garter belts, giving them a woman's-lib freedom from restraint but leaving the suspenders lax (and clipless) and the stockings baggy and unstretched. If they avoid all these errors, they'll often ruin a sexy effect by giving their stocking-tops an irritated tug and moaning 'These bloody things!' At which point I usually insist they 'put their bloody tights' back on, and mentally cross them off my telephone list. It's pointless unless they feel good wearing them, and that must go, I imagine, for any fetish clothes. (It must be tough in the more unusual cases. Does a rubber gasmask fetishist secretly want *every* woman to say 'I'm only happy in my gasmask'?)

I think of Enid, a Welsh student of mine, some ten years back. Lust fought with chapel-puritanism in her, and we reached an acceptable compromise for several months, till lust won in the end and she allowed me to seduce her while she lay 'sleeping'. Hot for it, all those months, but religiously against it, she seemed to exude sex and heat from that pleatskirted and gusty-petticoated paradise where her thick black suspenderstraps strained flesh-cleavingly over the crucial inches between pants and high-tensioned stocking-top arcs.

This was my permitted zone of activity, and she gave me as much excitement within its strict limits as many another girl has in going all the way. As I drove her through traffic-jammed city streets, she'd stretch out in the front seat, close her heavy dark Celtic eyes, open her legs and invite me to pull her dress up to her hips and get my hand among her straps, down her stocking-tops, all over her flesh, down her tight pants into her sopping bushy Welsh noncomformist valley. And often her big sensitive scarlet lips brought one, stuttering, to the brink at one set of red lights and finished me off swiftly at the next.

It must have been interesting for the double-deckers and wouldn't have been warmly approved by driving examiners. But that halcyon girl from the stockinged age knew she had me completely hooked on her suspenders, and she played them as expertly and as naturally as a fisherman his line. She wore them and exploited them as though they were a part of her body, not grotesque appendages.

Likewise in those days it was easy for me or any man to absorb the liking into our normal sex life, without thinking of it – and without its being thought by women – as a kink, or even a fetish. Nowadays you have

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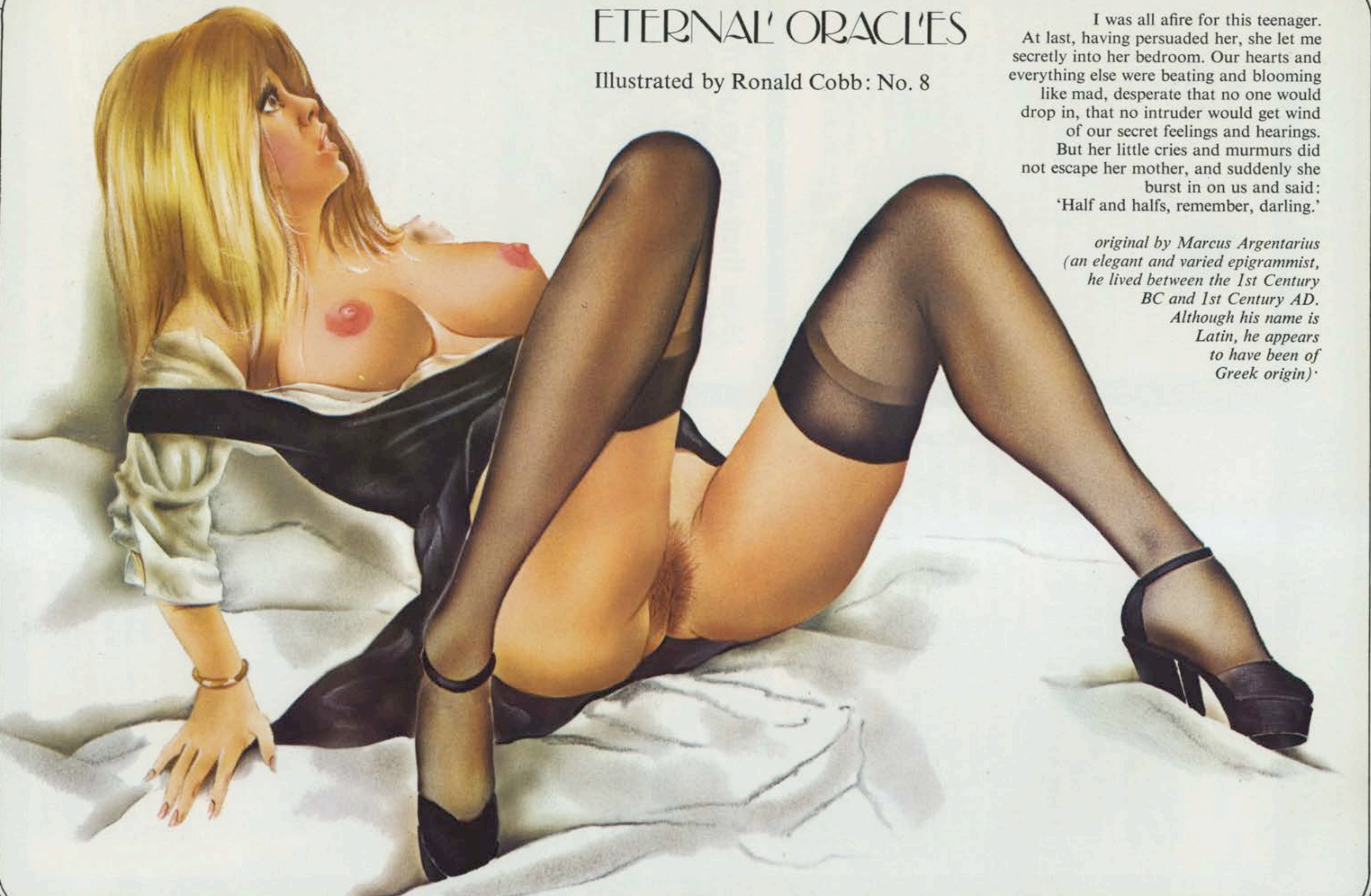

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 8

I was all afire for this teenager.
At last, having persuaded her, she let me
secretly into her bedroom. Our hearts and
everything else were beating and blooming
like mad, desperate that no one would
drop in, that no intruder would get wind
of our secret feelings and hearings.
But her little cries and murmurs did
not escape her mother, and suddenly she
burst in on us and said:
'Half and halfs, remember, darling.'

original by Marcus Argentarius (an elegant and varied epigrammist, he lived between the 1st Century BC and 1st Century AD. Although his name is Latin, he appears to have been of Greek origin)·

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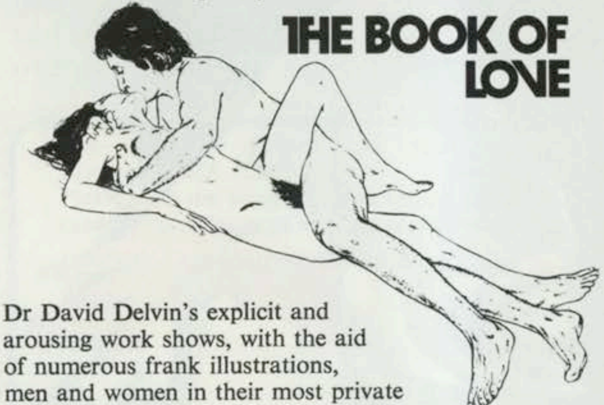

Dr David Delvin's explicit and arousing work shows, with the aid of numerous frank illustrations, men and women in their most private moments. Average penile length is also subjected to exhaustive enquiry, enabling men to measure up to Dr Delvin's thought-provoking findings.

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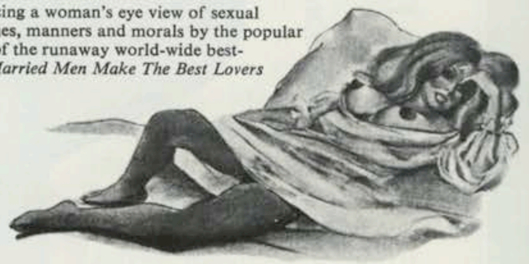

At long last, a sexually adept woman has written down the intimate and exact details of what turns a woman on – insights that even the most carnal of modern Casanovas might otherwise take years to discover. Here you can learn for yourself the techniques and secrets that can drive women into a frenzy of passion and desire. Even confident men will find something new in this book, while the less experienced will find it a boon.

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This book contains no illustrations

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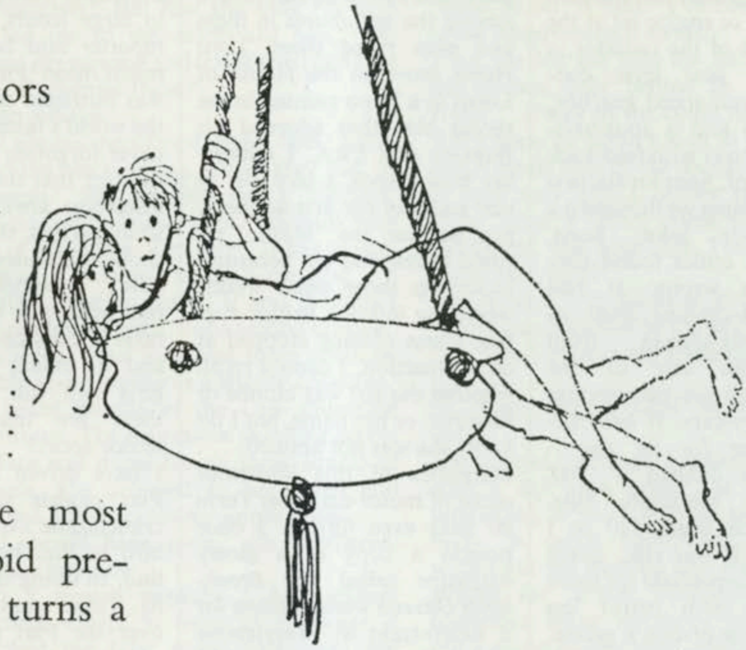
LIVING IS LOVING



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M102

Fiat, one of Europe's most famous cars, holds a variety of memories for me. I remember the tiny Topolino, the 'Mouse,' with its 570 cc engine set at the front ahead of the radiator, a long wavy gear lever controlling a four-speed gearbox, tiny wheels and a snug-as-a-bug coupé body with fold-back sunshine roof. Seen for the first time at Olympia we thought it a rather poor joke. Soon, though, the critics found they were quite wrong. It had better road-clinging from its independently-sprung front wheels than any of the perched-high-on-cart-springs British baby-cars. It had surprising urge for its size – why it was dubbed a '500' when that miniature side-valve engine begat 570 cc I know not. It was chic, easily parkable, economical for those who, even with petrol less than a couple-of-bob a gallon, had to count the coppers. It was also inexpensive to buy. So the Topolino caught on, here as well as in its native Italy. The young bloods rushed among the omnibuses in them and even raced them. Lord Howe drove to the House of Lords in a Topo painted in the racing blue that adorned his Bugattis and ERA. I remember how I took a bird out in one and had my first accident, not because the 'Mouse' refused to respond but because I locked-up those small wheels when the inferior British fug-box I was chasing stopped at an obstruction. I cannot recall whether the girl was blonde or brunette, or her name, but I do know she was not amused. . . .

Memories of this illustrious make of motor-car from Turin go back even further. I once bought a copy of a glossy magazine called *The Brooklands Gazette* while waiting for a steam-train at Marylebone and in it was an article about the Arpajon-Paris speed-trials. One of the more awesome competitors was Ernest Eldridge in a monster racing car inscribed in large letters, F.I.A.T. The reporter said he thought this might mean 'Fun In A Taxi.' I was outraged at this slight to the world's fastest car but have never forgotten it. Along with the fact that the more erudite historians always tell you at what periods the Turin make should be rendered as F.I.A.T., FIAT, or simply Fiat. I also remember that there *were* Fiat taxis in London and elsewhere and no doubt the boys and girls had fun in them, for there are many facets to motor sport!

I have driven almost all the Fiat models since my early crunchsome experience with a bird in that borrowed Topolino. In doing this I have been to Turin, and been shown over the Fiat plant which is too vast to walk round, so they motor you slowly from one department to another, past giant presses and multiple drills, paint ovens and transfer machines, in special observation buses. I have been intrigued by Fiat's museum, which houses a complete collection of all Fiat products from the earliest days.

I recall sitting in a hotel in Turin on one of these knowledge-seeking expeditions and a fellow journalist remarking that the wine we were about to enjoy was no doubt also a Fiat product. 'And the hotel too I shouldn't wonder,' put in another motor-noter. They couldn't have been far wide of the mark, indeed I expect they were dead right because Fiat not only manufactures motor-cars, trucks, buses, tractors, aero-engines, industrial gas-turbines, marine-engines and fork-lift trucks, and has associations with such things as bicycles, refrigerators, the

BEST FIAT FORWARD

Fiat's finest: the £7,000 3½-litre 130 coupe

Juventus football team and complete merchant-ships – you name it they, or a subsidiary make it – but Fiat also has a stake in aeroplanes, railway rolling-stock and earth-moving machinery and interests in the electronics and nuclear-energy industries. Its principal shareholder owns the Turin newspaper *La Stampa.* Little wonder then, that when I was there at the time of the Great Turin Exhibition the factory-driver of the Fiat I happened to be in was able to drive me past the cement-mixers and the rubble right into one of the shells of the enormous exhibition halls workmen were industrially erecting. 'Don't you need permission?' I asked. 'Not if you are employed by Fiat,' came the confident answer, 'Who do you think owns all this?' So there it all is, this fantastic Industrial enterprise. Yet it is not State-owned like Renault. It is a family business, as you say of your local butcher or grocery-shop. The family name is Agnelli. A surprisingly modest family, considering the power they wield. Never mind that there is a financial set-back overshadowing Fiat at the present time. In that respect they are merely following a world trend. I have a hunch they will cast it off sooner than many. Certainly they will survive.

It could hardly be otherwise when you appreciate that they possess factories not only in Turin, where it all started way back in 1899, but, to take them alphabetically, at Caselle, Corso Dante, Lingotto, Mirafiori, Naples, Rivalta, Stura, Termini Inerese in Sicily, Vado, Via Cunero, Villar Perosa, and others I have probably omitted. Foreign production stretches from the Argentine to Yugoslavia. In Turin, coming back to Fiat's Piedmont base, more than 10 per cent of all the citizens are concerned with producing motor vehicles and the Fiat pay-roll runs to some 180,000. Little matters like a banked test-track on the factory roof, the absorption or elimination over the years of age-old makes like OM, Ceirano, SPA and others, the acquisition of Lancia in 1969, the task of making cars as small as the 126 and engines as powerful as the Fiat 42,000 hp diesels, and especially of staving off would-be take-overs, so that the Agnelli Fiat empire remains independent, as inviolate as it has been for 75 years, leaves Gianni Agnelli apparently unruffled.

I will spare you a pocket-history of this enormous complex, even though I am enamoured of much of it – the successful Fiat Grand Prix racing cars; the fastest-ever piston-engined seaplane, that blood-red Macchi MC72 propelled at over 440 mph in 1934 by a Fiat engine of splendid complexity; those antiquated but indomitable Tipo 15TER army-trucks of Fiat manufacture, so beloved by Hemmingway's heroes; even the Fiat poster which, when emphasising the smoothly-contoured lines of a new model, used a similarly-contoured woman to make the point, causing immediate criticism, long-skirted as she was, from pre-war Roman prudes. From the many models differing in size, speeds, and cylinder formations, the pattern emerges until we are back in Turin, home of Fiat, or approaching it along the *autostrada* where every kilometre stone is inscribed with the meaningful initials – F-I-A-T. You *feel* the grip, the power, the magic of Fiat, whether you are being shown round the factory or just relaxing in the dusk with a drink in your hand

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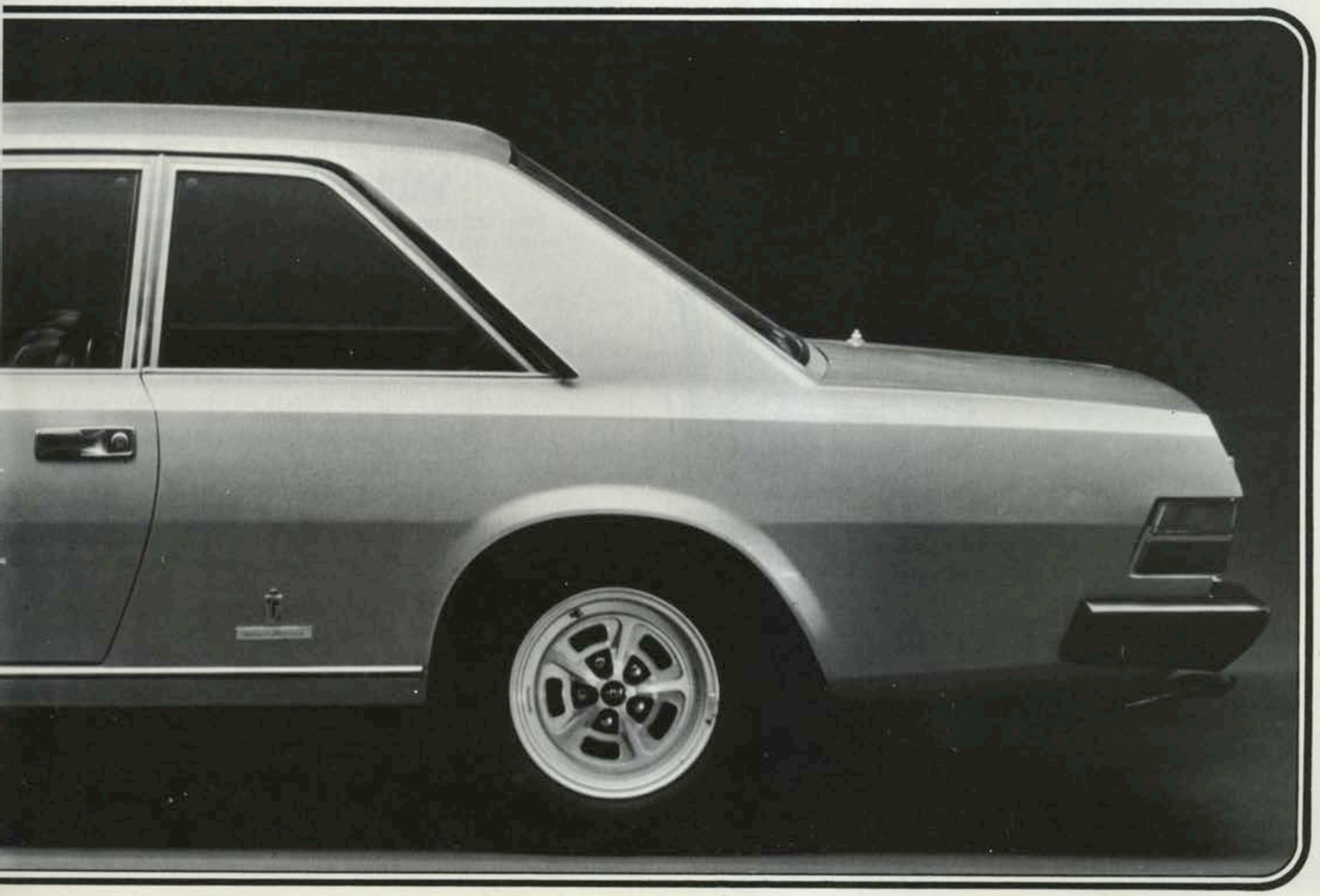
From the tiny Topolino 'Mouse' to the impressive 1300 saloon William Boddy follows the Fiat rise



Dream of Warm-Filled Hose

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to get used to feeling embarrassed by your 'odd' taste. I've got used to the tinkly laughter of women who say, 'You like suspenders; my god, lovey, how killingly funny! That does date you!' I try not to squirm, but I sometimes feel either a depraved deviant, just this side of necrophilia, or a 110-year old.

If the women you know don't help much, with rare exceptions, how about the women you don't know – the anonymity of films and strip-shows? Surely there's pleasure to be had there? Less than one might think if one were judging by all the stockinged women you see in advertising the films and stripshows. The actual products are usually disappointing.

Take porny films. Either they go all out for straight fucking, which grows very unerotic after the third simulated screw, or, if they have the occasional stocking-shot, it again looks artificial, *kinky*.

I seem to be emphasising the desire for the natural look, but it *is* important. A shot of a housewife caught literally with her knickers down, all rumpled skirts and laddered stockings, is much more erotic than some glossy stockinged bird posed improbably on a leopard-skin. The film-makers have marvellous opportunities to create natural voyeuristic camera-angles, yet they rarely seem to exploit them. A worm's eye shot of women walking over a grating would be tremendously erotic, yet I've never seen it done. One of the few films I've seen which exploit camera-angles well was a recent Italian film called *Malice*. It's a modest but genuine film, presenting a convincing story of a boy infatuated with a young woman who is betrothed to his widower father. There is one particularly arousing sequence, where the family group, with the priest, is having dinner and discussing the proposed marriage. The young woman is being blackmailed wordlessly into allowing the boy, who's sitting beside her, to feel her up under the table: if she doesn't let him, she knows he will throw a tantrum against her coming into the family, and so perhaps wreck her prospects. The long camera sequence under the table, straight up her skirt, gives a superbly realistic view of the boy's hand slowly moving up towards her stocking-tops; of her hand trying to push it away; of her giving up the struggle and letting him caress her thighs at will, moving up over her suspenders to her knickers, which he starts to tug at. She tries to stop him again, but eventually gives way and allows him to ease them down, over her thighs, her knees, to her feet. She steps out of them and the boy bends under the table swiftly and stuffs them into his pocket. And all the time the woman is eating and carrying on a strained conversation with her middle-aged fiancé and the priest! It's highly erotic, simply because, although the situation is unusual, it is dramatically convincing in terms of the film as a whole, and the psychology of the boy and the young woman; and the camera work has been equally realistic. There is a lesson here to blue-film makers in general (not that *Malice* is a 'blue' film): if you want to make it sexy, make it *real*. But that takes talent!

Reality is even further away from the strip-shows. The essence of the true strip-artist is that she makes a ritual out of what seems genuine undressing. In London, at least, strip consists of a few bored wiggles to equally bored taped-music, a quick shuffle-off of négligé and G-string while she's shifting her chewing-gum from one side of her mouth to the other, and then – here it is, fellas, open your bored eyes for a second and see my hairy puss before the curtain swings across. I assume it would be too much like hard work for the zombies to have to take off clothes. The suspendered women are all outside – on the advertising photos. Inside – with a few exceptions – it's neither strip nor tease.

It looks as if I'll have to train myself to become excited over tights. One student, for instance, I took out recently. I'd always seen her before in trousers and socks, the exotically feminine student garb of our time. But last night she actually wore a skirt and black tights: Wow! I almost found them sexy. Maybe if I stick to the trousers and socks brigade for a year or so . . . But no, the first ancient British film comedy on TV with a skirt being ripped off, the first sexy cover on the news-stand, and I'd be away again. My brainwaves get as jumpy as the North Sea even at the mention of words like 'suspense' and 'suspended.'

Hypnosis? They say it can't make you do anything that goes against your nature. Stockings Anonymous? Now there's an idea. 'Hello, hello. Help me. I've just seen this policewoman on a bike, and by God as I passed her in my car I could see she had black stockings on, lovely back thick welt and plump white thigh on display . . .' 'Now calm down, chum. How old was she? Forty?' 'About that I'd say.' 'Ugly?' 'Pretty ugly, but she had good legs and thighs, my God I'd like to have got my hand up there, all open and inviting and –' 'Now don't be a fool. Remember our Autumn book choice, *Memento Mori* by Muriel Spark? Remember the poor dirty old man whose only pleasure was in paying women to hitch their skirts up to show their suspenders while he talked to them? Do *you* want to get as pathetic as that?' 'No, I don't. Thank you. Thank you.' 'That's better. Just think of tights for a minute – that smooth sleek nylon expanse . . .'

And if that didn't work, how about psychotherapy? Some glamorous psychotherapist wearing stockings and leading me on with her leg-crossing displays of bulging thighs; kisses, skirt rumplings, then when I reached a suspender she'd press the button and give me a shock . . . Electrified suspenders – yes! In time I'd be screaming for her to wear tights.

But then again, it might not just condition me against suspenders: it might put me off sex altogether! Or merely off women psychotherapists. Or electricity. So I don't think I'll try that. Anyway, I've decided, after all, I won't give up suspenders entirely. It's much stronger-willed merely to cut down a little. Does anyone know a woman willing to pose in stockings (generous payment) for a 110-year old pervert . . .?

LADIES SPECIAL
BOOTS HIGHER THAN THE KNEE DONE FREE

Penelope

Penelope, in Homer's *Odyssey*, waited ten years for her lover Ulysses to return home and kept suitors at bay by continuously weaving and then unravelling a tapestry. Twenty-year-old Penelope Hart shares her name but not her patience. 'If a man's interested,' she declares, 'he's got to say so and make it obvious. Life's too short for silly games, isn't it?' Forthrightness and feminine pertness vie for attention when Penelope is around. She's a bouncy girl, all bright smiles, girlish giggles 'and bobbing boobs!' She falls about in a gale of shrill laughter. Squirming her petite 36–23–36 back into a comfortable position on our office chair, she explains: 'I read this article in a paper about body language. Apparently you can communicate just by the way you walk or sit without saying a word.' A giggle. 'A boyfriend told me I waggle my boobs at people. If I really like them I practically force my nipples into their faces! I was so embarrassed I almost died. But I'm sure it's true. Nearly all my boyfriends have had this thing about my boobs and I'm not exactly Raquel Welch in front. On

the other hand I'm terribly breast sensitive. I really like someone to hold them. It always gets me going. I've even had orgasms simply by having my nipples fondled.' Her bright blush fixes us. 'Can I say that? It's not too naughty, is it?' A burst of giggles subsides into a feline smile. 'I was wearing a new bra on the train the other day, which was far too small. But with the pressure and the hot carriage I thought I was going to rape somebody. A man on the opposite seat was grinning like mad. I'm sure he knew. I'm not safe to walk the streets, am I?' Born in Leeds Penelope traces her candid speech to North Country bluntness. A flat-sharer in North London for the past three years, she has lost all but a trace of her Yorkshire accent. 'I'm not a fan of London,' she says. 'It's much too impersonal, especially if you're on your own. But the good thing about it is that there are so many people – so many men! – you're almost bound to have a good time. I'll have my fling then I'll probably go home and settle down.' Flinging for the moment consists mainly of discotheque dancing. 'The physical freedom of it is great,' she says, 'I like to wear tie-up halter necks. They keep you decent but you can always loosen up if you feel like it.' And let those boobs bob free? Penelope just laughs.

AMERIC

MAYFAIR'S

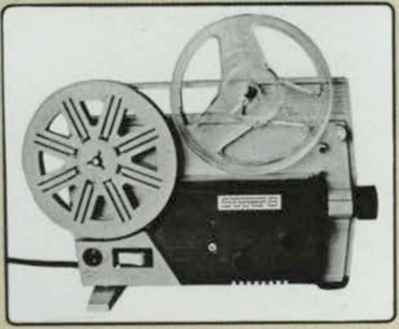
No matter how you like your girls, at least one film in Mayfair's Film Society has something to please your tastes. There's five absolutely gorgeous girls. That's five different shapes, and five different sizes.

Latest addition to the Mayfair Film Society is that delectable Bournemouth beauty queen, Penny Mallett. Filmed at London's Latin Quarter night club, she plays a distressed beauty queen. Distressed because the other girls in the contest are so jealous that they cut up Penny's costume and there she is, stuck starkers. But Penny isn't beaten. A polythene laundry bag sets her initiative running wild and soon she's clad in a sexy transparent bikini. Before Penny came air-hostess Sophie who spills her duty free drink all over her on a train journey. With her crisp clean uniform soaking she decides to change on the train, with startling results. Contrasting the tall slim Sophie are the warm, well-rounded features of Victoria Jane, who decides that her pet dog needs a wash. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she goes about it. If you like them big and black there's Sylvia Bayo. Her huge breasts and full sensuous lips could turn on an ice cube. And for the man who likes the old-fashioned blonde type we have pert, Monroeish Caroline Dell. Mayfair colour films let you see our girls in living, moving colour. They are approximately 100 feet long and each costs £6.50 All the films are 8 mm but there is a choice of Super 8 or Standard 8. Please check which one will fit your projector and if you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 machines give a larger image.

CAROLINE *Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12*

SYLVIA *Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia*

With five full colour films available to you through the



FANTASTIC MOVIE PROJECTOR OFFER

Our great new Super 8 projector is available to Mayfair readers for the bargain price of just £14.50.Packed in a special case, it comes complete with its own wall hung screen. Look around your local photographic store, and we are sure you won't find another projector with these features at the same price. It gives a needle-sharp image from 8 mm stock – making it ideal not only for Mayfair Film Society features, but for your home movies as well. Mains operated, it is finished in tough plastic and features an easy self-threading device. The screen measures 24″ by 17″ and rolls up for storage. A larger image can be projected on any light surface such as a wall or white sheeting. Note: due to high postal rates this offer can apply to the United Kingdom only.

FABULOUS FIVE

PENNY *The perfection of Penny Mallett as she appears on film, clothed in polythene*

SOPHIE *Sophisticated Sophie losing her air-hostess uniform on film number four*

VICTORIA *Victoria Jane, as she was in Mayfair's Vol. 6 No. 5*

Mayfair Film Society, every possible taste in dolly appreciation is amply catered for

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie/Penny Mallett film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply).

I enclose cheque/postal order for..

Please send me.................Super 8 Projector(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for..

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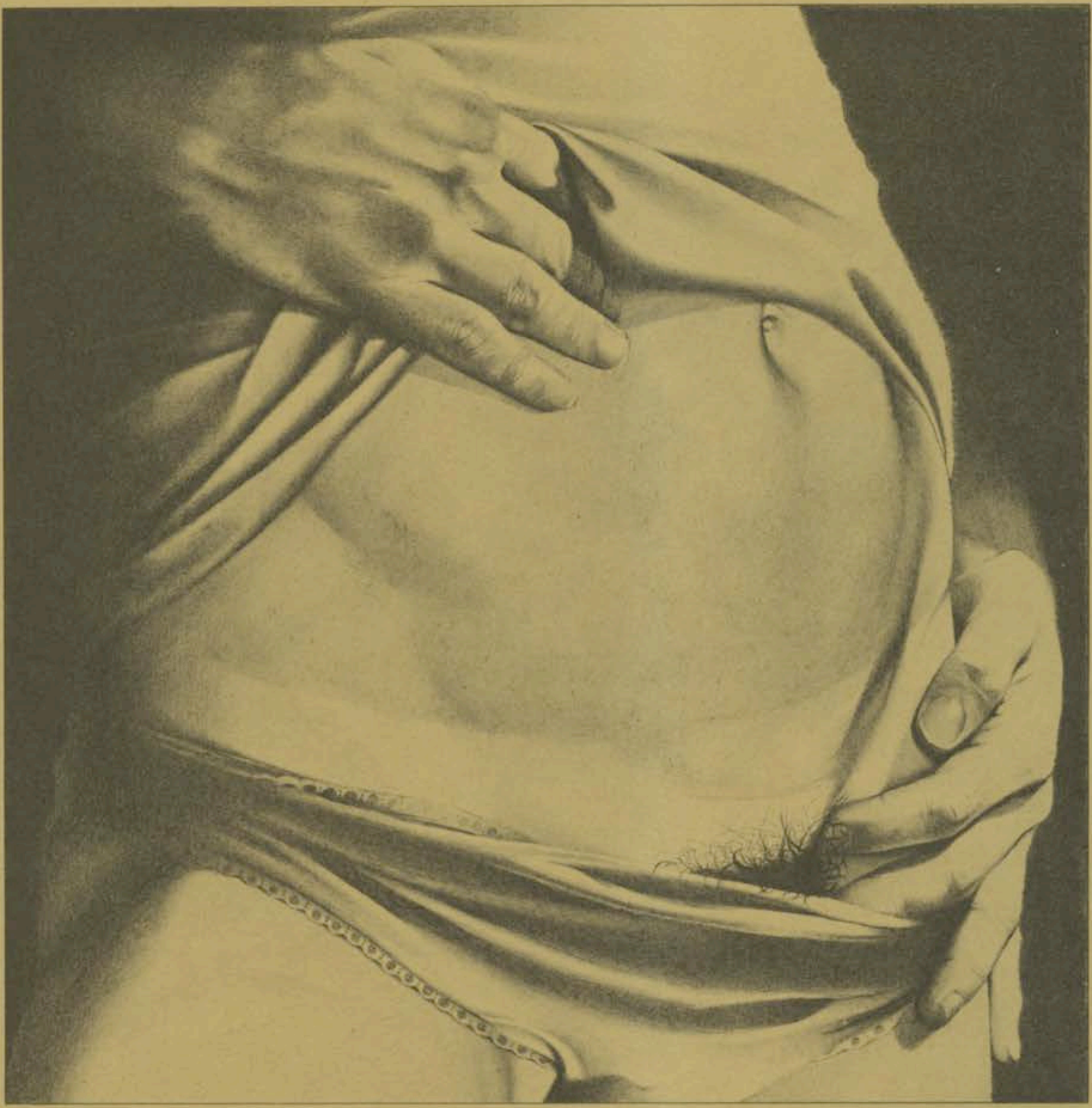

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seven

Girls who go without their panties are now almost a permanent feature of the new permissive age. But what of those girls, who are perhaps more common, who are loath to part with their knickers on almost any occasion involving the opposite sex? This month Quest talks to women who regarded their undergarments as some sort of defence against determined male seduction. On a number of occasions they were proved wrong, either through overmuch reliance on what could only be flimsy, easily removed material, or by assuming that the mere presence of a pair of knickers would convince most men that they did not wish to indulge in full sex. It provides insight into a new aspect of feminine mythology.

INTRODUCTION

The word 'knickers' has a special evocation. It's almost a talisman of our times. Years ago 'bloomers' had a similar emotive effect, beloved of comedian and comic postcards. The word 'panties' too has special meaning for some men.

We thought this an interesting area of research but soon found some difficulty. It is men who feel this emotional and sensual effect of the words – and Quest interviews are with women. Most girls seem to attach no particular importance to the word, many indeed using the word 'drawers' which in our experience is an absolute 'turn off' for men. The most we found from girls was a sort of affection for their 'knicks' as some called them but hardly more than a man feels for his Y-fronts.

However, as often happens with Quest interviews it is the unexpected tangent that develops into the main extension of the interviews. We did discover girls where their knickers had an integral part in their sex lives, either because they were loath to take them off, or because a man enjoyed making love to a girl when she still had them on. The resulting interviews cannot be said to form a trend but they do reflect some interesting variations in sex play.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Temporary Secretary, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Southampton**

This interviewee, a pert bright girl, had moved to London shortly after leaving school where she had trained as a typist with a major British aircraft manufacturer before moving to an agency as a temp. She was the youngest of three sisters. At the time of the interview she shared a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Do you always keep your knickers on?

Temp: A girl's best friend and all that, aren't they?

Quest: Your knickers?

Temp: Think of all those horrid cold draughts up your bottom and every time you sat on a cold seat, ugh, I shudder to think. I don't know what I'd do without them, warming my bottom and protecting it and I think they're much sexier than going without. Imagine sitting on a tube seat without – just bare bum – all the things there must be crawling about on tube seats.

Quest: You do take them off sometimes?

Temp: I *have* to take them off sometimes don't I, for all those female reasons like going to the loo and changing them for a fresh pair. I'm not that attached to them.

Quest: Do you wear your knickers in bed?

Temp: That would depend on what I was doing in bed wouldn't it.

Quest: What do you usually do in bed?

Temp: I don't read Paddington Bear.

Quest: You take your knickers off when you go to bed with your boyfriend?

Temp: On the contrary I leave them on and he doesn't take them off either or he gets a warning. I'm not a prick tease either.

Quest: What does that mean?

Temp: It means I'm not a virgin just because I've always got my knickers on. You're awfully interested in them aren't you?

Quest: You show your knickers quite frequently?

Temp: Does that mean do I flirt a lot?

Quest: It means you're a pantie-tease.

Temp: I haven't heard that one before, did you just make it up?

Quest: No.

Temp: The only reason women's underwear is designed the way it is designed is to be shown off. It is showing off, yes, I'm a show-off, my knickers have been seen in quite public places – I don't hold my handbag over my bottom when I go up the escalator on the tube in the morning the way most girls in short skirts seem to, not if there's a very dishy man close behind.

Quest: Because you enjoy his reaction to seeing your knickers?

Temp: I'm not the first girl who wanted to make men react to her.

Quest: You wouldn't derive the same satisfaction from showing a totally nude bottom?

Temp: Do you think that's sexier than very tiny frilly black knickers?

Quest: For some men, it very possibly is, for a great many men in fact.

Temp: All these stories about women forgetting to put their knickers on and showing everything by mistake, those aren't really true are they?

Quest: Aren't they?

Temp: I bet you never forget to put your knickers on do you, if you wear them. Under those pants, maybe you don't.

Quest: Would it interest you to know?

Temp: Of course it would. It's very interesting. Don't girls look at you there, of course they do, you watch their eyes drop next time. I think it all depends on the shape of your bottom and black is supremely sexy isn't it.

Quest: What depends on the shape of your bottom?

Temp: You'd look better in little frilly lace knickers if your bottom wasn't quite perfect.

Quest: Is yours not quite perfect?

Temp: Now, none of that, it's perfect in its own way. You've seen my bottom, it's a seductive bottom. It goes in and out and it's round and it makes up for my bosom.

Quest: What does your bosom do?

Temp: What do you mean, what does my bosom do?

Quest: I gather it doesn't go in and out . . .

Temp: Oh, what does my bosom do – it's not big enough is it, do you think it is? I don't, not like this. It should be more like that. It's only very small handfuls. I say quite rude things don't I? Robin, I think it was Robin, or someone like that, was convinced my black knickers weren't.

Quest: Weren't what?

Temp: He didn't think they were my knickers. He was convinced they were pubes, going all the way round my bum, right in the crease. They were too tight and they'd wormed there way – that way. I can't understand anyone leaving their knickers right off. It must be on purpose. They're the first things you put on every morning.

Quest: Beneath your tights or over them?

Temp: Tights are another thing. Tights are horrid but you've got to wear them in winter if only to keep warm. They're horrid round the crotch, you've got to wear knickers under them. Robin thought my knickers were naughties because they were under my tights.

Quest: You do take your knickers off in bed?

Temp: No, I don't, not always. You never know who might trundle in, someone's boyfriend or someone's boyfriend's friend bent on seduction or, at a pinch, Nicola for a cuddle. Nicola is bi.

Quest: Bi?

Temp: Bi-sexual she is and I don't want to encourage her. Why did you say I took my knickers off in bed?

Quest: Why don't you want to encourage Nicola?

Temp: I might like it too much, mightn't I? Having never done anything like that I don't know, but the thought's always at the back of your mind isn't it? It would ruin the flat if we did, because I'd feel so guilty afterwards, I know I would, and I wouldn't be able to live with her if that happened, or Jeannie, I know. What would they think, especially Jeannie?

Quest: You take your knickers off in bed because you say they're the first thing you put on in the morning?

Temp: Obviously they're the first thing I put on every morning because I have to change them every day don't I.

Quest: Why?

Temp: What a question. It's the hygienic thing.

Quest: What happens when you sleep with your boyfriend?

Temp: I know it must sound silly but I feel vulnerable. I don't feel safe without them.

Quest: But you must know you're going to make love?

Temp: I haven't a regular steady boyfriend, so it's not as though we're definitely going to bed to make love.

Quest: Then why are you going to bed?

Temp: It's like going to a party . . . like the party on Friday, and meeting a boy you fancy and then just . . . sleeping together because . . . well, because you want to, but not necessarily for sex or anything like that.

Quest: Then tell me what happened at the party on Friday?

Temp: Sex doesn't have to go the whole way does it?

Quest: No.

Temp: You can cuddle and touch and . . . you can do almost everything can't you and it's as much fun as going all the way. You don't have to go the whole way.

Quest: But you're not a virgin?

Temp: Did I say that?

Quest: You said that because you always kept your knickers on I wasn't to suppose you were a virgin.

Temp: That's why I was going to tell you about Saturday's party and about Lester and everything that happened not exactly according to plan.

Quest: Perhaps he didn't stop at your knickers?

Temp: I'm coming to that. He was a very dishy man – he is a very dishy man – is that a good excuse? It isn't is it? I thought I'd got him at last when I got him back to our flat. I suppose he was Alison's boyfriend – I don't have to suppose it, he was. But I'd had my eye on him for weeks – ever since she nabbed him and started showing him off.

Quest: This happened at the party?

Temp: What drink does for a girl's inhibitions. It's startling isn't it? I got very stoned on all sorts of things, sherry, wine and bacardi – you take a bottle and whatever you're drinking by the time you get back to the kitchen there's none left and you have to start on some other drink that someone else's brought. You've just got to keep drinking to be sociable. Anyway I got us the invite and Nicola and Jeannie tagged along – it was my turn anyway to find us a party that weekend.

Quest: And how did you seduce Lester?

Temp: Fat chance – he seduced me – after the party when I thought I was safe.

Quest: Why, safe?

Temp: I kept my knickers on.

Quest: Did you show Lester your knickers at the party?

Temp: Something like that but more subtle. It's very easy to pick up boys at parties but not always the boy you want to pick up. There are always too many boys anyway aren't there? You never go to a party and there are too many girls, do you? It's not so bad for a man having to walk home in the early morning on his own but for a girl it's murderously depressing.

Quest: And you went back home with Lester?

Temp: I'm trying to think how long I'd known him before Saturday. About three times I suppose. I'd seen him about three times, always with Alison. When Alison first brought him into the pub and introduced us I thought he was very dishy. I sensed he was interested in me too but tried not to show because of Alison. There were people charging about all over the place and shouting to everyone else, we were trapped in a crowd of people and Alison quickly towed him off to another corner to meet some more cronies. I kept looking at him and I could see him looking at me once or twice, our eyes just drifting and meeting in mid air when there was space between people, you know the sort of thing, almost like conspirators. We met again in the pub, both times. When it came round to the party I kept hoping Lester was going to be there and when we arrived there he was in the kitchen with some of his friends, males not females – all the serious talkers congregate in the kitchen where the drink is, don't they? There wasn't anyone half as promising as Lester and I was going to be bored, I could see, if I couldn't have him. You know, the same old crowd – it's almost like resident suburbia in West Ken, and it can be very cliquey and stuffy.

Quest: What happened?

Temp: I stayed in the kitchen with Lester.

Quest: And where was Alison?

Temp: Alison's a nurse and she was on night duty that night. She and Lester had arrived there a lot earlier and she'd had to leave to get to the hospital and Lester had stayed behind – I like to think because he knew I might be going. I suppose Alison was expecting him to have a drink or two and then go back to his flat.

Quest: But he didn't?

Temp: No, he stayed with me and you know how drunken I became. I couldn't even drink a fly under the table. By the time he walked me home we were arm in arm and we were kissing like lovers, each time we had to stop to cross a road, any excuse. I always shut my eyes when I'm kissing to get the taste of it. When I opened them, it was to see his big brown eyes staring into mine. Can you forgive me if I thought it was love. I'm always very loving when I'm drunken. The world is like a big pink coloured cuddly bear.

Quest: What happened when you arrived back at your flat?

Temp: Lester lit the fire in my room while I struggled into the kitchen to make coffee but the coffee didn't work – it was atrocious and I kicked my mug across the carpet while Lester was feeling my bosom and left a big stain all over my only carpet – so we went to bed. The coffee was atrocious because the milk was off and it went all lumpy on the top.

Quest: You went to bed, just like that?

Temp: Lester started to undress me on the rug in front of the fire and I said I thought it would be warmer in bed in the dark under the bedclothes. I like the dark best for lovemaking.

Quest: How far did he undress you on the rug?

Temp: I brought the coffee in and Lester was lounging in front of the fire in his shirtsleeves and trousers. We both tried the coffee and agreed it was um yukky, and Lester started kissing me again and undoing my blouse and feeling round my back for the catch of my bra. I helped him undo that. Men are not very good at bra catches. I felt shivery and shuddery. I wanted him to kiss my bosom everywhere. He licked under my arms and on my shoulders and I shivered some more and tried to spread out a little and kicked my coffee everywhere. I didn't know at first because he was kissing my bosom. My blouse and bra were hanging from my arms, all loose and his hands were massaging my shoulder blades and it wasn't until I felt the goo soaking through my tights and for a moment wondering what it was, that I realised I'd spilt it. Lester said we ought to take my tights off because they were messy and wet. I always giggle at that stage at that sort of obvious remark. He tried to take my knickers down too but I still stopped that. 'And when are you going home?' I said. 'I'm not,' he said. 'I'm staying here,' he said. 'I'm going to warm your bed and keep you cosy.' 'As long as it's only a cuddle,' I told him. He didn't believe I was a virgin. I didn't tell him then – later I told him and he still didn't believe it because it was so easy, because I wasn't physically a virgin.

Quest: So you moved to the bed.

Temp: It was the warmest, sensiblist, cosiest thing to do. It wasn't exactly the middle of summer was it? And I was sitting on the rug with my blouse and bra hanging off and my skirt up to my waist and my tights in a puddle of coffee. I hate sleeping alone – it's lonely. It was the obvious thing to do, to go to bed.

Quest: What happened then?

Temp: Lester borrowed my toothbrush and went to clean his teeth and I clambered into bed. I put out all the lights but the orange one beside the bed and Lester came back and went through all the 'Ah ha, I see you're in bed,' bit and I lay there with my chin over the blankets shivering because it was cold, watching him undress. He had a lovely small bottom, I should say, he *has* a lovely bottom, but his legs are rather thin – he needs fattening up. I'm sure men don't eat properly unless they're being looked after by a woman. He was thin all over, except his erection which wasn't thin at all. It was very big. When he climbed into the bed we snuggled close because we were both cold and I slid my hand down his tummy and wound my fingers round it and stroked. What a beautiful thing to have – what things girls do to get one. Lester kissed my breasts and made funny noises. I could lie there forever and let it happen. I could let my breasts be kissed and loved all day long and never want it to stop. Then he was kissing my tummy and flicking his tongue in my navel and pressing my breasts with his hands. I was stroking him faster and faster and I slid my hand down between his legs to his testicles and tickled them too. I know that's very good for a man – if you put one hand round his testicles while you stroke his penis. That's very sexy. Lester pulled down the top of my knickers and nipped my pubic hair with his teeth very playfully and made a hum sound as though it was something delicious he was going to eat. We were in the most strange position, all tangled up, legs and arms everywhere, all humpy under the bedclothes. Lester put his finger in, just in, round the edge and moved it round and round and made me squirm. I let him pull my knickers down just far enough to kiss me but when he tried to take them right down I stopped him and he seemed a

bit surprised. I said, 'Do anything Lester – you can go as far as you like, but not sex. I won't let you put it in me because I don't do that.' Then I snuggled further down the bed to get closer to his pretty penis and taste him and he stopped me and said he would come too quickly if I did that and it might do it in my mouth. 'That's what I want you to do,' I said, 'you nit, because that's why we're cuddling in bed.' He said, 'Why won't you let me put it in you?' 'Because I don't want to,' I said, 'and because I'm frightened and worried what might happen. I know too many girls who've got pregnant despite taking precautions.' I didn't know how it would affect me. I'm not on the pill actually.

Quest: But Lester did manage to make love to you?

Temp: I'm coming to that He did because he pulled my knickers to one side while he was talking and I could tell by the position of his body that he was slipping his finger in and I could feel it wriggling about in me and getting me very excited. But then while he was doing it, saying all the time all right, he'd try not to while I was digging my fingers into his shoulders down by my tummy somewhere, and suddenly he pushed up the bed and rolled his body on top of mine and rammed his penis right past my knickers into me and I squealed with the sheer size and power of it. He held my hands down above my head and kissed me hard and I could feel him inside me. I couldn't move my arms and I couldn't close my legs because he'd dug his heels under my calves and the only way I could close them was round his waist. He kept covering my mouth with his and I was trying to yell and beg him to stop but all that came out were grunts and groans with my mouth not able to escape his. Then I felt myself coming and I wanted to come and what was going to happen if he came inside me at the same time, ceased to matter. He didn't, actually. He pulled away at the last moment. When I got over it I was very cross. Do you know what he did? He held me by my hair and started kissing me until I couldn't really do anything but kiss back.

Quest: Are you still having a relationship with Lester?

Temp: I don't know. Alison's still there.

Quest: Do you want to?

Temp: I don't know. Yes, I do. I think it would last longer than other ones have and if I'm going to make love completely it ought to be with Lester because he knew what to do. I'm still not sure whether I should let him do that again though.

Two **Waitress, 22 years old, black haired, town of origin Colwyn Bay**

This interviewee had left school at sixteen but had not settled in any one job. She had worked as a machine operator, petrol pump attendant, shop assistant and during the holiday season, as a chambermaid in a coastal resort hotel at which time she had become engaged. At the time of the interview, the engagement had broken down, and she was a waitress. She shared a house with two other girls and one man.

Quest: What did happen to your panties?

Waitress: You know.

Quest: You lost them?

Waitress: Yes.

Quest: Where did you lose them?

Waitress: Well it wasn't my fault. It was weird. I thought it was weird.

Quest: This man was a guest at the hotel?

Waitress: Yes. I was turning out the rooms on the third floor in the main wing. He was in G42 that morning.

Quest: He was staying overnight?

Waitress: Yes, I mean no, I don't think so. He was there all week. Marie was ill. So it was only that morning I was doing G42 and the morning before. I was doing it then too.

Quest: So you met this guest twice?

Waitress: Yes.

Quest: And something happened to your panties?

Waitress: They were lovely small ones, just white cotton, lovely and small with a pink rose on them and all, just at the side like bikini pants.

Quest: What happened to them?

Waitress: He pushed them up.

Quest: The man in G42?

Waitress: He pushed them, you know, right inside.

Quest: Inside you?

Waitress: He pushed them a bit up me. Yes. He didn't wait to get my panties off.

Quest: You were only wearing your panties at this time?

Waitress: No, or course I wasn't. I was in my smock and everything.

Quest: That was part of your chambermaid uniform?

Waitress: It's like a sort of nylon smock nearly down to your knees. You can't wear tights or anything because it's nylon and it sticks to them. I raised the hem and everything to make it a bit sexy. I've got to wear a bra though, under it because of my tits, being big and everything and a bit floppy unless I've got my hands over my head.

Quest: You were wearing these clothes when you went into the rooms in the morning to make the beds?

Waitress: Well it wasn't on purpose to be something sexy or anything, I mean it was what all the girls wore.

Quest: The incident occurred when you went into his room to change his bed?

Waitress: Yes.

Quest: Can you tell me what happened?

Waitress: Well it's the typical sort of thing that's always happening to me but I mean I've not had my panties pushed up like that before. I've heard of girls getting their tights all of a twist and all mixed up. That happens to Gag – Gag, that's Carole, I don't know why she's called that. She's at the house I share, and she's always coming in with her tights all half ripped off. She had one bloke with a penknife who cut the seam right round. Poor old Gag nearly had a fit till he told her what he was up to but it turned her off and she wasn't having any that night. She told me. But then I noticed she unpicks all the seams and everything.

Quest: How is this bedroom incident the sort of thing that's always happening to you?

Waitress: I'm always getting touched up. I get touched up something shocking.

Quest: But you enjoy it?

Waitress: I never said that.

Quest: But you do.

Waitress: Well, sort of, with a lovely bloke and everything.

Quest: You enjoy it very much, in fact.

Waitress: What're you, a copper or something? You sound like a copper.

Quest: Tell me how you get touched up?

Waitress: Fellers who're always taking liberties with me, with my tits and that.

Quest: How do they take liberties with you?

Waitress: I must sound shocking naïve to someone like you. I wouldn't fancy going to bed with you or anything.

Quest: Why couldn't you go to bed with me?

Waitress: Well doing this and everything. You know everyone's secrets and all about women. I'd be scared to let myself down and show myself up in front of you wouldn't I?

Quest: So how do men take liberties with you?

Waitress: Well all this touching and that, like putting their hands up your skirt and everything.

Quest: Does this happen in the restaurant?

Waitress: No, it's not so much that, it's when you go out on a date and their paws are all over you feeling and pinching and poking about in your drawers and that.

Quest: This happened when you worked in the hotel during the summer?

Waitress: When that thing happened with my panties getting stuffed up?

Quest: Yes.

Waitress: That sort of thing went on a lot in that hotel.

Quest: Among the guests?

Waitress: No, it was mostly the staff, a dirty minded bunch they were and all. They were always feeling you up they were in the kitchens and places.

Quest: And you objected to that?

Waitress: Well, no, not really. You can't very well because you get left out of everything and all if you're not all that lovely looking, because I'm not all that lovely looking. It's my legs and my tits that men go for on me because my face isn't all that gorgeous. I mean I'm not shocking ugly or anything but I'm not dead glamorous

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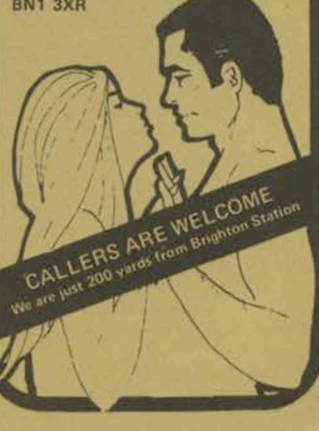
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either. My trouble is I don't know how to say no. I'm scared about putting the guy off. You do if you say no. I mean I don't sleep around all that much but well, I reckon there isn't all that much harm in necking because I do fancy necking with fellers a lot of times.

Quest: And sex too?

Waitress: No, well, I'm a bit wary of going all the way and everything. I mean if I go to a party and some bloke comes up and sticks his hand up my blouse and gives me a feel under my bra – well some fellers can get away with that and some can't. But there's never anywhere to fuck at parties or anything. All you can hope is a bit of a neck in the bedroom or something or behind the kitchen door because there's always people going in and out and that. Once they get your panties off you've had it.

Quest: How have you had it?

Waitress: Well, you're going to get it aren't you?

Quest: And that worries you?

Waitress: That's going too far. You're supposed to be in love or something before that goes on.

Quest: Were you in love with your fiancé?

Waitress: I don't want to talk about him.

Quest: Tell me about the man in room G42.

Waitress: I don't think I'm cut out for getting married or anything because that happened because of my fiancé because when you get engaged like I was to one of the chefs everyone starts treating you different like he owns you and there was a big sign all over my tits and my legs, saying, keep off, private property, so I was fed up with being like that and all the blokes shying away all the time when I got near them, because Stan was such a big bloke and had such a shocking temper, so I was like, untouchable.

Quest: And so you allowed this guest to go quite far with you on a minimal acquaintance?

Waitress: I don't know why I ever got engaged to Stan because the bloke I had to clean up for was more the type I go for, more posh and more intelligent and everything.

Quest: You were attracted to him?

Waitress: I didn't let him get all that far. Well, I didn't intend to.

Quest: But it wasn't unenjoyable?

Waitress: When I went in his room the first day – I mean Marie hadn't said anything about him taking liberties with her, mind you she's a lot older than me – well when I went in the door was off the latch and the card you put on the door with a red side and a green side and a picture of a maid dusting on, was turned outwards so I thought he wouldn't be there or the room would be empty. What he was, was he was in the bathroom in his dressing gown and I didn't notice till I was opening the window and he came out behind me and said, 'Ah,' like that. They say it like that. I turned round because I was going to say I was sorry and come back later. He was lovely looking because he was young and very fit, you could see his chest under the dressing gown and he had a gold chain round his neck and his watch was all solid gold and everything and he smelt nice of aftershave and such – that Brut smell. He had long black hair and those eyes that crinkle up at the corners and lovely lips and that. He said not to go away and I was shockingly tempted, but it's the rules and I said, oh, I would go and come back later, but he was so sure of himself and he came between me and the door and he was keeping looking at my body like he was undressing me with his eyes and looking at my tits and my bare legs and it made me feel randy something shocking the way he was looking. I didn't know where to look. He grabbed my chin in his hand with the gold bracelet on – he was brown and all – well, he didn't grab, that's the thing, he was gentle but strong and everything. He looked in my eyes like a hypnotist or something and said: 'You're a lovely girl, what's your name?' So I told him Angela and he stroked my cheek and didn't say anything and just kissed me and I was staggered and not knowing what was going on and he grinned and went over to the window and stared out and I stood there blushing and all over faint and stupid.

Quest: What happened then?

Waitress: Well I walked out, all weird feeling.

Quest: And what happened the next morning?

Waitress: That was when it happened with him, the thing I've been telling you about.

Quest: What else happened?

Waitress: What, you mean before?

Quest: Yes.

Waitress: The next morning I was all dithery because of what had happened because I didn't understand the way I was feeling, well I did, but it was weird. It made my day like. I felt so light and airy and happy the rest of the day. He had lovely things. When I went back the first morning to tidy him up, he was out and he had lovely clothes and leather suitcases and all that.

Quest: When you went into his rooms the next morning there was the same situation?

Waitress: Well, yes, but I was all keyed up, you know, for other things.

Quest: What other things?

Waitress: I wanted him to kiss me again.

Quest: Go on.

Waitress: I sort of put my special perfume on that I use for parties and my lipstick and did my hair which I don't usually when I'm working. I could hear he was in the bathroom and I nearly went out because I was scared, you know, of him. I couldn't just stand there so I started making the bed even though I knew he was in the bathroom and I shouldn't and I kept making the bed when I heard him come out and he said, 'Hello, you again,' and I looked round and said, 'Hello,' while I was going on with the bed and he came up behind me and he was looking at my body the same way again with his eyes undressing me and I could feel him looking like hands going up the backs of my legs and it made me shiver. Then he put his hands on my bum and felt it very gentle like and caressing and I felt his body touching me and I didn't know what to do so I stood up and he turned me round and I suddenly realised what a danger it was because I could get sacked and everything and it was all wrong and everything. I said, 'No, no, let me go,' because he had his hands on my arms and was pulling me to him. 'It's not right,' I said, 'and we'll get in shocking trouble.' Then he was kissing me and his hand was roaming all over my tits and making my nipples all hard and big because he had a way of doing it. So I said when I came up for breath, 'We can have a date tonight if you want.' And he said, 'I want you now,' like in a film, and he was bending me backwards nearly and I had to put my arms round his neck to stop from falling on the floor. And I said, 'What are you going to do to me?' I was half scared and half juicy, and he said 'I just want to feel your tits,' or something. He didn't say tits, but that's what he said, or see them or touch them or something. So what happened is we ended up behind the wardrobe doors where you couldn't be seen from the outside passage because we always have to leave the doors open when we come in rooms. I could hear Harriet – that's the other maid on with me that morning – going into the room opposite and I thought, what if she comes in. It was like doing it somewhere dangerous where you might be seen and it made me randy as anything. We went behind the wardrobe doors and I showed him my tits. He made me unbutton my smock and pull it down and my bra but it won't go right down because it goes on over your head and he kissed my nipples and I sort of fell half back in all his clothes and jackets hanging in the wardrobe behind me and it smelt all expensive and things and I was miles away and he was kissing me and holding my tits in his hands and saying things and making deep breath noises like snorting and he was rubbing them.

Quest: But this wasn't all that happened?

Waitress: No, because he stopped doing that and lifted my smock right up and I felt like a slave and everything in a market being stared at naked and touched and like men having you away.

Quest: What did he do when he lifted your smock?

Waitress: He started feeling my thighs and he was doing something with himself and there was a shocking clatter in the hall and I came out of my dream because I was scared and I was struggling to get properly on my feet again and his dressing gown was all open and he didn't have anything on and he was pushing it between my thighs with his hand and even though I was scared I was wet and all and what his fingers were doing and I thought he must have my panties down and I was all gooey inside and he shoved me back in all his clothes and pushed it very hard against my fanny and he was so strong I couldn't do anything. If I'd made a noise I'd have been in hot water because I didn't know who it was in the hallway. It might have been one of the porters or anything, or kitchen staff, and I was so wet and big and everything.

Quest: Big?

Waitress: I've got a big fanny. It's like you can, well it's big and you can get your fingers in as well, and well, he pushed so hard I felt him going in and round my thighs and bum hurt a bit and I didn't cotton on why – it was weird. Then he shot in me and anyway I'm safe because I'm on the pill, and I came just with the shock of it and we were all fallen in his clothes. My tits were all out and my smock was all crumpled up. After that I had to sneak out and get in the lavatory in the corridor and try and get decent again. He never looked at me after that and he never said anything.

Three **Boutique Manageress, 28 years old, blonde, town of origin Great Malvern**

This interviewee, elder daughter of wealthy parents, had been married at twenty and divorced five years later. She had a son aged two. She now manages a boutique. At the time of the interview she was engaged to be married a second time and had her own flat where she lived with her son.

Quest: You have sex with your fiancé on a regular basis?

Manageress: I went through the usual post-divorce pangs and the usual phase where sex seemed repulsive to me. I didn't want it at all. I wanted to be left alone with Colin, my son. Friends trying to reorganise your life, but some of the dreadful males they dredge up really turn you off. Later on when I felt the need for sex I would simply go to places where I knew there would be single men. After a number of disastrous pick-ups at country clubs, hotel bars and restaurants I found Paul and Paul has changed everything without a doubt. There, the potted biography of my life.

Quest: You sleep with Paul?

Manageress: Ah, you're still prying. One might hardly call it sleeping together. There are times when I have to work rather quickly to get even a tiny thing like my knickers, down. It's really almost impracticable for us to sleep together.

Quest: Why is that?

Manageress: Perhaps not impracticable so much as awkward, embarrassing and unnecessary.

Quest: Why?

Manageress: Paul's house is out for the simple reason I don't like to leave Colin alone all night, even with the au pair I employ to care for him. Besides there are nights when she meets her boyfriends at the pub. She's a darling with Colin but I wouldn't trust her completely, not to sneak out to meet some young man leaving Colin unprotected. For the same reasons I don't like to make it obvious Paul is staying the night at the flat. Colin might wake in the middle of the night and want his mother. Colin and Paul have met and they seem fond of each other but it still sticks in the back of my mind. I want that only when we're married and Colin has a real daddy once more. The walls of the flat are paper thin – it's one of these terribly modern house of cards places – and it's cramped. We have only two bedrooms, the au pair's and the one I share with Colin because I like to be near him when he wakes. The only place in the flat left for Paul and I is the lounge. Besides I much prefer the excitement and the impulse of the shop. After five years of an unsuccessful and routine marriage, that means so much.

Quest: You make love in the shop?

Manageress: There you have the reason about my knickers.

Quest: What about your knickers?

Manageress: There is rarely time enough to take them off.

Quest: Because you make love in the shop?

Manageress: We do.

Quest: This is during business hours?

Manageress: Ah, you really are interested in that aren't you? What would you say if I told you Paul makes love to me across a counter in the back behind the changing cubicles?

Quest: While the shop is closed?

Manageress: In fairness I have to say yes, it frequently is, but not always.

Quest: Does this happen every day?

Manageress: We close for lunch from twelve-thirty to one-thirty. I have two assistants and I shoo them off. If Paul is calling I stay in there and let him in when he arrives. We have made love while the shop was open, on several occasions when both my assistants were out and two occasions when at least one of them was on the premises. From where we are we can see the front of the shop and the door but they cannot see us. We do a good trade but there are times when we have no customers at all.

Quest: If you haven't time to take off your knickers why do you wear them at all?

Manageress: I suppose I would feel so completely defenceless without them.

Quest: That doesn't sound very convincing.

Manageress: It's true. But there is another reason.

Quest: What's that?

Manageress: Quite simply. Paul likes making love to me with my knickers on. He tells me not to take them off. And I like it like that now, too.

Quest: That's interesting. Why do you like it that way?

Manageress: Oh, because it pleases Paul. But I suppose too because it's so 'snatched' if you follow. Like kids with nowhere to go. Like when you're young. Scared of being found out. Silly really.

Quest: But you really prefer it.

QUEST

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Manageress: What do you mean I prefer it?
Quest: To a night in bed together.
Manageress: I've explained how awkward that would be.
Quest: But you haven't in fact ever slept together?
Manageress: I suppose not, no. We didn't make love until I had known him several weeks. We met at a party.
Quest: How did you first make love?
Manageress: We did in fact make love on my dreadful old couch in the lounge.
Quest: Then you began to make love in the shop?
Manageress: Paul called into the shop and rather flushed from the night before and pleasant memories I found I was definitely as hot for him as I had been on the couch. He was sweet. He marched in, women's shop and all, with a handful of red roses. The shop was empty and we kissed and Paul must have sensed my feelings. He had identical feelings himself.
Quest: How did you know?
Manageress: As soon as we kissed he was turned on. His trousers . . .
Quest: And this was when you began to make love at the back of the shop.
Manageress: Not on that occasion although we came close.
Quest: How close did you come?
Manageress: I thought it was rather dangerous although a bit thrilling. There were people in the street outside, looking into the windows, and though they couldn't see us, they might decide to come in. We really did little more than kiss and cuddle. I have a tiny office in the shop but it has glass partitions.
Quest: So what did you do?
Manageress: We stood behind a rack of midi dresses and kissed and cuddled each other – where we could quickly.
Quest: And?
Manageress: I unzipped him and stroked him and he was able to slip his hands down beneath my dress to my breasts to tweak my nipples although I helped him. We stood there, nervously eyeing the door through the racks like naughty children and kissing and whispering to each other. That was as far as it went and although neither of us reached a climax I felt rather satisfied and pleased and very much in love in a rather schoolgirl manner.
Quest: When did it go further?
Manageress: Several days later. Paul seemed to have planned it more this time because he lifted my dress and made love to me in the back.
Quest: In the back of the shop?
Manageress: Both. Should I have said, in the back of the shop and from the back?
Quest: Tell me how.
Manageress: The first words Paul said were, 'Helen, I want to make love to you.' That was exactly what I wanted too. 'Is there anyone else here?' he asked me. 'No,' I said, 'only me.' He took my hand and this is as precisely as I can recollect, he led me behind the counter, took me in his arms and kissed me again. He looked rather sweet as he kissed me because one eye was looking round at the shop window. 'We can see everything from here,' he said. 'We can see them coming in,' and with that, below the level of the counter, he lifted the hem of my dress right up to my waist and while he was kissing me, slipped his hand down the front of my knickers. His fingers found me and slipped straight in. I was in rather a high state – I didn't want him to stop but I was a bit taken aback. 'Paul, I want to,' I said, 'I want to, more than anything, but it's impossible.' My legs were shaking like jellies and already apart. I wanted him badly. 'You keep an eye on the door my love,' he said. I did, and he turned me round to face the door and I had to let go and then he put my elbows on the edge of the counter. I had a rather good idea what was going to happen but I could scarcely believe it, not that I didn't want it to happen. I was already encouraging it to happen. I was saying, 'Hurry up, Paul, before someone comes.'
Quest: Are you on the pill?
Manageress: No, I dislike pills, I have difficulty even swallowing aspirin. I've had a coil since Colin.
Quest: Go on.
Manageress: I think Paul was hauling my dress up from behind, I think that's where we were, wasn't it. I was bracing my legs slightly apart and pushing my bottom out towards him and I could feel him tugging at my knickers and I said, 'Don't worry about those, Paul, hold them to one side, like this.' So I held my knickers to one side with one hand and with the other I held onto him again and pulled him into my sex. I could hardly concentrate on the door, for the pleasure he was giving me.
Quest: You weren't wearing tights?
Manageress: They're really quite unnecessary because of maxi length dresses, with hems that almost sweep the floor. I was wearing high boots – I usually do wear boots. Even with a midi dress my legs hardly show.
Quest: You were making love and you reached a climax?
Manageress: To my surprise, yes. He used his fingers too. My climax was so intense I shook and wriggled my whole body like a snake. I was fit to burst.
Quest: And that is the way you always make love together?
Manageress: At the moment, yes, but I expect we will grow out of it. And I am looking forward to sharing a bed with Paul, I really am. Mother's looking after Colin next month and Paul and I are going away for a week's holiday. We shall see then.
Quest: Thank you.

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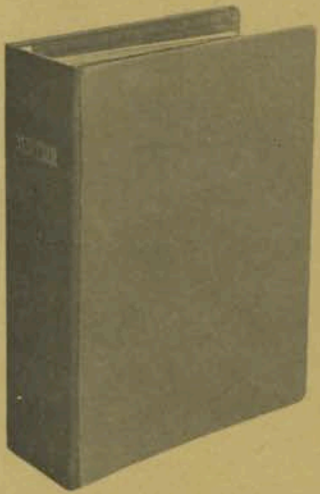

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BEST FIAT FORWARD

continued from page 81

outside a Turin *bistro*. The youth of Italy, the prosperous-looking Italian businessman, the dark and dazzling Piedmontese ladies, the aged taxi-drivers, all press on with a dash more verve than in other cities and, except for the Alfas, and the odd Lancia or Ferrari protruding like a bandaged thumb, they are all in Fiats – Fiats old and brand new. Fiats the size of overgrown prams, sports Fiats, Fiat limousines, *Dino* Fiats, but mostly Fiat saloons, family cars, the backbone of Turin's stupendous impact and prosperity the world over. Here, in this teeming city, where Fiats are made in the greatest numbers, they are taken by their owners to just that many more revs in each gear, cornered with a trace more tyre squeal, and braked at the very last moment this seems advisable.

I have driven most of the Fiat models, good and indifferent since the 1930s and have wished I had known many more, from the great chain-driven pre-1914 sports models to the indestructible Tipo 501, born under a lawyer's pencil in 1919, and the later Tipo 509 which we knew as a Fiat Nine, one of the first cars to eschew an oil-pressure gauge in favour of a warning light incidentally; or the fabulous little Balilla sports Fiats that made our MGs and Singer Nines turn up the wick and Amilcars and Salmsons die away.

The 1975 range carries on the good work, from this extraordinary Industrial Collosus, where the Chief Engineer, Dante Giacosa, can spare ample time to converse with a journalist from England when all about him cars are spewing from the assembly lines, and where, in the *Centro Storico*, Curator Augusto Costantino, presides among those models of every kind of Fiat industrial achievement and will ask you with pride to point out anything that is missing – a lavatory chain in the loo of a Fiat railway coach or a stop-light cluster on a model of a Fiat sports-car, knowing you won't be able to. When I was last there they were fussing about some window-retaining screws on a quite perfect model (to my eyes) of a railway carriage, saying they did not exactly scale with the drawing and that a Swiss watchmaker would be called upon to make proper ones.

Such perfection, this pride in past accomplishments, consolidates the allure of Fiat products. I have been a great believer in Volkswagen. I admired those Austins you used to invest in. I acknowledge the scientific genius of Citroën. I enjoy driving a BMW. But the magic of Fiat is always there.

Running through the range, you start with the little 126, twin-cylindered, air-cooled, rear-engined, ancestor of the original Topolino and its overhead-valve descendants. It's the most dependable, prompt-starting and cheeky baby-car I know. Then there are the 127 and 128, family transport with a distinct flavour both of Fiat individuality and, in the latter, sporting demeanour. You can have a sun-top on your 126, three doors for the shopping-wife on a 127, and purchase the brisk 128 in saloon rally and coupé forms, in engine sizes of 1,100 cc and 1.3-litres. The 127 and 128 are front-drive, transverse-engined confections, seeming to borrow a lot from Issigonis' notebooks, although Dr. Giacosa claims he had similar layouts on paper before Alex had sharpened his pencil. The larger Fiats have the conventional front engine/rear-drive format. So has the new Tipo 132, replacement for the well-liked 125. You can have this with different sizes of power unit. Special equipment and a coupé body. Not much liked at first, improvements have been carried out and in 1.7 litre GLS form this is an under-£2,000 saloon that outperforms most of its rivals. For the luxury market there is the refined vee-six Type 132 Fiat, another offering not as acceptable when first released as it now is in revised 3.2-litre guise. What is exciting is that Fiat use a neat twin-cam engine in the quicker version of the four-cylinder 132, which is also used in the Dino sports Fiats and a direct outcome of Fiat ownership not only of Lancia but also of Ferrari. They also have, but not for sale in Britain, their own version of a mid-engined coupé, the X1/9, showing that there is no technical stagnation at Turin. There then, is Fiat's range, going from £729 Tipo 126, least expensive car on the British market, to the £5,000 Tipo 130 that costs the buyer over £7,000 in coupé form.

But wait. At the Turin Show the latest Fiat, the 131, was revealed, and the once-popular 124 follows the 125 into limbo. Just as British Leyland went on making front-drive ohc cars but came out with the undramatic Marina front-engine/rear-drive push-rod package as a form of insurance against the changing climate of motorists' demands, so Fiat has returned to this basic type in the new 131, while retaining front-drive and single and twin on-camshaft power packs for former models. The 131 is intended to boost falling sales in Fiat's family-car repertoire. It has some components of the 132 about it, but is a simple four-cylinder car, bigger than the doomed 124, with coil-spring strut suspension fore and aft, rack-and-pinion steering, disc/drum brakes. It is cobbled up into eleven permutations, of engine size (1,297 cc and 1,585 cc) and body styles (from 2-door saloon to 5-door estate, with Turin's usual Special options). A plain car, yes. But with a few edifying features, such as belt-drive for the downstairs camshaft, a light-alloy head with machined combustion-chambers, and optional air-conditioning system, among other extras. Fiat have a 5-speed gearbox in the 132 but the 131 is content with 4-speeds, or automatic transmission as an alternative. They have high hopes for the new car and one must remember that in spite of the sneers, mine included, that greeted the announcement of Lord Stokes' Morris Marina, sales figures have proved that it was the kind of sober, undistinguished workhorse that the public wanted. So the *mirafiori* Marina, as we must think of the 131, will no doubt make the same sort of sense and take Europe by storm. It should reach our shores by mid-1975.

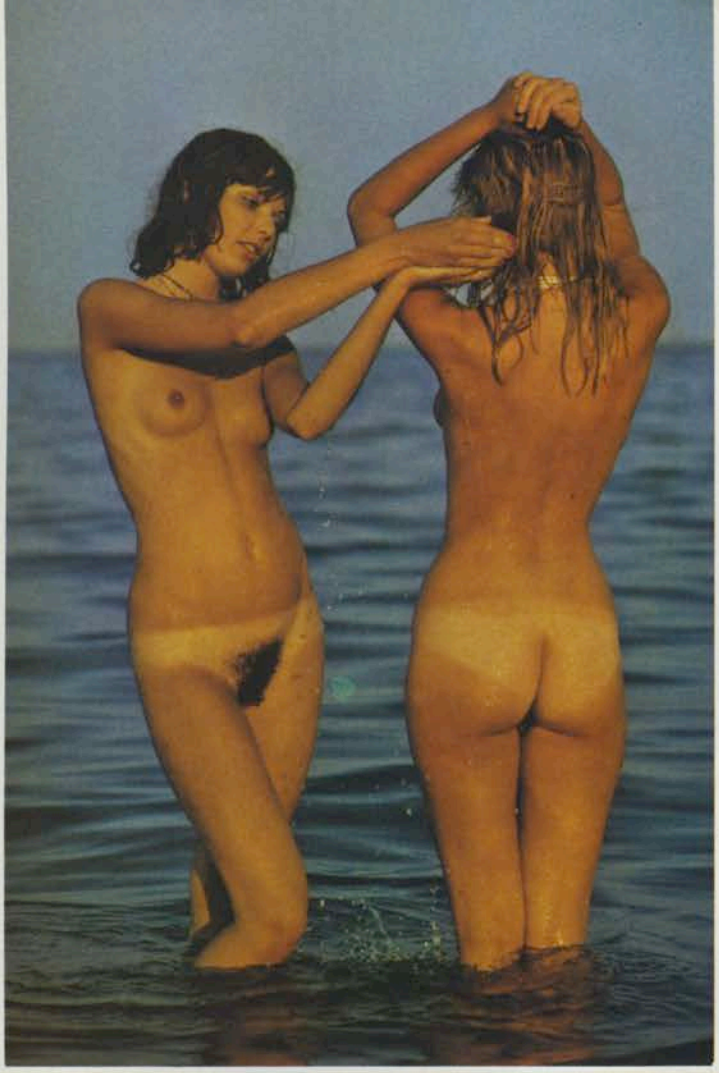
Even now the Fiat story is far from finished. There are the Autobianchi A112, a real Italian Mini, its slightly bigger brother, the A111, also front-wheel-driven, the SEAT 133 built in Spain, the LADA from Russia – all Fiat designs. Over 600,000 Fiat-based cars rolled last year from the Overseas factories alone, and it is no surprise to discover that Fiat are the largest car manufacturers outside the USA.

Successor to the popular Fiat 500, the Fiat 126 (right) at £729 is Britain's cheapest car. The Fiat 127 (left) offers a rear door.

Susan & Elaine

Winter...

You catch sight of them in late autumn, early winter, heads huddled together giggling, high-heeled boots clattering through the last leaf shavings of summer. Their whispered laughter fades up a quiet street in Hampstead, London, overhung by bare branches and bleak skies, to a tiny mock-Edwardian flat. Inside they curl cosily under Beardsley and Burne-Jones, blonde Elaine (34–22–35) wistful and ice cool, a wintry dream girl; Susan (35–23–35) brunette and brash, musing on summer. Old friends. You glimpse them at odd parties, hunched over drinks, laughing at private jokes, that you miss. Catch them apart and they sparkle, soaking up attention. But always they must go. Wait till . . .



...Summer

An empty beach below the sun-bleached hills of the Midi, a Breton strand, surf-washed sand on the coast of Wales. Mutual friends let you know. You hurry down and find them, alone. Sharing a secluded cabin by a strip of scorched grass. Lazing – nude, if the sun burns – revelling in the nearness of tanned flesh and like minds, they dream long summer days away. It's a private world, the barriers open but distinct. Intruding means mumbled excuses, plying one from the other gently but firmly. So you hang back, while they horse about in the waves, shrieking with laughter, splashing water like mischievous children to glisten dewily on warm silk skin. You wait while they trip, joking, back to their little wooden hut to stretch out on the hard, timbered divan. Watching the sun swallow up old bikini marks, sighing softly, exchanging quiet familiar murmurs. You wait, and wait, and go. Ruefully remembering them: Susan, husky-voiced and sensual, invariably in the lead. Elaine, quieter, moodier, a thoughtful sexuality lurking in dark eyes. Two 23-year-old friends living alone, dreaming of winter and summer.

GOODNIGHT GLADYS

continued from page 48

swum across and back, glorying in the freezing water and the subtle play of our muscles, but now I feared that the belly I carried would sink me. And Abbot and I talked.

Loose talk. Vulgar, even. Talk of girls, of sex, of lies. With nowhere to go we could talk all night. While the couples walked past us to their cars we would dream. While girls slid their hands into gaping trousers in parked cars, we started, talked, urinated, talked, spat experimentally. While girlfriends bent themselves double in battered Jags we spun lies around our heads, building a past that had never happened. Beneath our feet the raven Thames lapped unhurriedly.

'Excuse me,' said a small shy voice. We turned from the river and we saw a girl. This girl was smiling bravely. She was wearing her Saturday dress and her hair was short, in loose curls.

'You kept looking at me,' she said, 'in the pub.'

Who, me? Me? O.K. Right . . . I nodded, although I doubted if she saw. All we could hear was the slap of the river against the rowing-boats and the rustle of traffic up on the bridge.

'I thought we could walk,' said the girl, her voice cracking slightly. I could feel a husband lurking somewhere or maybe a beefy friend with incipient murder deep in his heart.

It is a tribute to the beer they sell in Richmond that I shrugged such thoughts aside, manfully. This would be the simplest screw I would ever get. This was the raver I had invented every day since I was 12. The *Nymphomaniac!* The casual kneetrembler. THE EASY LAY!

I curled a lip at Abbot, took the girl by the elbow and to the heavy swell of beer in my belly, marched my conquest in the direction of green grass and the dark shadows 'neath the autumn trees.

Abbot, I saw, was transfixed. Behind the shallow discs of glass his eyes gleamed sadly, slightly mad. I would need to be careful, he'd follow if he could, just to hear the sucking sounds of sex and see the death-white flash of my arse in the dark. I knew Abbot of old.

'What's your name?'

'Gladys.'

Oh Christ.

'My name,' I whispered, 'is John. Are you married?'

She wasn't, she said, and I increased the rate of our walk, nearing a brisk trot.

'Any boyfriends?'

'No, slow down, can we?'

I paused beneath the bridge by the park, dragging the girl to me, hearing the breath rush from her lungs at my misjudged enthusiasm. And she nibbled at my neck in the darkness, and I could feel the small points of her breasts against my chest and her thigh between my legs, grinding at my belly. I placed a hand carefully inside her blouse and she sighed . . .

'I must have a pee,' I said politely, pushing Gladys onto the rustling leaves beneath an oak tree. She simpered and arranged her dress across her shapely calfs and I staggered into the blackness. Puzzled, I was puzzled and more than slightly worried. Here was a girl whose depravity might rival my own; whose body was mine, who swished her skirt most delightfully. . . . And here was I with brewer's droop.

In deference to my lady companion I spread the steady stream over a wide area, lessening the noise. It had never happened to me before and was worrying, not to say alarming at a time like this. Brewer's droop at my age; a tool like limp string. I shook the final drops into the bushes, paused thoughtfully, took a firmer grip. It would be better to come back from relieving myself with a horn that would frighten a donkey, than never to manage a horn at all. I stopped at 50, it's my favourite number.

'Gladys?' I whispered. Silence. Unearthly, crisp silence. 'Darling?'

Nothing. I stood for a moment, where Gladys had waited, my pole before me, waving slightly in the cool air. I gave it a few shakes, hammering vigour into its length and confidence into me.

Still there was no noise. Nothing save the sound of my breathing. Nothing but me and my wilting tool. I became aware, then, of my exposed, incongruous stance, and I knelt quickly and tucked my malcontent organ back in the boxers. I was kneeling in warm leaves; here my Glad had lain. Randy Glad. Glad with the silken hair and tiny, little-girl breasts. My Gladys, who'd left her boyfriend in anger and offered her body to me.

Oh Gladys, I love you, let me dip my wick.

I shuffled around in the leaves, a love-lorn hedgehog.

'Never mind him,' said a voice, and I paused and frowned to myself.

Abbot? . . . Abbot? What was that lecher doing here? Abbot, whose technique with the ladies had twice got him arrested; whose grubby fumblings had distressed more virgins than an army of men might meet in a day's march. Was Abbot interposing?

'He's fallen in a ditch,' said the voice in the blackness.

'Then shouldn't we . . .' the lovely Gladys said.

'He *likes* ditches,' said Abbot with confidence, 'I know him.'

And I could hear their voices fade as Abbot dragged the girl to the towpath and a yet more deserted trysting-place. I stood beneath the tree, cracking my head lightly on a branch, and with eyes sparkling with pain and frustration, lurched after the avid, sex-crazed pair . . .

I located Abbot 30 minutes later, by the depth and quality of his groans, homing in on the bubbling wheeze like a pointer on a wounded pheasant. He was propped against a lamp-post, sobbing fearfully. Groans came from his very soul and he was swaying slightly. I approached with some caution.

'Who did it?' I whispered. 'The boyfriend?'

He laughed bitterly. I came closer.

'What's up you daft bastard?'

Abbot's eyes were liquid behind his spectacles. There was real pain there. Anguish.

'Did you know?' he said flatly. 'You shit.'

'Know what?' I asked, peering beerily into his face.

My fat friend pushed me away, breathed deeply once then spoke swiftly, eyes closed against the nightmare:

'Your Gladys is a bloke,' he said. 'She nibbled my ear and said she had a little secret.'

My broken friend paused and wiped a light mist from his spectacles.

'And she told her me little secret, didn't she. And I laughed, didn't I, and made a grab at the beaver . . .'

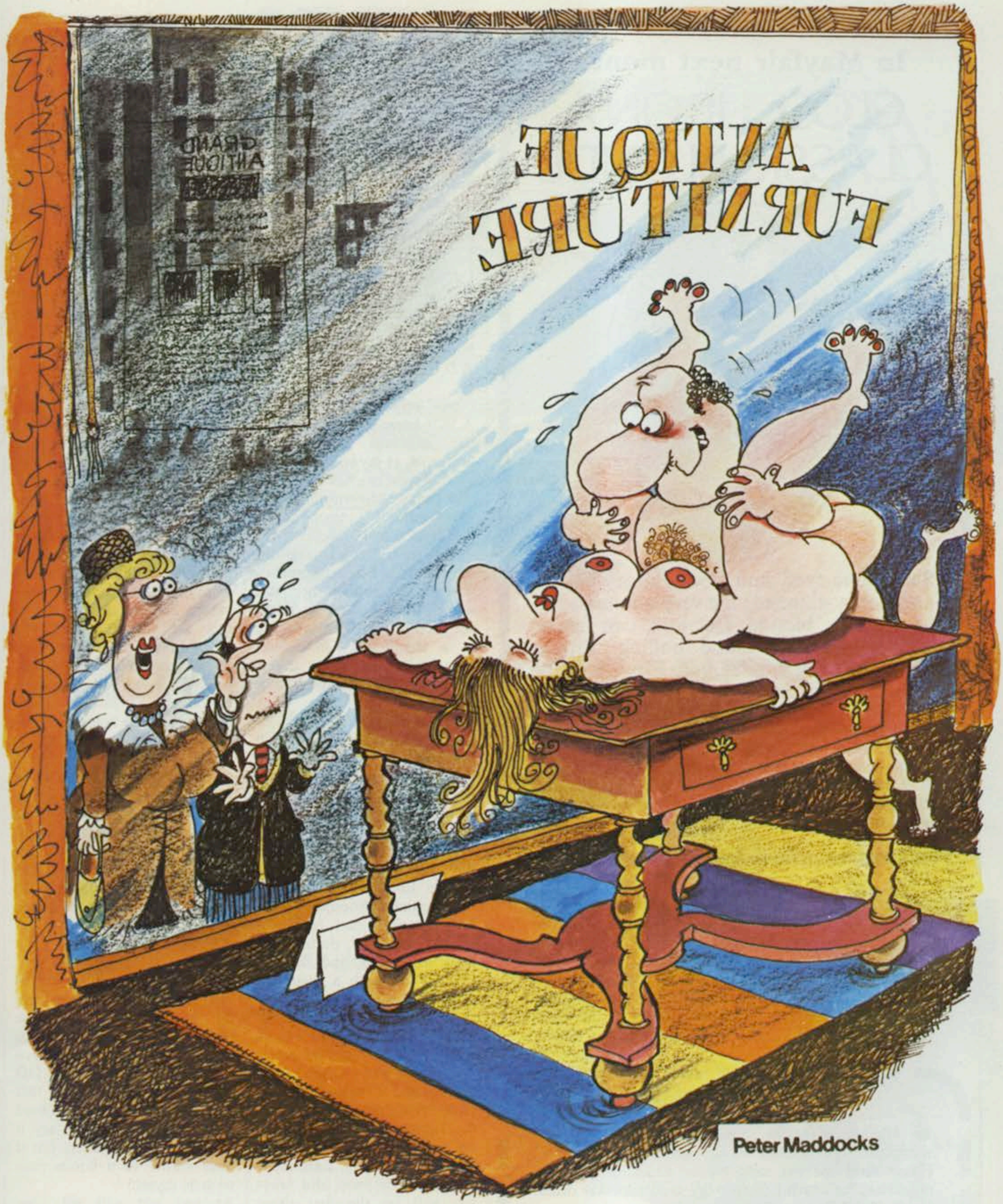
Abbot's face echoed the strain within and the streetlight made yellow caverns of his cheeks. I sniggered nervously.

'And what did you find?' I whispered, my mouth like a budgy's rectum.

'Balls,' said Abbot, 'and a tool as big as a baby's arm. Oh Christ Christ . . .'

I comforted him. I put an arm around his shoulder and watched the midnight fog roll up the Thames from London. Only when the trembling had stopped did I shepherd the shattered lecher home. It took hours, and we passed many pubs. And each was shuttered, locked, dead as the night; it's always the same when you need a beer.

DuBouillon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Peter Maddocks

'Darling – isn't that William and Mary?'

In Mayfair next month

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LETTERS

continued from page 10.

skirt or dress, stockings and very high heeled court shoes, water bubbling out as it runs off my dress and into them.

Various poses of getting into, out of, or just lazing in a bath or swimming pool of water, fully dressed, again in blouse and skirt, stockings and high heeled shoes.

I have read quite a few requests on the erotic qualities of the real 'wet-look' girl in letters, but still no pictures. How about some?

R.D.G., Essex

I was very interested in Mr A.W.'s letter in Vol. 9 No. 10 regarding wet clothing and uniforms, as my wife and I are keen devotees of watery fun and games. My wife is full of ideas on this subject and is usually the one who takes the initiative. All manner of clothing is included in her surprises for me, including her old school uniform and an outfit she used to wear when working as a chauffeuse. On several occasions since we married, she has greeted me at the door on my return from work wearing either a blouse and skirt, dress, slacks or jeans all dripping wet. At other times, the changes have been rung with uniforms, sometimes worn with undies and sometimes without. When we're out and if weather permits, 'accidents' will take place too, like the one in London's Hyde Park this summer. Another couple and ourselves had been out ten-pin bowling during the early afternoon, and finished the day off with a picnic in Hyde Park beside the Serpentine. The afternoon ended with my wife, myself and our friends going for a fully-clothed swim. As my wife was wearing only a blouse and a mini-skirt, the after-effect doesn't need much description save to say that we beat a hasty retreat homeward! Incidentally, I am moving to France soon, and *Mayfair* will be the first thing ordered at our local newsagent.

P.L., Edgware, Mddx.

Eau really?

I thoroughly enjoyed the article *Spy Carrier Extraordinary* by Gerald Rawling, which appeared in Vol. 9 No. 9. Like many people, I well remember seeing the Westland Lysander during its active service and to me and many others it is a classic aircraft in every sense of the word. Mr Rawling covered his subject so thoroughly that little more can be added, but in his final paragraph, he gives the impression that we shall never see a Lysander flying again.

This I can very happily state is not the case. There is in fact a Lysander flying in the United States and one will soon be flying in this country. I have been most fortunate to observe the renovation of a Lysander being carried out quite close to my home. The aircraft was brought back from a farm in Canada having fulfilled its final target-towing duties. Work has been in progress for some 30 months. The airframe has been completed and both wings have fabric on them; the engine also is well on its way to a better-than-new condition. Needless to say, the problems in renovating an aircraft as rare as this are immense and the devotion by the people concerned has to be seen to be believed. Tyres and pneumatic brake sacks are just two of the items which are being specially manufactured due to the extreme rarity of spare parts currently available. The work should be completed within the next year and I will be just one of the many thousands of people who will get great satisfaction from seeing this aircraft flying again in its original wartime camouflage.

M.D.B. Purchase,
High Wycombe, Bucks.

When you specify a girl's vital statistics you never give the brassiere cup size. The only time you have done this was with Roberta Baird (Vol. 9 No. 5) whose massive DD requirement you actually did state. Of course, you could argue that the pictures say it all and doesn't matter, but it does matter to a boobs man such as myself.

As any girl will tell you, inches just don't mean a thing. A girl with a 40 inch bust can be really broad in the back, without much to speak of in front, and that's where she gets her inches. On the other hand, she could have a slim back and huge breasts and still be 40 inches. Of course,

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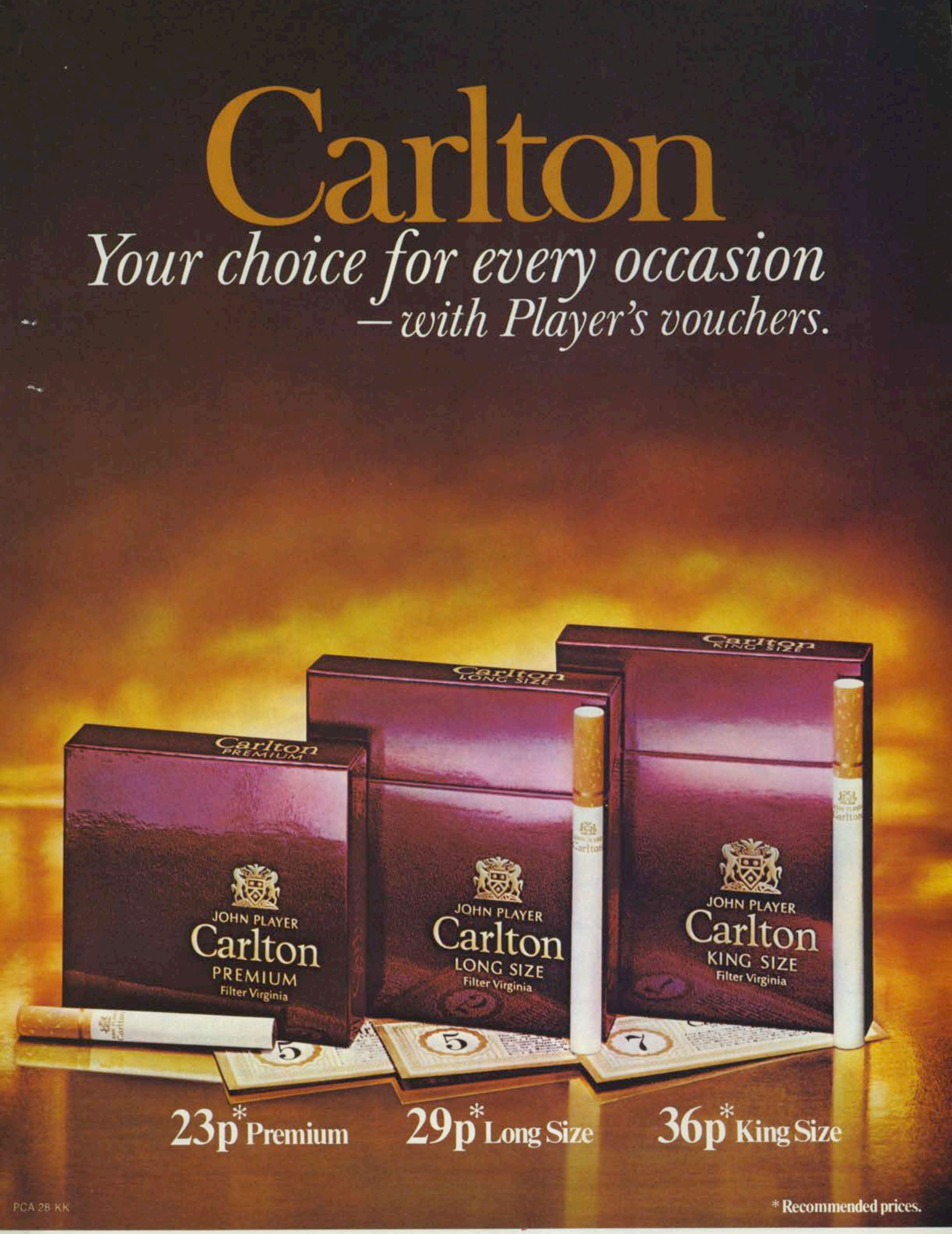
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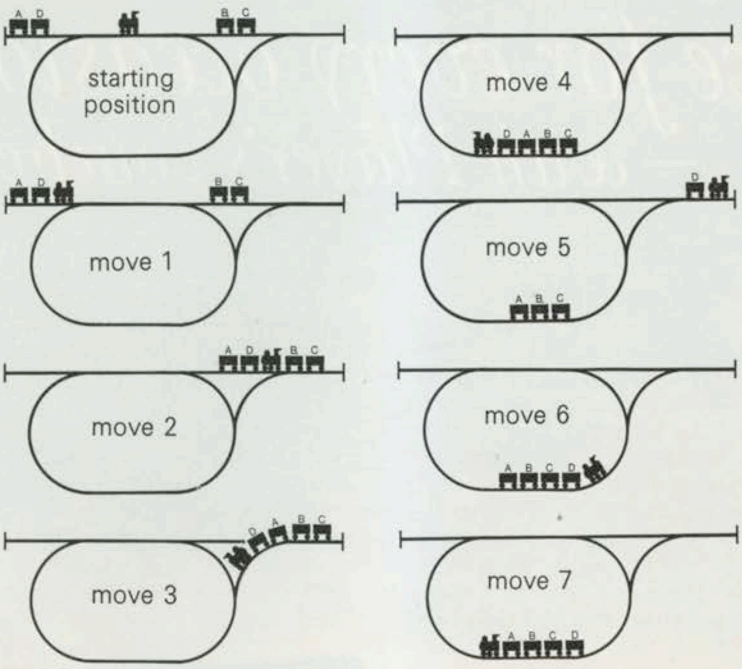
TRAINS OF THOUGHT

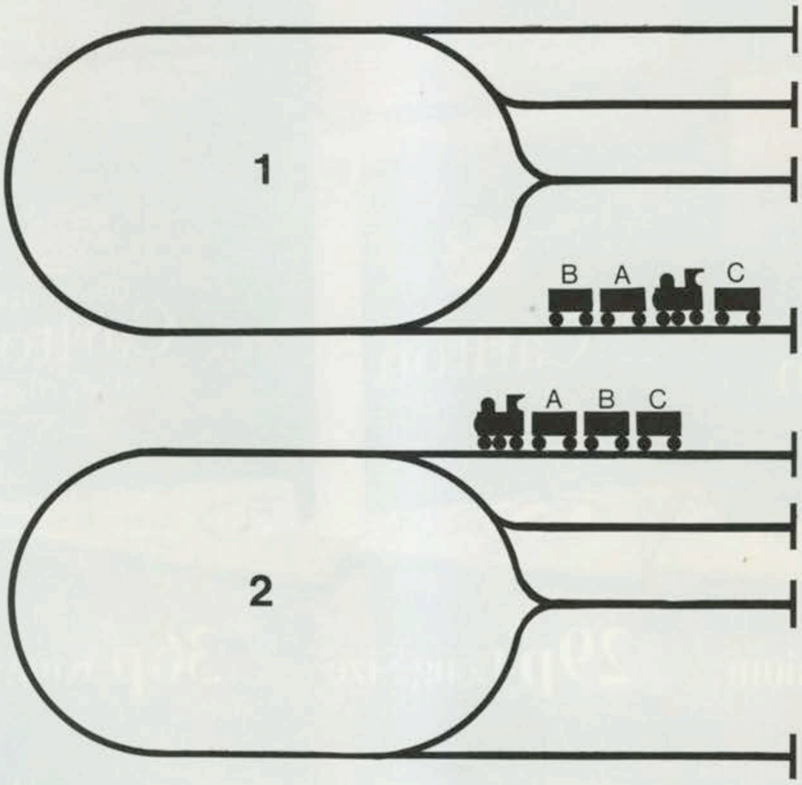
A second shunting puzzle – *Mayfair's* popular, most original feature

Solution to Shunting Puzzle No. 1



The shunting puzzle which appeared in our special Christmas issue provoked a response which came as a complete surprise to us, for we had not for a moment imagined that the puzzle would be received with such unparalleled enthusiasm. A railwayman in Buckinghamshire took time off from signal-box chores to send us the solution on the back of a British Rail running schedule and a soldier stationed abroad apologised for the lack of detail on his solution, but explained that as he was on honeymoon, he hadn't that much time to spend on drawings. With some two thousand solutions received, those correct were the subject of a blind-fold draw and the winner was Mr L. A. Brimmer of Dunstable in Bedfordshire, who receives a year's subscription to *Mayfair*. Such was the success of the shunting puzzle that we decided to feature another; slightly more complex this time and requiring cunning, logic and sheer patience before a solution becomes clear. May the best man win!

Shunting Puzzle No. 2



The Shunting Puzzle is the model railway enthusiast's equivalent of the chess problem. The puzzle is intended to be worked out mentally or on paper rather than by moving engine and carriages on the model track. All correct solutions received will be the subject of a draw to find a winner, who will be awarded a year's subscription to *Mayfair*. To demonstrate how a solution is arrived at, the answer to our Christmas puzzle is shown above left.

The problem, as shown left, is to shunt the trucks as shown in Figure 1 to their new positions in Figure 2 taking not more than six 'moves'. A move is counted each time the engine stops. Trucks cannot be dropped off while the engine is moving, but trucks can be picked up when the engine is moving into them. Please demonstrate your step-by-step solution as shown above.

LETTERS

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beyond a certain cup size (C is a good bench-mark) it is obvious that the breasts are playing a very big part indeed. So, when you next treat us to young, slender girls with big, heavy bosoms, please let's have no more half-truths; let's have the full facts. By the way, how about a model with the ultimate E cup size?
J.G., London W4

The full facts aren't that easy to find – few Mayfair girls ever wear bras. It's a trend we hope will spread. Not that we want the bra makers to go bust, of course.

Of all women whose pictures have been seen so far, Lesley (Vol. 9 No. 8) is out of competition and I am pleased to look at her pictures as often as I have the opportunity. She is the best ambassador your magazine could ever have and her appeal is so great that I dream about her at night. And she prefers older men! Okay, I am 70 years old and would very much like to see her again before she prefers younger ones.
B.R., Oslo

I have just read a letter in *Mayfair* from J.F.C. of Bradford who regards himself as being in the Big Penis League with seven inches and consequently has trouble finding girls able to take him. As a girl of 18 – and I think quite normal – I find this hard to believe. Out of the seven men I have had sex with three of them had organs of eight inches or over. In fact my first boyfriend had an eight-inch penis, which at first sight certainly alarmed me, though after many months of sex I soon became used to it. I thought that was normal and it was only when I began to go with other boys much less endowed that I realised he was a bit special. The biggest I ever found belonged to a man called Ron who used to give me a lift to and from work every day. He was about 40 and always a gentleman, never failing to open the car door for me. I was wearing mini skirts at the time and I always gave a good leg show when I climbed in – probably that was why he opened the door for me! Nothing happened for about a week until one evening going home he casually asked me if I ever read any men's magazines. I said I had because I got a giggle out of the letters. Then he produced one from under the dashboard and gave it to me, pointing out bits for me to read. One was a letter from a girl claiming her boyfriend had a nine inch penis. I just laughed, saying there weren't many around that size. But as the days went by he kept showing more and more sexy books and the bits he pointed out were almost always about big cocks. Looking back I think he must have been preparing me for the first sight of his own, because I was reading a letter he had found going home one evening when I sensed he was doing something to himself. I glanced over the book and saw the outline of his thing through his trousers, lying along his thigh. To say it looked big is putting it very mildly, it was tremendous and I decided at once that I wanted to see more of it. As if by accident I turned towards him, letting my already very short skirt ride up so that he could get a good view of my panties. It soon had the effect I wanted as I saw his thing move in his trousers. Putting the magazine down I said, 'Who's fruity then?' At first he seemed confused but then when he realised I wasn't put out he admitted it and said he thought I hadn't noticed. I said I couldn't miss seeing a whopper like that and asked him if I could have a proper look. He was obviously very excited by that and said I could if I wanted to, but not while he was driving. That didn't worry me because it was after dark and the road was almost empty. He didn't stop me as I bent over and unzipped him, dragging his pants right up to pull him out. Even though I was expecting a big one I couldn't help a little gasp when I saw it. We later measured it at 11¼ inches length and six inches round: my biggest ever! Anyway I met him again that night and we went to one of his friend's flats. I thought I knew all about sex but I certainly learnt a lot more that night. Though I was as ready as ever

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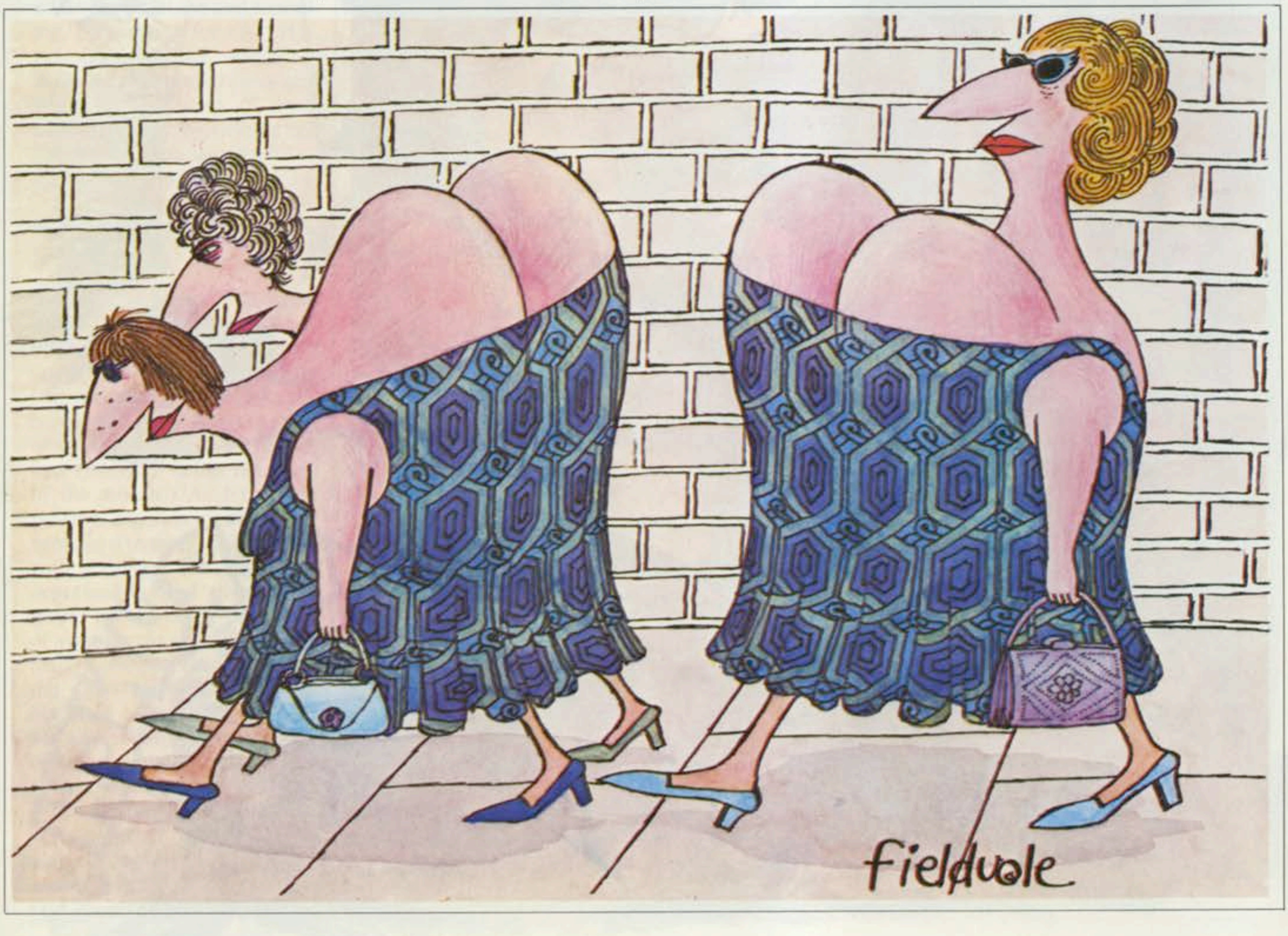
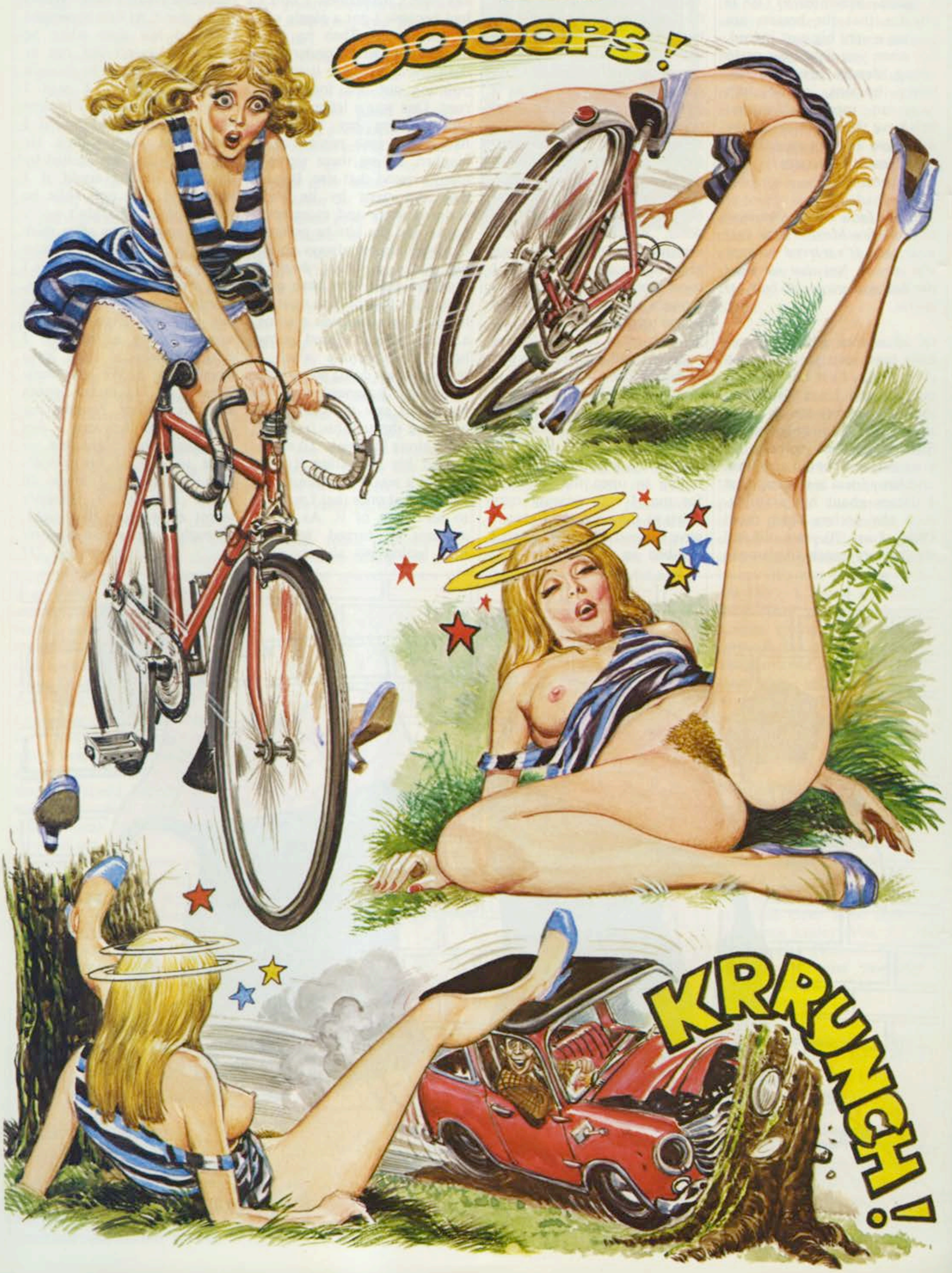


CARRIE

Tumbling off her bike leaves Carrie dazed and motorists dazzled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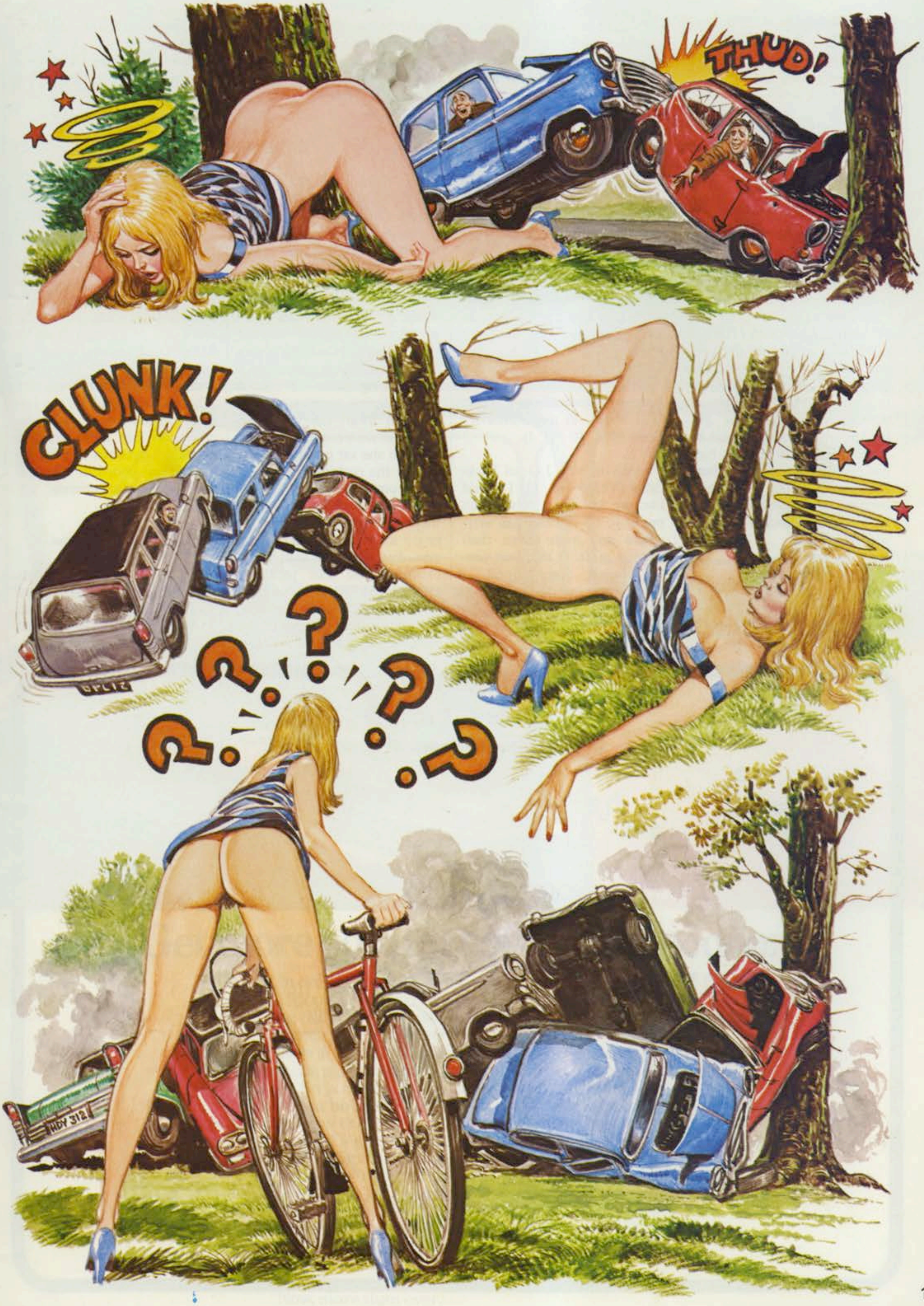
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LETTERS

continued from page 106

to take a big one I must admit I was a bit anxious. But I was surprised to find I was taking it all and it filled me so much I was on the point of climaxing even before he started to move in it. When he did move the feelings were indescribable. He seemed to go on forever and I was having climax after climax until I got to the stage when I remember crying out for him to stop and trying to push him off. When I eventually left him my belly was one throb. I felt weak and sore for days after. Ron was about my limit – though I would willingly go through it again. But girlfriends who have later had my other boyfriends seem to have had no difficulty in taking them. I'm afraid J.F.C. must have been out of luck – though, after Ron, his seven inches would be wasted on me.
S.L., Surrey

I've just read in a back issue of *Mayfair* a letter from a man whose wife obliges him by dressing as a schoolgirl. My wife and I met while we were at school some 12 years ago, and since we were married I've tried many a time, without success, to persuade her to put on her school hockey outfit. I get tremendously excited by the sight of a mature girl in white blouse, gymslip and purple hockey socks and although my wife has often said she will fulfil my dream, she never has. Can any lucky reader tell me how he has conquered this problem and persuaded his partner to enact his most treasured fantasy? Also, how about some 'schoolgirl' poses in your excellent magazine.
J.T., Edinburgh

Take a look at Nicola Colman (Vol. 9 No. 4) and Kimberley Fears (Vol. 10 No. 1).

In reply to Mrs J.G. of Kirkcaldy (Vol. 9 No. 11) I would like to say that some men prefer to be without hair anywhere and quite often their women prefer it that way too. By choice, and request, I shave both my chest and my armpits but not my pubic area because of the irritation caused by the subsequent bristles. Nevertheless I always keep my pubic hair to less than a quarter of an inch in length. This leaves the shaft and scrotum as clean as a whistle. The women I have had never liked a forest down there and I did not like a mouthful of hairs either.
J.M., Aberdeen

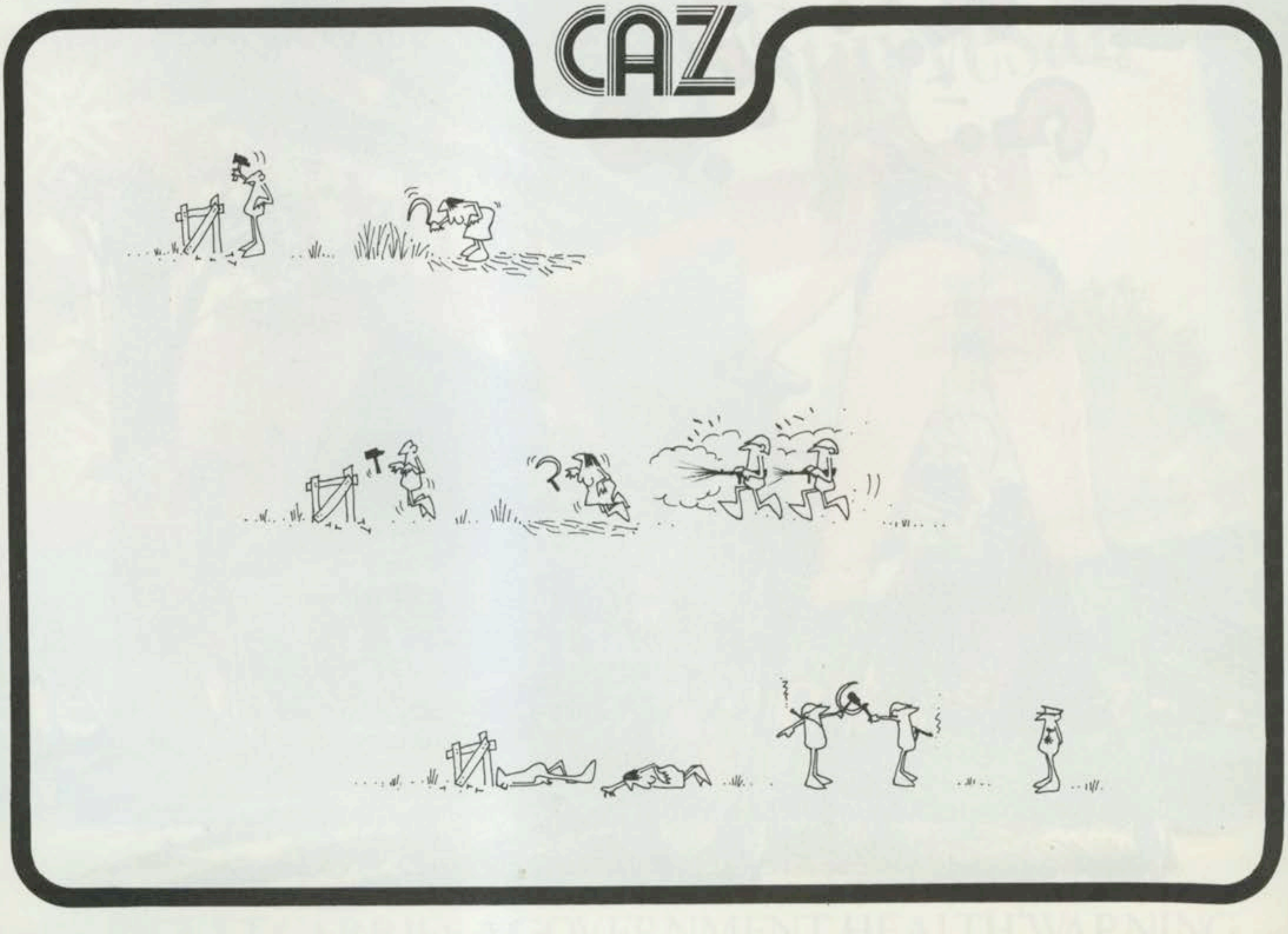
After five years of happy marriage – and three children – our sex life had been watered down to once a week. Then one day into our possession came an old rocking chair. After a few repairs and a revarnish it was moved into the sitting room. It was Saturday night – our affectionate night – and having bathed I retired to the sitting room to watch TV and await the wife who had been showering. When she came in she sat on my knee (I was in the rocking chair) and after combine affection we were soon rocking nude – a then new thrill we were to enjoy many times later. Then one day the wife said 'If a rocking chair can thrill so great, what about a swing?' So with delight from the kids, and the enchanting bliss of the wife, we soon bought a swing. The enjoyment was exquisiteness supreme. But guess what? The wife went and conveyed her source of pleasure at her club.
L.J.W., Victoria, Australia

A swinging time was enjoyed by all, eh?'

For a long time now my girlfriend and I have enjoyed making love in time with popular music. However the most exciting moment of my sexual life was achieved only recently when we both finally managed to climax together at the finale of Tubular Bells by Mike Oldfield. As many of your readers will know this music was featured in the film 'The Exorcist' and on the last track on the record there is a crescendo that builds up and up to a marvellous climax. We hit the last chord of the final note – what an experience!
C.H., Cirencester

Sounds like good exorcise.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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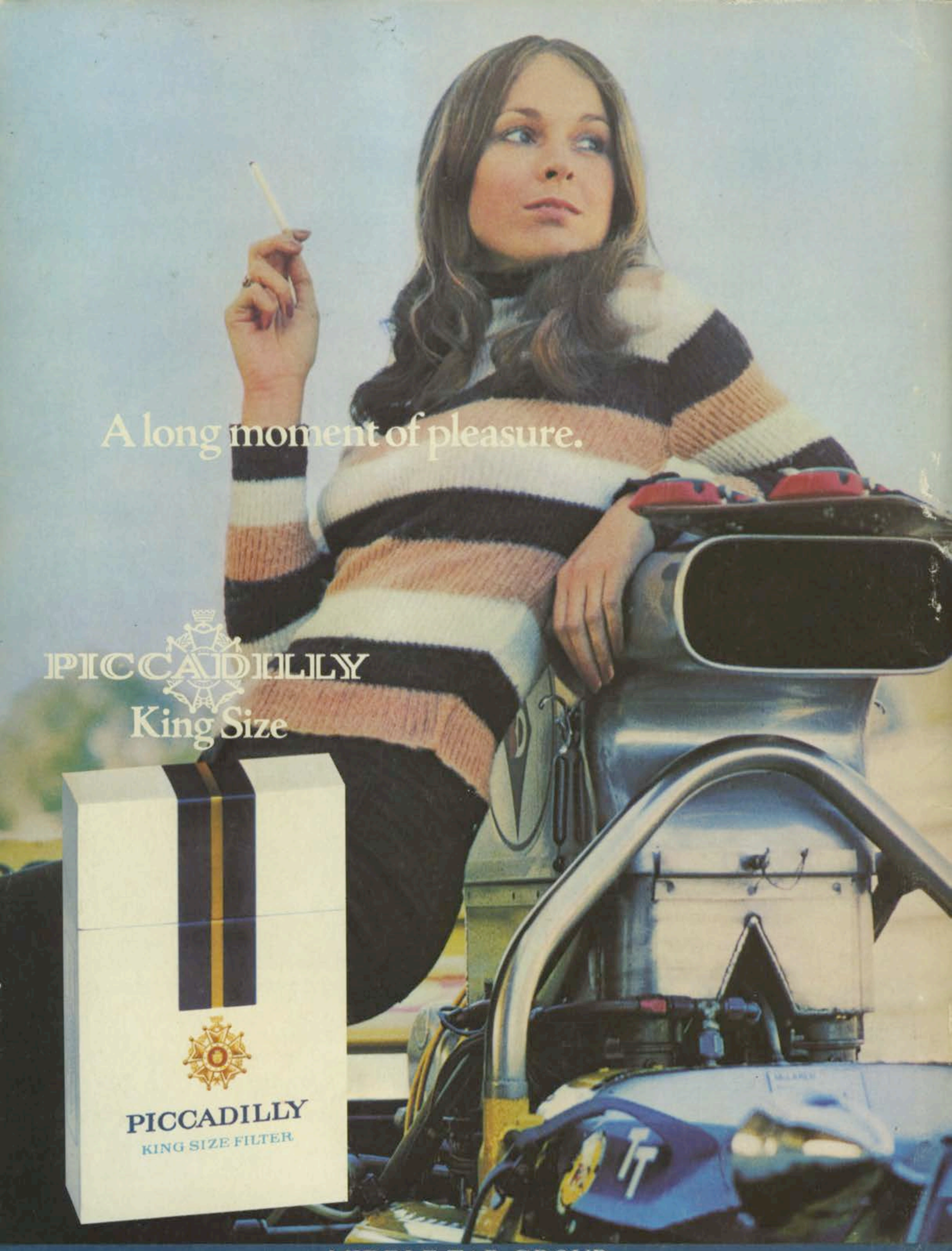
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